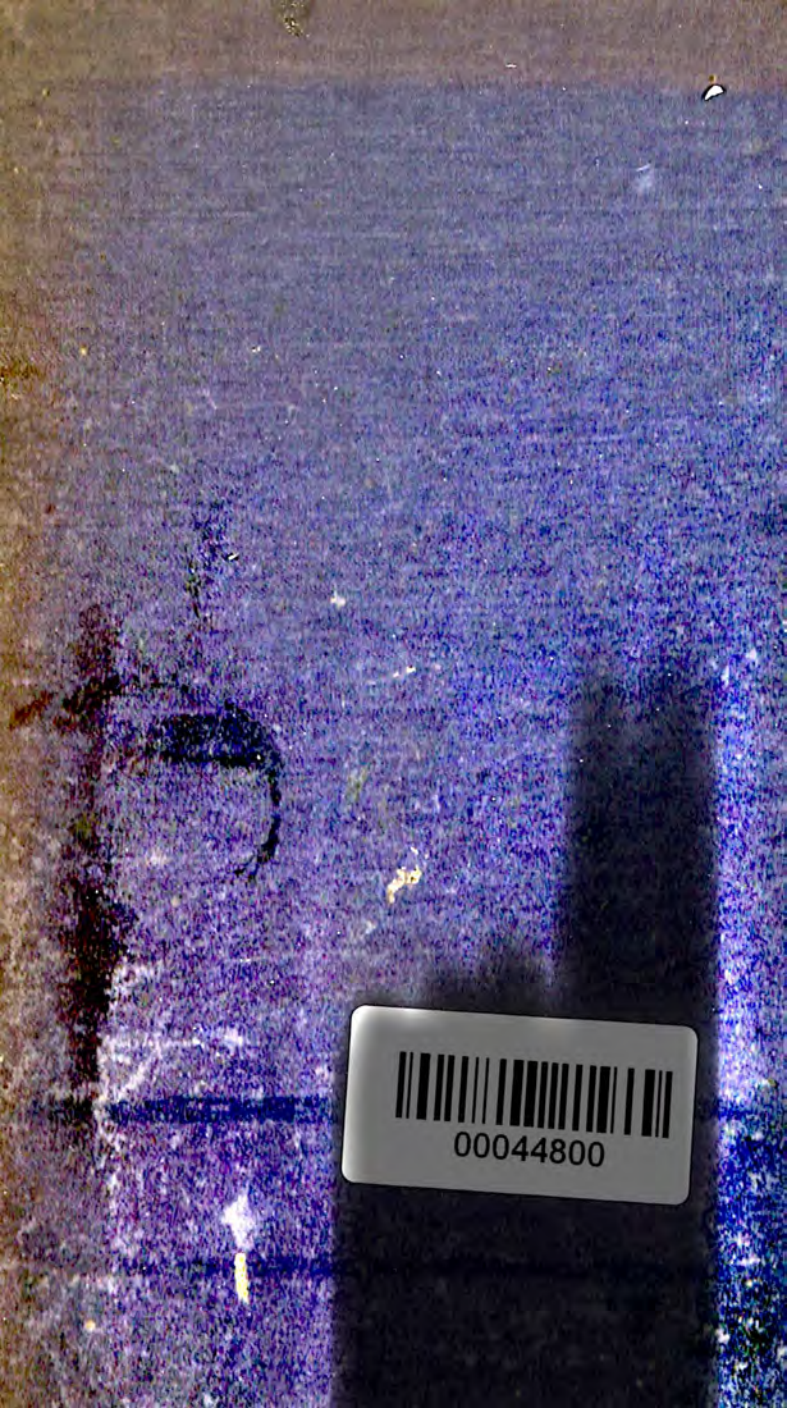
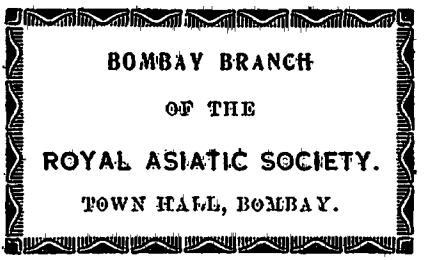

00044800



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 09 March, 2016

A SELECTION

FROM THE

WRITINGS,

PROSE AND POETICAL,

OF THE LATE

HENRY W. TORRENS, ESQ., B.A.,

BENGAL CIVIL SERVICE,

AND OF THE INNER TEMPLE;

WITH A

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR.

44800 a2

BY

JAMES HUME, ESQ.,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

VOL. I.

OOA.h.1

Calcutta:

R. C. LEPAGE AND CO., BRITISH LIBRARY.

London:

R. C. LEPAGE & CO., WHITEFRIARS ST. FLEET STREET.

1854.

Ref 954.542
Ben/Pam
081
Ben/Pam
44800

BENGAL MILITARY ORPHAN PRESS.

DEDICATION.

TO THE MOTHER OF HENRY TORRENS, WORTHY INHERITOR OF AN HONORABLE NAME, DISTINGUISHED FOR LITERARY ACQUIREMENTS, GRACED BY THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF LIFE, AND BELOVED FOR HIS SOCIAL QUALITIES,

I RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THESE VOLUMES,

AN IMPERFECT TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF A

DEPARTED FRIEND.

JAMES HUME.

GARDEN REACH,
April 20th, 1854.

PREFACE.

THESE volumes present to the public selections from the writings of a man remarkable for natural endowments and vast acquirements. His literary labours extending over many years, and being scattered among many periodicals, some long extinct, it has been no easy task to collect them; and I am quite sensible that, after all, the gathering from which selections have been made is very imperfect. I particularly regret not having succeeded in obtaining files of the early years of the *Meerut Observer*, a journal established by Mr. Torrens, in conjunction with the late Sir H. Miers Elliot and others, and to which he contributed very largely. Much that he wrote was never published at all, and if preserved, is in private desks which have not been open to me. Of the lighter effusions of his pen, which were always good and often brilliant, he took no note, and I have had to rely almost exclusively on those of which I had personal knowledge, and some of the most pointed

of these I have seen occasion to exclude. Many very clever songs, epigrams, &c. &c., are missing, which very possibly may be forthcoming after the publication of this work, but I could not longer delay it for them.

Of the biographical memoir I desire to say, that the pages which record Mr. Torrens' early life and close with his departure from England, have been supplied by one the best able to do justice to the subject, and whose interesting and eloquent narrative I received with infinite satisfaction. Beyond this I never contemplated more than a slight sketch of my friend's Indian career. It has so happened that the name of Mr. Torrens has been intimately associated with one great political question, our Afghan policy, and on that subject I have expressed myself freely. His career beyond this, as a public officer, is told in the simple record of his appointments, and that he filled them all with distinguished ability and zeal.

His literary labours remain, and these, as far as practicable, are now brought together. I have not attempted any critical examination of them, my sole object from the first being to preserve them in a collected form. The contributions to the Asiatic Society's Journal I have not touched because they are preserved in that work, and because they would be foreign to the general character of these

volumes. A very large proportion of the Selections will, I apprehend, be quite new to the English reader. I have taken nearly all the poetry from the volume of the Arabian Nights, published in 1839, because I found selection most difficult where all appeared good. The book is out of print, or very nearly so I believe, and the severest critic will not blame me for preserving what otherwise might soon have been lost, or at any rate difficult to procure. The novel of *Madame de Malguet* and the *Scope and Uses of Military Literature and History* have been heard of at home: the language in which they have been noticed justifies me in selecting from them, and for the rest the judgment of the editor is at the mercy of the reader.

J. H.

GARDEN REACH,
April 20th, 1854.

CONTENTS.

		Page.
Memoir, *Chapter*	I., ...	i.
„ „	II., ...	xi.
„ „	III., ...	xxi.
„ „	IV., ...	xxxviii.
„ „	V., ...	lv.
„ „	VI., ...	lxxvi.
„ „	VII., ...	xcvi.
„ „	VIII., ...	cvii.

SELECTIONS.

Rhymes from Stoneleigh, Warwickshire, ...	1
Polyglot Baby's Own Book, ...	3
A Ballad, ...	23
Orlando Innamorato, ...	28
The Book of the Thousand Nights and one Night, ...	73
Tableaux from the Talisman, ...	177
A Welcome to the R. W. Br. Burnes, K. H., ...	181
Masonry, ...	182
A Bumper of Claret, ...	183
Stanzas, ...	185
To James Hume, ...	186
Passages from "Madame De Malguet," ...	*ib.*

PAGE.

THE WITCHES OF SHAKESPEARE AND OF SCHILLER,... 217
A MYSTERY, ... 227
THE SHARING OF THE EARTH, ... 229
PEGASUS AT THE PLOUGH, ... 231
POETRY OF LIFE, ... 234
THE PLAY OF LIFE, ... 235
THE ROBBER'S SONG, ... 236
HOPE, ... 237
AN ESSAY ON THE JUNGLE POETICS, ... 238
THE PLEASANT TALE OF BELPHAGOR AND HIS WIFE, 249
TABLEAUX FROM IVANHOE, ... 261
FRAGMENT OF A CHALDEE MS. HISTORY, ... 263
THE MANTLE, ... 269
YE BALLADE OF YE JEWE OF HAMBRO', ... 273

Memoir.

CHAP. I.

INDIA has, perhaps, been underrated as to the mental endowments and acquirements of its public servants. It has been generally thought that the early age at which they are introduced to official life, the limited intercourse it is possible for them to enjoy with intellectual society, their protracted absence from Europe, a seniority system, and a routine of duties knowing little variation, have, with an enervating climate, combined to render men, as a body, only respectable, who might under more favorable circumstances have been distinguished. In this there may be some truth, but is it altogether true? We may have fewer raising themselves to distinction than we might on first impressions expect, looking to the class from which our Civilians and Military Officers are taken; but if we fairly come to conclusions, understanding the country and its system of official education, we shall probably admit that the average of distinguished men is a respectable one.

The Writer comes out young; the Cadet younger. The former is allowed to waste, if he pleases, as much as two years, under the pretence of being at a College which really has no existence; and the latter begins

life posted to, or doing duty with, a regiment that may be one of several at a Military station, or almost isolated. He may fall into the society of a score of men among whom may be some qualified to assist, advise, guide him in his early career; or his associates may set him no better example than how to get through his leisure time—which is four-fifths of his waking hours—by the excitement of sports of sorts in the morning, beer and billiards in the day time, and convivial meetings at night. The young Civilian pronounced fit for public duty is hardly more promisingly situated; the society he can enjoy is very scant, and though his duties require an intellectual exercise, for which the sucking soldier is not necessarily called upon, the very great power—with reference to his age and capabilities—with which he is vested, the comparative irresponsibility under which he issues his *sic volo, sic jubeo,* and the habit of learning to believe himself always right, because there are few opportunities of proving him wrong, operate prejudicially on the formation of his character, and lead too often to an estimate which a more extended intercourse with men of education and large experience would very much correct. Young men are little likely to take to books and self-cultivation when exceedingly well satisfied with themselves; and it must not be forgotten that if our Civilians work honorably and conscientiously in the discharge of their daily duties, the leisure for study is not great. They are likely to rest satisfied with the conviction that they are deserving well of their superiors for the zeal with which they carry on their public duties; and against the incentive that we may fairly believe some must feel to distinguish themselves out of the mere routine duties of their class, we must set the enervating influence of the climate, which, more or less, tells upon all.

By the time the young man has grown to middle life, or is verging upon it, and may be somewhat

more favorably situated for improving himself, and is certainly better able to judge himself correctly, habit has got hold of him and it is not easy to become more than he has been. Long absence from Europe—which in this country is absence from civilization—accumulates a rust which can never be wholly cleared off, and begets a self-sufficiency which is impervious. Many a man of Indian reputation goes home only to make people wonder how he obtained it. Here he was in every body's mouth, there he is heard of no more; or if he will be heard of in pamphlets or speeches, it is only to offer himself up as a public example of how small an intellect may make an Indian magnate. Our rulers are now considering new Furlough Regulations. They are considering when a man may leave India, and under what conditions. They would come to a very wise determination if they declared it compulsory on every public servant, who hails from Great Britain, to spend at least one year in every ten at home.

These remarks are not made in a spirit unfriendly to the public servants of this country, but the reverse. Their object is not to show that there are few distinguished men connected with it—for I have said I believe the average to be a respectable one—but why there are not more. It might fairly be subject of wonder that we have any at all, but that we know that intellect will vindicate itself under the most disastrous combinations, and force of character will overthrow force of circumstances. India—or England in India—has names she may well be proud of, familiar to us all, as identified with genius and prowess in war, and with the far more noble triumphs of a humanizing government, while science has warmly acknowledged many distinguished devotees among Indian officials.

Nor, it is hoped, will these remarks be deemed altogether impertinent to the subject in hand,—a brief biographical notice of one of the most highly-

gifted men that ever set foot in India; one who made himself a European fame as an accomplished Oriental scholar ere he had been ten years in the East; the versatility of whose talents was the wonder of all acquainted with them, and whose energy of character was superior to all the drawbacks to distinction in an Indian career. And yet HENRY TORRENS would have been more distinguished had his lot been cast in Europe. The Service to which he belonged ought ever to be proud of his name, but his family would have had even more to be proud of than they have, had he never visited these shores. It was impossible for such an intellect as his to have been satisfied with the ordinary excitements of Indian official life, impossible that to the love of labour he should not add that labour of love which delighteth in men and books, and silent communion with the great minds they disclose; and, further, that self-communion which from a rich soil bringeth forth rich fruits: but actual contact with great living minds, the stimulus of the actual world of letters, life in action, and a noble ambition to augment the honour of a distinguished name—ever kept alive by growing success acknowledged by voices worthy his ear,—these would have brought forth the entire man.

Henry Torrens was the eldest son of the late distinguished and lamented Major General Sir Henry Torrens, Knight Commander of the Bath, and of the Tower and Sword, Colonel of the 2nd or Queen's Regiment of Infantry, and Adjutant-General of the English Army. His mother was the daughter of Colonel Patton, of the H. E. I. Co.'s Service, at one time Governor of St. Helena.

He was born at Canterbury, on the 20th May, 1806. His father—then a Lieutenant Colonel—was at that time on the Staff of the Kent District, whose Head Quarters were at Canterbury. On the occasion of the unfortunate General Whitelock's expedition to

South America, Lieutenant Colonel Torrens accompanied him in the capacity of Military Secretary. During the absence of his father on this service, Henry Torrens remained with his mother in Scotland: but after the return of the expedition, and the close of the trial of its unhappy Commander, Lieutenant Colonel Torrens was appointed to the office of Assistant in the Department of the Military Secretary at the Horse Guards,—when the family resided in London.

On the appointment of Sir Arthur Wellesley to the Command of the Expedition to Portugal, Lieutenant Colonel Torrens received the appointment of Military Secretary, and in that capacity was present in the actions of Roliça and Vimiera, and throughout the successful Campaign which terminated in the evacuation of Portugal by the French. During the absence of his father in Portugal, Henry Torrens and his mother remained in London; and on the return of Lieutenant Colonel Torrens to the office at the Horse Guards, which had been kept vacant for him in his absence, London continued for two or three years to be their residence. As the family encreased in numbers, the air and space offered by a suburban residence, was felt to be a desideratum; and about 1810 or 11, they removed to Fulham, where at Mulgrave House, near the banks of the Thames, Henry passed the first years of his boyhood.

His first tutor was Mr. Railton, a tall and gaunt Cockermouth man, an usher in Mr. Maxwell's school at Parsons' Green, near Fulham, who came daily over to Mulgrave House to instruct him in the first mysteries of the Latin Grammar. His mother had early sown good seed in his mind, and by her astonishing powers of infant tuition, had prepared the ground for the ample crop which years and study were afterwards destined so fully to develope. Railton in truth was hardly worthy of his pupil: but he nevertheless made so favourable an impression on Henry's parents,

that he was encouraged by them to set up a school, with the promise that Henry and his next brother, Arthur, (three years and a half his junior) should be the first pupils. To Brompton, therefore, the boys proceeded; Henry at the age of nine and a half—Arthur at six—and a year later, the school encreasing with extraordinary rapidity, a larger house at Brook Green, near Hammersmith, (Eagle House,) became necessary to provide for the swelling numbers. The influence of Henry Torrens' father, now a General Officer, a Commander of the Bath, the Colonel of a Regiment, and Military Secretary to the Duke of York, materially aided the progress of the Cockermouth schoolmaster: and Railton (a bachelor, and of the simplest and most sparing personal habits) made a rapid fortune. The school had soon increased to little short of one hundred scholars, and Railton finally retired to Cockermouth with a fortune of £100,000, a sum unprecedented in scholastic annals.

In about 1818 or 1819, Henry was removed to the Charter House School, and in 1820, with two of his brothers he spent six months at Provins, in the Department Seine et Marne with a French tutor, M. Becquet by name. M. and Mme. Becquet are the originals of the Picotots, in the extraordinary novel of "Madame de Malguet," published in England in 1848,* and most of the other characters in this story (reproduced as they were in print after the lapse of so many years) are in fact more or less founded upon his boyish recollections of the good folks of Provins, twenty-seven years before. Madame de Malguet herself, though refined and poeticized into a character as original in its conception as it is interesting in its development and touching in its denouement—owes her origin to his recollection of La Comtesse de Guer-

* It first appeared in the *Eastern Star*, a Calcutta Weekly Paper in 1844.

chi, a woman of high birth, but strange history and eccentric manners, whom he often met in the little Provins circles, and who always wore the dress of a man. The type of Meyrick—the English sailor-hero—was Hugh Patton, his mother's brother, then a young Post-Captain, now an Admiral in the Service, and who lived with the Becquets and his nephews, partly to watch over their education and conduct, and partly in reality, as the story describes, to pick up French and red-legged partridges on the broad plains of Champagne. "Liver and Lights" had their prototypes in "Dash and Toby;" Picotot's French-English, his peculiar *quasi*-sporting habits and phraseology—his song-writing—and his chattering good-humored little wife—all are *d'après nature.* The original of "Lambert" was the Le Capitaine Terrasse, a Bonapartist ex-Officer of Cavalry, who was vegetating in wrath and in enforced idleness under the surveillance of the gensd'armes, at Provins, devoured by mortification, disappointment and *ennui*—but a very good fellow, and very kind to the two brothers; and whose "trumpet-march" strangely knocked out of his cane against his teeth, was a thing not to be forgotton.

When at Provins, Henry Torrens attended the "College" under M. Lebrun—a strange and characteristic specimen of the French *institutaire* of those days; among whose virtues cleanliness was not; and who appeared constantly in school, shirtless and with unwashed and stockingless feet thrust into sabots of the coarsest and the heaviest. On his return from France, Henry resumed his studies at the Charter House under Drs. Russell and Watkinson; the latter familiarly designated "Watky" by the irreverent; and of whose eccentric deportment and somewhat irregular habits, many a strange story used to be retailed.

He shortly afterwards went to Oxford as a student of Christ Church, and there he remained for some years. The "Choral Society" of Christ Church for

the cultivation of vocal music, in which beautiful art he so greatly excelled, was mainly founded by him. His social powers, his talents for conversation and for song, his wonderful sense of the ridiculous and appreciation of fun,—his active imagination and his animal spirits—all these must have interfered in some degree with the staid and steady course of scholastic life which he *should* have doubtless followed. Deans and Proctors, and such like stern authorities, in their zeal for order and discipline, are apt to make small allowance for the strength of such imaginative impulses on the mind of lively youth: and in truth a frolic cost our friend dear.

One morning early, the Dean of Christ Church looked forth into "Quad," and lo! the doors of the various buildings which over-night had been of a hue soberly befitting the solemnity of their educational functions, presented now a bright scarlet aspect! Inquiries were set on foot, and the heinous crime was traced among others to Henry Torrens. Rustication followed. Three companions in the offence were sharers in the punishment. They were all the children of Officers of very distinguished military rank. Two of them were sons of the man who shortly before had given peace to Europe;* the fourth, of a brave and enlightened soldier of noble blood, and then the Governor of the Military College. The selection of four

* General Alava, the well-known and highly-esteemed Spaniard, who lived so much with the Duke and had been in his family throughout the Peninsular War, described to Colonel Torrens the mode in which the great soldier received the intelligence of the rustication of his sons. He was entertaining a party at dinner, when the letter containing this information was put into his hands. He read it, put it into his pocket, and continued the conversation in the lively tone which had prevailed before, and which he kept up till his guests had all gone, leaving Alava, who was staying at Apsley House, alone with him. When the last guest had taken leave, and none were present but his old friend, the Duke laid his head on his hands on the table and wept bitterly.

military victims for punishment, when there were other offenders connected with graver dignitaries, gave occasion to some remark; and the penalty was said to have exceeded by far the gravamen of the offence. To throw indeed a young man back in life for a frolic, neither immoral nor disgraceful—for a practical joke, in fact, a mere *lark*—seems harsh and unjust; and in this instance to have savored more of an impulse of offended dignity and of personal resentment, than of a calm and deliberate act of justice. The amount of painter's work done in the course of a few hours of darkness was such as to surprise the Oxford brethren of the brush who were called in to efface the offending red;—they declared it to have been a good three days' job.

Henry pursued his studies, till his return to Oxford, with the Reverend Mr. Morrison, at Stoneleigh, in Warwickshire; in which neighbourhood he became as usual a general favorite, and was long, and may be yet remembered.

By means of this untoward and harshly visited frolic, his sojourn at Christ Church was prolonged till about 1824 or 1825, when he took his degree; and sorely against his will, but to meet his father's wishes, he proceeded to "eat his Terms" at the Inner Temple, with the ultimate view of following the profession of the Law. But to his imaginative mind and lively and sociable disposition, the drudgery of law studies, although in after-life he returned to them *con amore*, but with which indeed at that time he never earnestly grappled, became soon insupportable. Unwillingly his distinguished father found himself forced to relinquish the just and reasonable hope of seeing his gifted son on the high road towards the brilliant prizes of the most fruitful in solid distinction of all the profession; and, abandoning the law, Henry Torrens fell back on diplomacy;—to him through life a pleasing and congenial pursuit; but indeed scarcely in the first instance

offering the immediate prospect of sufficient remuneration to one whose patrimony was modest like his own.

He received an appointment in the department of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and worked regularly at the Foreign Office in Downing Street, pen in hand, for some months at Precis and Protocols, when a Bengal writership was placed at his father's disposal. Sir Henry Torrens left his son entirely to himself as to his decision on this momentous question. Henry went down to Christ Church and consulted his friends. Lord William Bentinck was on the point of sailing for his government;—he promised protection and advancement to the son of his friend;—an eminent East India Director tempted him by the flattering but fallacious promise of a return home with a fortune *in ten years.*

Diplomacy was a barren soil;—India, if less brilliant, held forth substantial prospects; and thus it was that in 1828 Henry Torrens left England for ever;—with a genius equal to cope with the best of the land in the highest functions of the State; with a mind eager for learning and a pen whose lively and imaginative, as well as pathetic powers, and whose ready eloquence have rarely been surpassed—with a temperament active, restless, and untiring,—an amazing fund of desultory and abstruse information and a singular power of acquiring and retaining it, and with a genius for language seldom equalled;—a first-rate man indeed, possessing all the polish and accomplishments of high-bred society, and the *usage du monde,* which that society alone can give; the charm and delight of every circle, in which he moved, and the darling of those whose intimacy and affections he shared.

CHAP. II.

THE date of Mr. Torrens' rank as writer was April 30th, 1828; the execution of covenant, June 6th, and the notification of appointment by the Honorable the Court of Directors, June 11th of the same year. He arrived in India, November 10th, 1828, passed College in the spring of 1829, got a medal for proficiency in Hindee in February 1829, and on the 14th July 1829, was appointed Assistant to the Magistrate and Collector of Land Revenue at Meerut. In April 1831, he was Officiating Deputy Collector of Land Revenue and Customs at the same place; February 21st, 1832, Head Assistant to the Magistrate and Collector, and June 23rd, 1834, Officiating Joint Magistrate and Deputy Collector. From 18th January, 1835 to 1st November, 1836, he was Acting Deputy Secretary to the Government of India in the General Department, and within this period acted as Secretary for a short time. On the 1st November, 1836, he was appointed Acting Deputy Registrar of the Sudder Dewanny and Nizamut Adawlut and Preparer of Reports, and held this office until the 9th January, 1837, when he succeeded as Acting Deputy Secretary in the Judicial and Revenue Department. On the 11th April of the same year, he was made Officiating Collector of Rungpore, and had specially to look into the Treasury accounts. After settling matters to the satisfaction of the Government, he was offered the permanent appointment, but declined it. From 31st July, 1837, to 9th October, 1837, he was Acting Deputy Secretary in the Judicial, Revenue and Secret and Political Departments, and from the latter date till the 12th February 1840, Deputy Secretary in all the Civil Departments in attendance on the Governor-General. His next appointment, which he held only till the 5th of March

following, was Officiating Secretary to Government, in the General Department; he then became Secretary to the Board of Customs, which office he quitted in May, 1840, becoming Officiating Secretary to Government in the Secret and Political Department. In October, 1840, he rejoined the Board of Customs, and remained its Secretary until April, 1847, when he was appointed Agent to the Governor-General at Moorshedabad, which situation he filled at the time of his death.

The above record, showing fourteen or fifteen appointments in nearly three years, illustrates the system of the Civil Service, which shifts a man from one department to another, until probably he has gone through all. Law, revenue, and politics are branches of knowledge, which the dullest are apparently supposed to master with the ablest, for Mr. Torrens' career was, in the variety of appointments, that of scores of officers, and many of them, to say the best, very ordinary men. Without disparagement to the most distinguished of Indian public servants, it may be said—must be said if the truth is to be spoken—that the system is a bad one; and that no department will be as well served as it might be while it prevails. Let us suppose our present able Financial Secretary, or our distinguished Foreign Secretary, transferred to the Sudder Bench! What sort of Judges is it likely they would prove? Clear-headed and earnest beyond question, but surely not as competent as inferior men whose lives had been passed in Courts, and in the practice of the law. It may be said that this is to suppose an improbable translation; that these men would only be removed into Council or to the Governorship of the N. W. Provinces, or to a Residency: very likely; but it is of what might be under the existing system that I write, and it is notorious that men are sometimes made Judges of the highest Native Court of Appeal in the country, whose time and

attention have not for years been directed to legal matters.

But further remarks on this subject would be foreign to my theme.

From 1829 to 1835 Mr. Torrens would appear to have been at Meerut, and it was during this period—I think about 1832—that in conjunction with Henry Miers Elliott,* he established the *Meerut Observer*, the first newspaper, I believe, published in the Upper Provinces.

In 1835 Mr. Torrens was again in Calcutta, and he seems to have interested himself in almost every thing that went on of public importance. In June of the year in question, there was a Meeting at the Town Hall to address the Governor-General in Council, upon the proposed law relating to the Press of India, and for repealing the Regulation of March 1823, relating to the Press of Bengal. Mr. Torrens took part in the discussion and observed—"With reference to the Civil Service, of which he was a member, he could say that those belonging to it, who were unfavourable to the liberty of the Press, were born Tories, bred Tories, and inhaled nothing but Toryism; but the majority were greatly in its favour, and would rejoice that the country had the means whereby their actions might become better known to the community." Even in those days there were men belonging to the favoured Service who did not shrink from plain speaking, and if they did not truly represent the

* The death, at the Cape, of this distinguished public servant has been announced while these pages are passing through the press, and I cannot forbear an expression of deep sorrow at his loss. His date of rank as a Writer was precisely one year earlier than that of Henry Torrens. In their love for Eastern learning, they were alike, and so they were in versatility of talent. Both were accomplished scholars, and the charm of the society in which they moved. The late Foreign Secretary must inevitably have reached the very highest office open to a Civilian, had he been spared: his loss to this country as a public man, is a heavy one; and by an unusually large circle of friends, the memory of his private excellencies will long be cherished with affectionate regard.

feeling of the body at large, they at any rate were not contradicted. On the same occasion the late Mr. James Pattle said—"He could assure the Meeting, that the majority of the latter (the Society of Calcutta) were in favour of an uncontrolled Press; while the Service to which he belonged, were all or nearly all in its favour. The latter considered that all the acts of influential men should be disclosed to the public, and were of opinion that no honest man would ever fear the exposure. With reference to the Native Press, he considered it as a means for the cultivation of the Native mind, and that when the Government of this country holds it by the Native mind, they hold it by the best tenure."

In the following month, we find our friend at the Town Hall again, at a Meeting convened for the purpose of adopting such measures as might be best calculated to secure trial by jury in civil cases in the Supreme Court, and likewise for considering the expediency of extending and promoting the jury system throughout the country. His Resolution was—"That this Meeting, convinced of the benefits resulting from trial by jury and of the applicability of the system to all parts of India, cannot refrain from expressing their earnest hope, that the Government of India may find it practicable to extend it to all parts of the Empire."

On the 15th of September 1835, there was a very large dinner at the Town Hall, to celebrate the Act, whereby the Press of India was rendered free, and here again, Mr. Torrens took a very prominent part, as he did on the anniversary the following year. I do not know that I can select a better specimen of his style in speaking than is afforded by his speech on the former occasion, which was as follows:—

"It is with proud satisfaction, yet not, I trust, without a due and proper sense of my own inadequacy, that I find myself deputed to address you on a subject the most intimately and

immediately connected with the cause of our meeting this evening. You have already hailed with heartful and enthusiastic applause the comments so ably made by our learned chairman on that essence of the spirit of independence,—Press freedom in the abstract; whence is conceded to the governed the rightful power of comment on the acts of the governing body; whence the citizen possesses the means of exerting some degree of moral influence on the destinies of the community whereof he forms a part; whereby the injured man obtains the privilege of submitting his grievances to public opinion, should they fail to meet with just arbitration from a supreme authority which may forget its duty is to serve the individual while it controls the State. Let me now speak to you of the agent to us in the distribution of these advantages—the Press of India. But a few, a very few short years ago, and who would have dared here to assert that such an agent of public opinion existed in the country? Who above all could have dared do so, being as myself the paid hireling of a nominally despotic government? Who in those days could have imagined that the Indian Press would so soon become the acknowledged mouthpiece of the feelings of the people and be declared free? I look not, gentlemen, to the secondary agencies of the exertions of individual writers, or to the beneficence of individual rulers as having caused this great political revolution. No—a higher and more commanding influence has effected it,—the progress of liberal opinions,—the influx of popular feelings throughout so large a portion of civilised Europe has insensibly affected even our remote and semi-barbarous community;—those feelings, gentlemen, actuated by which men unarmed, friendless, poor, and powerless, have by combination and by union overthrown the thrones of kings, destroyed the impiously arrogated divine right to hereditary tyranny, and demonstrated the post of chief magistrate of a people to be in truth a merely elective one, held on the tenure of the people. Well, not even despotic power in this country availed as a barrier to the moral progress of these opinions; and why?—because thank God! the autocrat delegated to maintain that despotic power has been an Englishman himself, subject to the superior control of elective assemblies, and compelled to admit in his policy some-

thing of the principle which regulates the acts of his nation's rulers. Other and more local causes have, of course, done much towards accelerating the operation of Press freedom in India. I will not gentlemen again detail to you the history of the Press already sketched by our chairman, nor touch on times Adamite or pre-Adamite. Such antediluvian reminiscences have become matters of comment for the historian. I need not even make much mention of days intervening between them and our own time during the insignificant viceroyalty of the Earl of Arracan. His successor, gentlemen, is the ruler on whom of all past we may to-night look with most interest, as having been the first to acknowledge the Press in India as in any way connected with acts of the Supreme Government. Few here can, I believe, forget the sensation produced by Lord William Bentinck's extraordinary advertisement, wherein he invited dissatisfied persons in general and intelligent Indigo planters in particular, to supply him with what he termed information. This advertising openly for hints for legislation was a plain, straightforward, common-sense sort of proceeding, sufficiently surprising in any head of a government but doubly so as emanating from the Governor-General of India. Some laughed, some sneered, some condemned, and some few applauded, but the measure thus variously discussed, though certainly fraught with evil as the first sign of the secret intelligence system so much favoured by our late viceroy, had yet the beneficial effect of compromising him with regard to the Press; for how could he after appealing for aid to the agency of the public journals deprecate with justice his subjects making the same appeal to the same power for the same purpose? Lord William's object in encouraging discussion in the public papers was twofold:—firstly, he thereby elicited truth—that truth which distrusted taking openly and honestly at the fountain head. He obtained true information by the conflict of opposite opinions, and through the same means arrived at an accurate estimate of the moral character of those under his rule,—an advantage inestimable to one who like him ruled men by working on their passions and their prejudices. Secondly, Lord William favoured Press discussions as a counterpoise to his own unpopular measures. He well knew the value of a safety-valve for disaffection; and if in the escape

of the noxious political cases something personally offensive to himself was elicited, what cared he? When contumelious paragraphs appeared, His Lordship became conveniently afflicted with Falstaff's malady of not marking, and politely placing information gained to the credit account, was content to spunge out the debtor column of disagreeable personal truths, *quoad se*, as per contra, not worth reckoning. In thus encouraging, however, such discussions, Lord William effected a singular revolution by bringing the officers of the Bengal Army in communication with the Press in a manner up to his time unexampled in this country; and here, gentlemen, I approach a part of my subject which I would fain avoid were it possible. It involves a discussion of the most delicate nature, but which I feel it my duty, having been in some way compelled in proposing to you the Indian Press, to enter upon. I consider it my duty to do so in justice to many of those brave men whom you have but now enthusiastically cheered; for they have been unjustly stigmatized; and I, as the son of a soldier, and one whose pride and pleasure it has always been to be the companion and the friend of soldiers, take satisfaction in rebutting the improper imputation. The officers of the Bengal Army have been termed captious cavillers at authority, insubordinate subordinates,—men who preferred writing their grievances to having them redressed—why? Because they wrote in the public papers. Putting aside all question as to the rectitude of such proceeding, let me ask, were they the only body who did this, or had they no precedent for such conduct? Did they not see the correspondence portion of the English United Service Journal teeming with statements of the unredressed grievances of officers of H. M.'s Army, and H. M.'s Navy; or if they sought a nearer, a more immediate, a colonial precedent —had they not before them similiar expositions of injuries in the columns of the Columbo paper? They had all this, gentlemen, and they had more,—they were encouraged not only by precedent but almost by precept. They had the example before them of the highest authority in the country,—a military man ultimately their Commander-in-Chief. They saw that he favoured the Press,—that he attempted not to repress their publicly commenting on their wrongs. It is a moral absurdity to suppose for an instant that a man would rather write publicly

of his grievance than apply to have it redressed through the proper channels; but when having done so he found it unredressed, was he to blame if under such encouragement he did at last betake himself to the public prints; nay more, when the Mofussil papers first appeared who was the earliest, the staunchest supporter of the one peculiarly devoted to the interests of the Army,—who but Lord William Bentinck? It is remarkable that military discussions he never interfered with, and that it was only on certain abstract political reasonings, and on the injury officially sustained by civilians that he interposed and threatened punishments for their publication. Could a military man,—could any man tempted be supposed able to resist the temptation? 'I have a grievance to detail at Head Quarters. I know that the principal military authority sanctions public discussion of military questions. I know that he reads regularly, and with interest, such and such a publication; is it surprising that while forwarding my official complaint I should endeavour to attract his attention to it by detailing the subject in the print he favors and peruses, and thus submit it to my chief and to the public at once.'—No, gentlemen, blame not the Bengal officers. If they ever acted indiscreetly, theirs was not the indiscretion, but his who sanctioned the action. If any one among them can have been supposed in this matter to have done wrong, it was not his fault but that of the chief whose duty it was to set him (if he did wrong) right. The acrimony, however, with which many of those discussions were conducted begot a style the reverse of creditable to the Press. The uncompromising tone and fearless statements of the up-country papers added fire to this fuel, and induced personally hostile recrimination, which I as a friend to the Press now regret should have been entertained. I do so the more, because this abuse of free speech has induced certain of the later writers to fall into the mistake of confounding strong language with strong writing. The two are not incompatible; but it should be remembered that the satire of a gentleman is like his sword, sharpest and most keen when most polished. The faults of the Mofussil Press were, however, those common to all juvenile political publications; they are the more venial as having been incurred in supporting the cause of independence. Its merits were its own. The *quasi* free-

dom of the Press existing under our late viceroy was however of such a nature as to throw all writers into an anomalous position. Men were independent only on sufferance. Thus one priding himself on his boldness aimed at a dangerous distinction by trenching on the verge of undue and unnecessary acrimony ; another exasperated by personal irritation disguised the working of individual feeling under the bastard semblance of independence, deceiving even himself in what he did. The honest act of our present ruler* has abolished the anomaly I trust for ever, and will, I think, remodel the character of the whole Indian Press. The acts of government are now open to free discussion: let then the subjects of comment be measures and not men. Do you who conduct the Press learn to respect the engine you govern as it has been respected by those who govern you. I scout utterly the bare imagination of its being possible to see disaffection sown by means of the Anglo-Indian Press. If, indeed, the Press in India could ever be employed against the stability of our government the native press might be the means of operation. This however can at present be hardly anticipated. Those of the native community, capable of reading the history of passing events, of commenting rationally on the proceedings of government, must be sensible, that the advantage of the power now conceded to them must consist in its use, not in its abuse. They will appreciate the boon accorded to them whereby they enjoy a means of self-redress, by bringing the story of their wrongs before the tribunal of the governing power and of the public at once, and at the same time. He who desires just judgment will not commence by insulting the arbitrative power, and least of all could he do so through an organ now acknowledged as an integral part of the system of social government in India. The native press may oppose hereafter the ruling power, but it will only be when the political misdeeds of that power shall have themselves armed and given energy to the agents of opposition. Gentlemen, I have now acquitted myself to the best of my ability of a task most invidious and most difficult, in some measure forced upon me. Let me have the satisfaction of the

* Sir Charles Metcalfe.

conclusion of this loose address of hearing you cheer my toast with the enthusiasm it deserves, and hail with warmth and sincerity the birth of the Free Press of India."

Steam communication with England had a friend in Mr. T., and he took part in the proceedings of a Meeting held in March 1836. This attention to public questions, at the time that he had official duties to engage him, and while he was devoted to literary pursuits, sufficiently shows the activity of his mind. But more; it marked an independence of character and a certain catholicity of feeling, which a passionate love for books too frequently interferes with. He was a man of remarkably strong feelings, and his prepossessions were always with the weaker side: perhaps this sometimes led him to do injustice to the Authorities in the views he took of their conduct towards subordinates; and perhaps, too, it led him to be too little suspicious of men with grievances. He had a noble disregard for authority and great names where he thought they were doing, or giving sanction to, injustice; but it may be that his chivalry occasionally saw victims or destined sacrifices where no personal wrong was contemplated. If he was prompt to stand by others, he was equally tenacious of his own position and his own independence. When he was Officiating Deputy Secretary to Government, in the General Department, one of the journals spoke of Lord William Bentinck as having been his 'patron' and 'benefactor,' on which Mr. Torrens publicly wrote:—"The use of these words, according to their common acceptation, would induce those who read them to infer, that I had derived from Lord William's favor and beneficence extraordinary official advantage. On reference to the list of the Civil Service, you will find me rated as a head Assistant. In the course of seven years' service, I have obtained one step, according to the ordinary routine of promotion. My pre-

sent 'good appointment' I obtained casually during a visit to the Presidency on private affairs, utterly unconnected with any hopes of official advancement. It is a *temporary* appointment which I expected, when I took it, to have been obliged to vacate this month. I do not admit that any man can be my 'patron;' my position in the Service as to permanent rank and emoluments is not better than most, and inferior to that of many, of my cotemporaries. I do not, however, complain of the position, nor do I desire to be patronized." He lived, however, to complain sadly of his position; but the spirit that revolted at the idea of being made an object of favour, of being advanced by the mere good-will of a patron, survived to the last.

CHAP. III.

At a meeting of the Asiatic Society on the 5th of October 1837, was read a Minute by William Hay Macnaghten,* highly approving of an Egyptian manuscript of the ALIF LAILA, or BOOK OF THE THOUSAND NIGHTS AND ONE NIGHT, commonly known as the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, which had been brought to India by the late Major Turner Macan, Editor of the SHAH-NAMEH, and had become the property of Mr. Charles Brownlow, by whom it was laid before this learned body. The other Members of the Committee of Papers also spoke highly of the manuscript, and a very general wish was expressed that it might not only be published under competent editorship, but translated. Eventually Mr. Macnaghten undertook the former task and Mr. Torrens the latter; but he did not proceed beyond the first volume. When this was published (1838,) he was with the Governor-General at Simla,

* Subsequently Sir William, our unfortunate Envoy at Cabul.

and the Afghan question was then occupying the attention of his Lordship and those about him. Mr. Torrens was away from the books and authorities it was necessary to consult, to carry out his plan of engrafting upon the Tales a set of notes upon the habits of the Mussulmans generally, making them as full and comprehensive as possible. Again, he intimated in his preface that had he known earlier of Mr. Lane's being similarly engaged he might have hesitated before he undertook his task; and perhaps it was this that mainly led him to discontinue it,—a determination which every one must regret.

The most striking novelty in Mr. Torrens' volume was that all the poetry appeared in verse, which one critic, at least, did not deem judicious; but as the work is one upon which it would be presumptuous in me to offer any remarks, I may extract a portion of an interesting article by the writer in question, reviewing at the same time Lane's and other editions.*

But we must tear ourselves from Mr. Lane for a while, and hasten to our last and newest worthy, Mr. Torrens, the appearance of whose book we hailed with a like joy, and to whom we feel a similar gratitude for his enthusiasm in behalf of a true version. It is a curious circumstance that two such translations as these should issue forth nearly, or, perhaps, at the very same moment; for that of Mr. Torrens, though it has but just come to England, has the date of last year at Calcutta.† The first volume (which, as we have before mentioned, is all that has yet arrived) is also a large octavo of goodly thickness, possessing a fair lump of annotation; and though it has no embellishment from the designer, it has new

* The London and Westminster Review, No. LXIV.—October, 1839.

† Mr. Torrens, the translator, and Mr. Macnaghten, the editor of the work in its original language, are both of them high in the civil service of the East India Company, and the latter is, perhaps, the man upon whom rests at this moment the largest share of the practical government of India. It is gratifying to find that amidst the toils of office, nowhere more burthensome than in British India—nowhere so little capable of being evaded or put aside—these gentlemen have still found leisure for the cultivation of tastes and pursuits such as are evidenced by these publications.

tales to recommend it, as Mr. Lane's has, and different from his (which is an additional recommendation); lastly, to enthusiasts not easily alarmed, it has the novel attractions of not being so scrupulous in its notions of what is fit for retention, and of giving the whole of the poetry,—with, alas! the drawback of its being *all* put into verse. No dishonour either to Mr. Torrens's verse, which is for the most part spirited, and sometimes (particularly in the blank verse) excellent; and when it does its full duty to the originals, verse is, of course, better than the best prose, and Mr. Torrens's poetical passages are so far better than Mr. Lane's, and indeed the best that have yet appeared. When he is less happy, his verse is but of the better sort of conventional order, with a sufficiency of gratuitous rhymes and fillings up. Confidence in its fidelity would be destroyed, were not the good faith manifest in the rest, and Mr. Lane's version also at hand to confirm its pretensions. It is impossible indeed not to look at the two versions without bringing them into comparison, and making them illustrate one another. We gather, from a candid intimation on the part of Mr. Torrens, that he considers himself an inferior scholar to Mr. Lane, though a modesty of this sort ought not to tell against a man too far; perhaps, indeed, it is only the delicacy of a naturally superior mind, doubting its success in comparison with another, by very reason of having a still higher notion of what is due to its task. And yet a true and generous candour would not have justice done to it, if we did not take it at its word, even to the seeming disparagement of its possessor; and our impression is, after a diligent perusal of all that has hitherto appeared from the pens of both, that Mr. Torrens *is*, probably, the inferior scholar, with a less precise earnestness about anything literal, and somewhat of less gravity of spirit; yet more sensitive, we guess, both to mirth and to tears, and with a greater instinct of universality. His style, though strongly coloured with orientalism, and indeed harsh and frequently unidiomatic, is not so full of *thous* and *thees*, and other scriptural and unfamiliarizing modes; which will be thought by readers in general an advantage; and yet, on the other hand, in Mr. Lane's version there is a certain *weight* of *Eastern* truth and completeness, which (a single false conclusion apart) gives a sort of paramount pervading

authority to his work, and makes him resemble an Arab full dressed, compared with the lighter half-apparel of Mr. Torrens. At the same time, it is not a little remarkable that, owing perhaps partly to idioms of their original, and partly to long living out of their native country, instances of incorrect grammatical construction are to be found in the versions of both these gentlemen, particularly in that of Mr. Torrens; and though his original manuscript, as well as Mr. Lane's, is Egyptian, his proper names (which, as usual, amuse us with new readings upon new, and increase our despair of any settled nomenclature) abound in that substitution of the letter *u* for other vowels which marks the oriental scholarship of the Ganges;—Scheherazade and Shahrazad taking the form of *Shuhurzad;* Mahomet and Mohammad, of *Muhummud;* and the Khaleefeh, Jaafar, and Mesroor, becoming *Khuleef*, *Jafar*, and *Musroor*. In one passage our old friends Noureddin Ali and Shemseddin Mahomed really seemed as if they made a mouth at us on purpose, when they called themselves "the *Vûzeer Noor ood Deen Ullee* of Ægypt, and *Shums ood Deen Muhummud*, his brother."

There is one piece of preciseness, of Mr. Lane's sort, which, on the other hand, Mr. Torrens has retained, and which, it appears to us, would have been much better omitted. Mr. Lane has it not, and it has the air of being taken down from the mouth of a homelier story-teller than the one that furnished his original. We allude to the frequent repetition of the words, "So goes the tale;" which is a warrant of authenticity quite as unnecessary, and not at all so amusing, as the *dice Turpino* of the Italian poets.

To show in what respect the verse of Mr. Torrens has sometimes the advantage of Mr. Lane's prose, in giving us a completer idea of the original poetry, take the following amusing specimen of an Eastern form of *rhyming*. There are some of a like sort in the writings of Sir William Jones. But we must first give the prose of Mr. Lane.

"Never trust in women, nor rely upon their vows;
For their pleasure and displeasure depend upon their passions.
They offer a false affection, for perfidy lurks within their clothing.

By the tale of Yoosuf (Joseph) be admonished, and guard against their stratagems.
Dost thou not consider that Iblees (the Devil) ejected Adam by means of woman?"—LANE, Vol. i, p. 9.

"With confidence no woman grace,
Nor trust an oath that's given by *them;*
Passion's the source and resting place
Of anger and of joy with *them;*
False love they show with lying face,
But 'neath the cloak all's guile with *them.*

In Yoosoof's story you may trace
Some of the treacheries rife in them;
See ye not Father Adam's case
He was driven forth by cause of them."

TORRENS, p. 7.

This is paraphrastic; but still true to the meaning, while it is truer than prose to the form, at least to one form of Eastern poetry, if not to that of the immediate original; though we suppose it to be that also.

In the story of the Fisherman and the Jinnee (or the *Jin*, as Mr. Torrens calls him: a punster would soon find terrible spirit-warrant for *that*,) the reader who is curious enough to compare the translations, will find plenty of poetry that Mr. Lane has omitted, all of which, we confess, we would rather he had retained. Among others, is this good piece of blank verse, ending with a curious denouncement of the Mussulman clergy by the poor disappointed fisherman:—

"When thou art seized of evil, then put on
Patience the noble;
(this is finely modulated,—worthily of the sentiment)
that is truest wisdom.
Complain not to God's servants: in that case
Thou mak'st a plaining to the merciless
Against the merciful."—TORRENS, p. 29.

In the following no less excellent blank verse, Mr. Torrens has shown either that Mr. Lane has not been correct even to the spirit of the original, or that his rival has improved upon it. But from what he says afterwards in a note, of the popularity

of the eloquent expressions in the last line but two, we must suppose that the former is the case. We will again give Mr. Lane's version first. It is in that beautiful, terrible, and affecting passage of the story of the Physician Dooban, where his decapitated head speaks to the tyrant upon whom his retributive poison is working :—

"They make use of their power, and used it tyrannically; and soon it became as though it never had existed.
Had they acted equitably, they had experienced equity; but they oppressed; wherefore fortune oppressed them with calamities and trials.
Then did the case itself announce to them, This is the reward of your conduct, and fortune is blameless."—LANE, Vol. i., p. 97.

Observe how far inferior this "fortune oppressing them," &c., and "the case itself announcing to them," is to the imagery and expression in the verse of Mr. Torrens :—

"They issued savage mandates, but no long time
Survived they in their cruelty; for lo! ye!
'Twas but a little, and the mandate was not.
Had they done justice, justice were done them;
But they did ill, and evil was their portion;
And fortune turned against them, *strongly armed*
With acts of woe and trouble; so they passed hence,
And the mute eloquence of their condition
Repeated to them, This is your reward;
Blame not the retribution."—TORRENS, p. 50.

Every bit of verse, however, in the 'Arabian Nights' is not worth quoting like this; and we should be surprised that a taste like Mr. Torrens's retained the following cold and hard lump of conceit, did we not suppose him to do so because he would be as impartial in giving the bad verse as the good.

"When the parting was near, and our hearts were nigh broken,
In transports of love as our last vows were spoken,
A thick shower of pure pearls in her weeping she shed,
While my tears, *like cornelians* (!) flowed blood-like and red;

The two streams trickled down in continuous flow,
And hung round her fair bosom *a necklace of woe!!* "—
P. 153.

Poor Madame Volenville's wreath of roses (in Paul de Kock's novel), which in her fat fluster, during the transports of the waltz, she danced down from her head into a collar for her neck, was a respectable calamity to this !

Of a thoroughly different nature is the supposed description, by a dead man, of the way in which he was parted from his friends. It is chaunted at a funeral. The verses quoted in the same place by Mr. Lane are different, and very inferior. The ultra-free, dramatical character of Mr. Torrens's versification in this instance appears to us very judicious and affecting.

" On the fifth day I parted from those I loved
And they washed me on a plank from out the door ;
They stripped me of the clothes I erst was dress'd in,
And clad me in a raiment was other than mine own ;
And they bore me away on four men's necks
To a place of prayer, and some of the people prayed for me.
They prayed for me a prayer—in it were no prostrations ;
They prayed for me, even all those that were my friends ;
And they accompanied me to a dwelling house was arched in.
Let all mankind perish, yet will my door not open."—
P. 367.

" One touch" of mortal sympathy " makes the whole world kin." Orcus, Hades, or Hela, never had the deaf and inexorable devourment of the grave more truly painted than in that line.

One or two specimens of a lighter sort, and we must make our escape from Mr. Torrens's verses. Most oriental is the following ; of which, by the way, there is no equivalent in Mr. Lane's translation.

" In saffron tint she walk'd bedight,
In sandal red, and yellow bright,
Pale amber, musky grey ;
(No good combination of colours, those !)

'Up, up, in haste !' the young man cries ;
Ah, slender waist ! she cannot rise,
Nor skills to get away
With heavy hips that say, 'Sit still !'
And make her linger 'gainst her will.
Thus, when I would our union press,
'Come quickly,' says her loveliness,
Her coyness answers 'Nay.' "—P. 220.

The Porter of Baghdad, in order to pursuade the three ladies that they require a fourth companion, quotes an Anacreontic, or rather *Hafizite*, which would produce jovial thumps on the table from any *diable à quatre*, east or west :—

" Dost thou not see, four things must be, where revels are afoot,
The sweet harp, and the dulcimer, the gittern, and the flute ?
To them 'tis meet four odours sweet in contrast we oppose,
The myrtle flower, and violet, the lily and the rose ;
Yet even these must fail to please, unless four more combine,
A garden rare, a mistress fair, hard cash and heady wine."—P. 78.

There is no quotation to this effect in Lane. Surely these omissions are losses.

The Porter of Baghdad however seems to have alarmed Mr. Lane ; and truly he, and his fair trio, are somewhat startling personages for the meridian of London. Many doubts will be expressed by the most enthusiastic of readers, whether Mr. Torrens should have told all that he knows about them. Mr. Lane has an additional reason why he will have as little as possible to do with them. He says they give " a very erroneous idea of the manners of *Arab* ladies." But, with his leave, this is one of the numerous beggings of the question, more or less implied, with which he first assumes that the 'Thousand and one Nights' are purely Arab, and then retains or rejects features in them accordingly, thus squaring his proofs to his theory. The manners of the three ladies of Baghdad are, we dare say, *Baghdadian* enough ;

possibly from a Persian model; though from another note of Mr. Lane's we see no reason to draw any very bashful conclusions in favour of Egyptian women in general; and it is from Egypt he has obtained his experience of the Arab nation. In truth we must own we think Mr. Torrens did a bold thing, when he gave this story as it appears in his volume; and we fear it will keep it out of the hands of some readers. Yet we acquit him not only of all blameable intention but of any sense of an unwarrantable trespass upon the licence permitted to unusual works of scholarship, and descriptions of foreign manners. We hold this to be due to the ingenuous and manly nature evinced in his preface. India is a country, where the moral, and even the religious breeding of the people, gradually accustom foreigner as well as native, to toleration of ideas on certain subjects, startling even to their Eastern neighbours; and a Persian tale, of the liveliest order, would lose none of its freedom, though a good deal of its scandal, in passing through the ears of a Hindoo theosophist. At all events, Mr. Torrens appears so unapprehensive of the strong objections which will assuredly be made to this story, that by a singular and unconscious turning of the tables on Mr. Lane's Arabian purities (which however the latter does not very consistently stand by, on several other occasions) he says in his Preface, that he has been obliged to "omit portions of the tales, in consequence of "the admiration of beauty inherent in the *Arab*, his innate voluptuousness, and licence of expression."*

It is not a little amusing to compare the stories and descriptions in Mr. Torrens's version with those of Mr. Lane; but as we have quoted so many verses from him, and do not yet

* Among the new stories given by Mr. Torrens is one that his contemporary has omitted as depending in too great a degree "upon incidents of a most objectionable nature;" so much so, that he says he could not even attempt to "abridge it;" though "a pleasant tale might be composed from it by considerable alterations." It is that of 'Oomr Bin Na'man and his two sons, &c., in Mr. Torrens's collection. We confess we are no admirers of it, nor of its Amazonian heroine, though compared with stories retained in all editions of the 'Arabian Nights,' we do not find the excessive objectionableness noticed by Mr. Lane. And Mr. Torrens, though he speaks of "omitting portions" of his original, does not intimate that he has made "alterations."—*Vol. XXXIII. No. I.*

see land in this enchanted ocean of criticism, we must content ourselves with giving, for a prose specimen, a sample of the pathos in these stories, which Mr. Torrens appears to us to have rendered with a more touching and affectionate earnestness, than his learned rival ; more as Chaucer, or Boccaccio, might have told it. The reader recollects (or if he does not, we advise him speedily to become acquainted with it) the story of the young man who stole a purse to give to his mistress ; which cost him his bleeding hand, and ultimately broke her heart for pity. Her discovery of the mutilation, and consequent generosity and death, are thus related by Mr. Torrens :—

" I wrapped my wrist in a rag, and thrust it under my robe, and my appearance was altered, and my colour had paled with that had come to pass to me ; but I went on to the house, and I was other than composed, and I threw my face down on the carpet. Now the damsel saw that I was altered in complexion ; so she said to me, ' What is thy ailment, and how is it that I see thine aspect altered ?' And I replied to her, ' My head pains me, and I am not well.' So upon that she was vexed, and was troubled on my account, and said to me, ' Distress not mine heart, oh ! my lord ; sit, and lift thine head, and tell me that hath happed to thee to-day, for a story is shown me in thy face.' And I answered, ' Spare me this talk.' So she wept, and said, ' It is like thine inclination is turned from me, for sure I see the contrary to thy wont.' But I was silent ; and she kept on talking to me and I gave her no answer until night came on. Then set she food before me, but I abstained from it, and dreaded lest she should see me eating with my left hand. So I said, ' I have no wish to eat just now ;' and she replied, ' Tell me of that hath happed to thee to-day, and what is in thee that grieves thee, and breaks thy spirit, and thine heart ?' And I answered, ' Wait awhile ; I will tell thee at my leisure.' Now she set before me wine, and said, ' Here is for thee ; for this will check thy sorrow, and there is no help, but that thou drinks't and tells't me of thy tidings.' And I replied to her, ' So is there no help, but that I tell thee ?' She answered, ' Even so.' So I said ' If it be even so, and that there be no help, then give me to drink with thine own hand.' And she filled the

cup, and drank it off, and filled again, and gave it me, and I took it from her with my left hand, and wiped the tears from my eyelids, and broke out repeating :—

" When ere the Lord 'gainst any man
Would fulminate some harsh decree,
And he be wise, and skill'd to hear
And used to see ;
He stops his ears, and blinds his heart,
And from his brain all judgment tears,
And makes it bald as 'twere a scalp,
Reft of its hairs,
Until the time when the whole man
' Be pierced by this divine command ;
Then he restores him intellect
To understand.' "

" Now when I ceased repeating my verses, I took the cup with my left hand, and wept, and she shrieked with an exceeding loud cry, and said, ' What is the cause of thy weeping ? Thou dost rack my heart, and what makes thee take the cup with thy left hand ?' Then said I to her, ' Truly I have upon my other hand a boil.' ' Lo' she answered, ' I will take it out, I will make it discharge.' But I replied, ' It is not time yet for it to discharge : so do not teaze me, for I will not take out my hand from the bandage, not now.' Then I drank off the cup, and she gave not over making me drink, until intoxication prevailed over me, and I slept in my place where I sat. Then saw she my wrist without a fist, so she examined me closely, and perceived with me the purse with the gold, and sorrow came upon her, such as never came upon any one before, and she ceased not suffering grief of mind on my account until the morning. Now when I woke from sleep I found she had dressed me a stew, and she put it before me, and behold it was made of four chicken poults, and she gave me a cup of wine to drink : so I ate and drank, and set down the goblet, and purposed to go forth, and she said to me, ' Whither goest thou ?' and I answered, ' To a place I mean to go to.' But she said, ' Thou must not go ; sit still.' So I sat down, and she said, ' So, thy love has so overpowered thee, that thou hast wasted all thy property, and has lost thine

hand ? Bear-witness now to me, and the Almighty be the witness, that I will not separate from thee, and thou shalt indeed see that my saying is true.' Then sent she after witnesses, and they came, and she said to them, 'Write my contract of marriage with this youth, and witness that I have in possession the dower.' And they wrote my marriage contract with her : then she said, 'Witness that the whole of my property that is in this chest, and the whole that I have in slaves, and handmaidens, is given to this youth.' So they witnessed it for her, and I took possession in right of marriage, and they departed after they had taken their fee. Then took she me by the hand, and placed me in a strong room, and opened a very large chest, and said to me, 'Look at what is in the chest ;' and I looked, and behold it was filled with 'kerchiefs. So she said, 'This is thy property that I took from thee, and every 'kerchief that thou gavest me in which was fifty deeners, I wrapped it up, and cast it into this chest ; so take thy property, for it has returned to thee, and thou art from to-day *my very friend*, for God's destiny has come to pass with thee, so that on my account thou hast lost thy right hand, and I could not return thee an equivalent : for if I give my soul, it were but little, and thine were the greater sacrifice.' Then said she, 'Keep safe thy property ;' so I removed her chest to mine, and added my property to her property that I had given her, and my heart rejoiced, and my sorrow abated. So I stood up and kissed her, and thanked her ; and she said, 'Thou hast given thy hand for my love ; so how am I able to give thee an equivalent ? Wullahy ! If I were to give my soul for thy love, it were indeed but a little, and I could not then reach that which is thy right claim on me.' So then she made over to me in writing all that she possessed, in her wearing clothes, and her portion, and her chattels for needful uses, *and she slept not that night*, but (wept ?) as one sorely afflicted with grief on my account, until I told her the whole of what befel me. So I abode with her, and we rested thus less than a month, ere weakness gained mastery over her, and illness increased upon her, *and she tarried not beyond the fifth day ere she was among the people of the other world.* So I laid her out, and spread the earth upon her, and made pious recitation of the Qoran for her, and bestowed the lawful alm for her

according to the whole of my property; *and I turned me from the grave.*"—TORRENS, P. 276.

This is as like one of the stories in Boccaccio, as can be;—we mean for depth and purity of sentiment; for it is quite original, and has never been repeated. Most assuredly that clear and tender believer in the human heart (most misconceived by those who know only his freedoms) would have told it, had it been known to him. The heroine is precisely one of his own sisterhood of loving creatures, who are made up of none but kindly elements, whether for joy or sorrow, and can only die out of some excess of sweetness. How unselfish, and free from vanity, her thinking that she could not do enough for him! And how touching is the unostentatious silence of the survivor, as to his own grief! He says nothing, but to describe her generosity; and turns in dumbness from her grave. He does not think it necessary to say what he felt; nor could he say it, if he would. The patience of his tone is enough.

There are one or two passages in the foregoing criticism on which a word may be said. Mr. Torrens, in common with Mr. Lane, but offending, we are told, more frequently, is found guilty of incorrect grammatical construction. The instances are alleged, but not adduced. If we take them for granted, we must smile at one of the explanations suggested on behalf of both gentlemen—"long living out of their native country." Mr. Torrens had certainly been about ten years in India when this volume was published, but seeing that he did not come out until he was in his 23rd year, that he was in all acquirements ten years in advance of his age, and that he was a constant writer, it is too much to suppose that he had in any degree forgotten his mother-tongue. The critic might have rested satisfied with his other hypothesis—the "idioms of their original"—as to what appeared to him defective in grammatical construction, although being confessedly ignorant of Arabic he must after all have guessed at this solution. "Sorry are we that we cannot read Arabic," says the critic. It puzzles one then, not a

little, to understand how he is able to sit in judgment on translations from that language! Yet he does so; and of the poetry, speaks of "the drawback of its being *all* put into verse" which, however, "is for the most part spirited, and sometimes (particularly in the blank verse) excellent; and when it does its full duty to the originals, verse is, of course, better than the best prose, and Mr. Torrens's poetical passages are so far better than Mr. Lane's, and indeed the best that have yet appeared." Surely this should be the judgment of one able to read and appreciate the original! Again, we have examples given of the good and bad; passages worth retaining and passages that might have been well rejected.

After an approved passage we are told "every bit of verse, however, in the 'Arabian Nights,' is not worth quoting like this; and we should be surprised that a taste like Mr. Torrens's retained the following cold and hard lump of conceit, did we not suppose him to do so because he would be as impartial in giving the bad verse as the good." Precisely so, and this is what a translator should do, unless there be strong reason why a passage should be suppressed. The question for the critic should be, not whether the conceit is cold and hard and unpoetic, but whether the translation is a good one? Many will probably think that for an Eastern poet there is nothing at all extravagant in the passage in question.

But let me quote what Mr. T. said on the subject of his labours in his Preface:

For the prose of this translation, and the style in which it is written, I will merely say that it formed itself without any effort of my own, on the language of the original. Believing that the lighter literature of a people conveys the best standard of national disposition, and that there is no better clue to character than the turn and spirit of familiar phraseology, I have rendered the Arabic as literally as I could, for my object was, less to give the incident of a tale, than

the manners of a people. All the peculiarities of the Arab nationally, and of the Mooslims at large, are, I think, best displayed in this style, though I own that with these general advantages, it is yet open to ridicule for its quaintness and to criticism for its servility. But I did not determine upon its adoption without making trial of one less literal, and without finding it impossible to convey an idea, such as I wished, of passions and affections, without giving also some of the spirit of language. The admiration of beauty inherent in the Arab, his innate voluptuousness, and his licence of expression, have obliged me to omit portions of these tales, in which the style of description, is more accurate than delicate; while the habit of devotional feeling, common to the Mooslims at large, and exhibiting itself in pious ejaculations and prayer on every possible occasion, rendered it needful to dispense with a translation of certain words, the constant use of which would appear to European readers rather irreverent than devout.

As regards the verse, the best defence I can offer for it, is, that it is in general literally rendered, an assertion which I would not venture on, were it not sanctioned by the fiat of infinitely better scholars than myself. I must at the same time say, that the correctness of my readings of the obscurer poetry is by no means insisted on, for just as I have sometimes taken another interpretation of a passage than that marked by the pointing of the edition I translate from, so may many a rendering at variance with mine be discovered by other readers. The learned Silvestre De Sacy remarks as follows upon some peculiarity of Arabic poetry in the preface to his Chrestomathiæ Arabe. 'Or, je ne crains point de le dire, il n'est guère de poëmes Arabs qui ne présentent des passages obscurs dont l'intelligence exige le secours des commentaries; et cette obscurité ne tient pas uniquement á l'imperfection de la connaisance que nous pouvons avoir de la langue Arabe; elle tient aussi, du moins en partie, au genre même de cette poësie, aux ecarts de l'imagination des poëtes Arabes, á la rechérche de figures bizarres, d'expressions insolites, de transitions subites et inattendues, qui les caractérise; enfin à l'usage frequent et outré des ellipses dont la restitution est souvent un peu arbitraire, et a d'autres causes de la même nature. Aussi

voyons nous, que less commentateurs hesitent souvent autre divers sens dont un même passage leur parait susceptible, et quelques poëtes, Abou'lola, par example, ont cru necessaire de commenter eux-mêmes leurs propres ouvrages.' This opinion of so excellent a scholar will have its weight with those who may compare my poetic versions with the original. To other readers it is but right that I should declare that the very nature of the Arabic language demands a style of paraphrase, rather than translation, in many passages of its best poetry; and that, because the vigour of single words, and the imagery conveyed by a phrase, to the mind of an Arab, cannot be given by single words in another language, nor pictured without transfusing the idea, rather than translating the idiom in which it is expressed. It is to be remembered, moreover, that the poetry of an imaginative people is necessarily obscure to those whose fancies are naturally less vivid; and that in a perfect language adapted to convey with metaphysicial nicety, every shade of feeling, and every mood of the mind, there is a terseness and force, difficult indeed to render into an imperfect tongue without falling into the diffuseness of paraphrase.

Again, the richness of the peculiar construction of Arabic, enables the rhetorician and the poet, to indulge much in a play upon the analogy of words, so ingenious as often to allow of the reading of two meanings to one phrase, whereas the second is dependant on an illustrative of the first. The use of this figure known in rhetoric by the term of *tugnees*, or analogy, of which there are seven different kinds, has induced a distinguished writer* on Arabic customs to declare that the usual chief merits of Arabic poetry 'consists in the use of paranomasia and other figures, which render it untranslatable.' Against this opinion, which if quite correct would reduce the character of Arabic poetry to a most contemptible level, it would be too presumptuous in me to put forth my own renderings of verse by way of refutation. I am, however, fortunately able to cite the evidence of a much more competent translator, Mr. Carlysle, whose Arabic Anthology has rendered popular, in a very literal translation, verses, the intrinsic poetic merit of which has been unhesitatingly acknowledged. In my own

* Mr. Lane, author of the Modern Egyptians.

translation, I have endeavoured to give the force of the double meaning wherever practicable ; and where the intricacy of the *tugnees* has baffled me, I have ventured to give the essential meaning, which often possesses poetic beauty enough to please by itself, even when divested of the adventitious aid of rhetorical ingenuity.

There is one peculiarity in Arabic literature, instances of which are constant throughout these tales, which I have not attempted to imitate, the use namely of a species of rhymed prose, much admired by the Arabs. It is far from impossible to compose in English in this style, but the effect of the irregular sentence with the iteration of a jingling rhyme, is not pleasing in our language, and I have therefore nowhere sought to introduce it. This style is, however, very popular with Arabic authors, and the whole of the Qorân is indeed written in it."

Touching the above allusion to Mr. Lane, that gentleman, in a note in his third volume says:—" I examined many pieces of poetry in various parts of the work (the Breslau edition) and those upon which I chanced to open, led me to express an opinion which a further examination proved to be incorrect, that the usual merit of the Poetry consisted in rhetorical figures which rendered it untranslateable. This opinion I mention here because it has been represented as relating, not to a miscellany of poetry that has been greatly corrupted in almost all copies, but to Arabic poetry in general, by an Orientalist who has given convincing evidence of his having no intention to misinterpret my words, and whose talents and accomplishments are such that I am very far from regarding with indifference, his unintentional exaggeration of my errors. I allude to Mr. Torrens."

CHAP. IV.

In 1838, Lord Auckland, the then Governor-General, was at Simlah, meditating the policy to be adopted towards Afghanistan. About that policy, as developed, it is probable that there are not now two opinions. It was as injudicious as it was disastrous. False pretences and shuffling in our communications with Dost Mahomed long preceded our armed support of Shah Soojah, and in the disgraceful expulsion from the country—an expulsion enforced by the influence and power of the family our Government had trifled with—and the annihilation of our Army, we received our just reward.

This is not the occasion on which to go at length into the subject, but its mention may not be avoided, since the name of Henry Torrens has long been associated with the Simlah manifesto. It will presently be seen how much he had to do with it, and what his opinions really were. A senseless dread of the power of Russia to shake, if not destroy, our Indian Empire had long existed in England as well as in India; and perhaps the delusion was stronger and more general there than here. There is little reason to believe that any state of parties at home would have averted the mischievous policy of active interference in the affairs of Afghanistan. Had Lord Heytesbury come out when appointed Governor-General, we should in all human probability have had our agents and emissaries travelling in that country, and in Persia and in Scinde, as we had under Lord Auckland, and commercial ends would have been the explanation and pretence of the one Government as they were of the other. It is not for me to affirm that in this respect all was hollow and false; but it is beyond controversy that the first consideration and real object was to watch (supposed) Russian intrigue and circumvent it,

and that political profit was the motive to our negotiations.

Whatever doubt may once have been entertained on the subject, it is now too clear for denial that Dost Mahomed was earnestly disposed to league himself with the British Government; that he was thus disposed from the first; that he was open and candid throughout, and that he was driven into enmity only when he found himself grievously deluded, and without a hope from the intelligence of those at the head of affairs. It would be too much to say that the disasters of Cabul were the consequence of the policy that took Shah Soojah by the hand and marched him in triumph to his capital; it might even be too much to say that they were the consequence of departure from that policy as originally framed; for it has been thought, and said, that able military demonstrations would have averted the catastrophe that brought dishonour to the British flag. But reading the past by the light of the present, remembering that Shah Soojah held but the semblance of power for a few months after our disgrace, and was then shot and thrown into a ditch, and that Dost Mahomed after being two years our prisoner was restored only to re-assume a power which has never since been shaken —we may fairly say that the policy of 1838 was a grievous mistake. Nor can it be pleaded that it was a mistake for which much is to be said in palliation: indeed, whatever may be said has yet to be heard. We have on record Sir W. H. Macnaghten's evidence in favour of Dost Mahomed. When he surrendered, Sir William wrote—"I trust that the Dost will be treated with liberality. His case has been compared to that of Shah Soojah; and I have seen it argued that he should not be treated more handsomely than His Majesty was; but surely the cases are not parallel. The Shah had no claim upon us. We had no hand in depriving him of his kingdom, whereas we ejected

the Dost, who never offended us, in support of our policy, of which he was the victim."*

But if we injured the Dost by an unwise policy we did him a more unpardonable wrong by suppressing—in defence of that policy—the evidence of how ardently he had desired to be our friend. The author from whom I have just quoted, after giving instances of suppression of parts of Dr. Burnes' letters before they were allowed to appear in the Blue Book, has expressed himself worthily on the subject of mutilating public documents. The dignity of history, I suppose, precluded the expression of his feelings in the text; he does it in a note. I will take the liberty of giving the passage here. "I cannot, indeed, suppress the utterance of my abhorrence of this system of garbling the official correspondence of public men—sending the letters of a statesman or diplomatist into the world mutilated, emasculated—the very pith and substance of them cut out by the unsparing hand of the state-anatomist. The dishonesty by which lie upon lie is palmed upon the world has not one redeeming feature. If public men are, without reprehension, to be permitted to lie in the face of nations—wilfully, elaborately, and maliciously to bear false-witness against their neighbours, what hope is there for private veracity? In the case before us, the *suppressio veri* is virtually the *assertio falsi*. The character of Dost Mahomed has been lied away; the character of Burnes has been lied away. Both, by the mutilation of the correspondence of the latter, have been fearfully misrepresented—both have been set forth as doing what they did not, and omitting to do what they did. I care not whose knife—whose hand did the work of mutilation. And, indeed, I do not know. I deal with principles, not with persons; and have no party ends

* *Sir W. H. Macnaghten to Mr. Robertson: Jan.* 12, 1841. MS. *Correspondence.* Kaye's Afghanistan, vol. 1, *p.* 568.

to serve. The cause of truth must be upheld. Official documents are the sheet-anchors of historians—the last courts of appeal to which the public resort. If these documents are tampered with—if they are made to misrepresent the words and actions of public men, the grave of truth is dug, and there is seldom a resurrection. It is not always that an afflicted parent is ready to step forward on behalf of an injured child, and lay a memorial at the feet of his sovereign, exposing the cruelty by which an honorable man has been misrepresented in state documents, as doing that which was abhorrent to his nature.* In most cases the lie goes down, unassailed and often unsuspected, to posterity; and in place of sober history, we have a florid romance."

Mr. Kaye has rather suggested than asserted that we are indebted for the Afghan policy to the three Civilians who accompanied the Governor-General to Simlah, and to whose guidance his Lordship is supposed implicitly to have resigned himself. These three Civilians were William Hay Macnaghten, Henry Torrens, and John Colvin.† "Perhaps," says Mr. Kaye, "he (Lord Auckland) scarcely knew to what extent he was swayed by their counsels; but it is my deliberate conviction, that if he had not quitted Calcutta, or if he had been surrounded by older and more experienced advisers, he would have followed a line of policy more in accordance with his own feelings and opinions, and less destructive to the interests of the empire." It is not necessary to enquire whether men better able to advise were left behind in Council—but I may remark on Mr. Kaye's apparent oblivion of the declaration made in Parliament by Sir John Hobhouse, that "the policy was no less ours (the Cabinet's) than it was his," (Lord Auckland's.)‡ The impression

* Alluding to the remonstrance of Mr. Burnes' father.

† The present Lieut. Governor of the North-Western Provinces.

‡ House of Commons, June 23rd, 1842.

on Mr. K.'s mind has clearly been, as observed by a public writer, when upon this subject, that "the despatch of this grand expedition across the Indus, is to be attributed to the military genius and bold and ambitious views of Mr. Henry Torrens."*

Let me, before coming to Mr. Torrens' statement, elicited by the *Friend's* notice of Mr. Kaye's book, quote from the latter what is said of Mr. Macnaghten's Assistant:—

"In his colleague and assistant, Mr. Henry Torrens, there were some points of resemblance to Macnaghten; for the younger officer was also an accomplished linguist and a ready writer, but he was distinguished by a more mercurial temperament and more varied attainments. Perhaps there was not in all the presidencies of India a man—certainly not so young a man—with the lustre of so many accomplishments upon him. The facility with which he acquired every kind of information was scarcely more remarkable than the tenacity with which he retained it. With the languages of the East and the West he was equally familiar. He had read books of all kinds and in all tongues, and the airy grace with which he could throw off a French canzonet was something as perfect of its kind as the military genius with which he could sketch out the plan of a campaign, or the official pomp with which he could inflate a state paper. His gaiety and vivacity made him a welcome addition to the Governor-General's vice-regal court; and perhaps not the least of his recommendations as a travelling companion was that he could amuse the ladies of Lord Auckland's family with as much felicity as he could assist the labours of that nobleman himself."

Again:—"It is probable, indeed, that the counsels of a man so young and so erratic as Henry Torrens would have met with no acceptance from the sober-minded

* *Friend of India*, September 23rd, 1852.

nobleman at the head of the Government, but for a circumstance which gave weight to his opinions and cogency to his advice. By all the accidents of birth and early associations, as well as by the bent of his own genius, the young civilian was a true soldier. The son of a distinguished officer and an approved military teacher, he had graduated, whilst yet a boy, in the learning of the camp, and his after-studies had done much to perfect his acquaintance with the tactics and strategy of modern warfare. He possessed, indeed, the very knowledge which the other members of the Simlah Council most wanted; and hence it was that he came to exercise considerable influence over Lord Auckland, more perhaps through his brother secretaries than directly brought to bear upon the mind of the Governor-General himself. It was urged that the expedition, if entrusted entirely to Shah Soojah and the Sikhs, would set in disastrous failure; and there was at least some probability in this. Runjeet Singh was no more than lukewarm in the cause; and the Sikhs were detested in Afghanistan. Lord Auckland shrunk from the responsibility of despatching a British army across the Indus; but, warned of the danger of identifying himself with a slighter measure promising little certainty of success, he halted, for a time, between two opinions, and slowly yielded to the assaults of his scribes."

Now let us enquire was there no one but these scribes about the Governor-General? No one to whom he might appeal for an opinion? Was every Member of Council in Calcutta? Sir Henry Fane, the Commander-in-Chief, was at Simlah and in constant communication with his Lordship. This, Mr. Kaye in a few later pages admits; but it does not seem to have weakened his opinion about the scribes having done it all, although he actually tells us—"The Commander-in-Chief was not only recommending such measures, but insisting upon his right, as the first military

authority in the country, to determine the number of British troops to be employed, and the manner of their employment." Thus, whatever the Council might have advised, had the Governor-General been in Calcutta, it is clear that the policy adopted was approved by the military Member, and that it was in accordance with the views of the British Cabinet. If it had turned out eminently successful, all the credit Mr. Torrens could have claimed would have been that he approved it. He must bear the blame of bad judgment in common with others, from those who condemned it, but he cannot be involved further.

Mr. Torrens' explanation was as follows:—

"On the sound historical basis of "general opinion" and "well credited report" you do me the honour of ascribing to me the creation of a policy which was a sound and wise one, *had it been carried out as devised*, and of which I only wish I could claim the authorship: but you will perhaps allow me to cite against "general opinion" and "well credited report," the assurance of a late Cabinet Minister, Lord de Broughton, that *he* was the author of the expedition, the which he undoubtedly was. Without this declaration publicly made, I could not state what follows.

The facts now related for the first time are simply these. Mr. Macnaghten, with me for his under Secretary, most unwillingly accompanied the Governor-General in 1837 towards the North-West, in which his presence was not required. Mr. Macnaghten, in the conviction that with the peculiar turn of mind of the Governor-General, it were better for him to be with his Council, did his utmost to persuade his Lordship to return from Cawnpore to Calcutta, the rather that it was the famine year of 1837-38. Orders were at one time given for our return, but countermanded. Before our arrival at Cawnpore, Mr. Macnaghten, pressed by his Lordship's anxiety and uncertainties, had prepared a scheme, based upon the

independent expedition of Shah Soojah in 1832—of which we often spoke together, with reference to the stormy aspect of the times,—which contained the germ of the famous Afghan expedition; the scope of this scheme was: 1. According to the policy of this Government in 1809, to interpose a friendly power in Central Asia between us and any invasive force from the West. 2. To exhibit the military resources of the Government which had experienced a dangerous decline in a native estimation. 3. To set at rest the frontier wars between Afghans and Sikhs which interfered with the extension of our trade. 4. To effect these objects by means of our pensioner, Shah Soojah, acting in concert with Runjeet Singh; settling through our mediation the claims of the latter on Scinde, and of the former on Cashmere and Peshawur; satisfying Runjeet as to his demand for Swat and Booneer, and purchasing from the Ameers of Scinde, by relieving them of tribute and vassalage to the Durranee Crown (Shah Soojah's), the complete opening of the Indus navigation, and the abolition of all tolls. 5. To establish in the person of a subsidized Monarch in Afghanistan so firm an ally at the head of a military people as might assure us that, in the event of Runjeet's death, the Sikhs would find occupation on the frontiers of Peshawur, for so large a portion of their army as might materially interfere with the assemblage of an imposing force on our own frontier. 6. To pass into Afghanistan, as Shah Soojah had done in 1832, by the Bolan Pass, place him on his throne, subsidized at twenty lakhs a year, and march home through the Punjab, showing our power.

Such was the project submitted, rather to propose *something* to the Governor-General in his uncertainty than to suggest a plan for absolute adoption. A few days afterwards, Mr. Macnaghten told me, that his Lordship had peremptorily rejected it, saying, "*such a thing was not to be thought of.*" Some fortnight or

three weeks afterwards, letters arrived, I believe from Her Majesty's Ministers in England, suggesting various schemes of diversion in the East as respected the aggressive views of Persia in connection with a great European power;—one, I believe, was analogous to that suggested by Mr. Macnaghten, and it was then Lord Auckland asked for the paper which had been previously submitted to him. I never saw it it again after that time; but on it was framed a scheme in consonance with the views of her Majesty's Ministers *which was approved by them and acted on;* but which only contemplated the expedition to, not the occupation of, Afghanistan, and it was the change of policy which fathered our disasters. My duties, which as under and as officiating Secretary were purely executive, brought me subsequently much into official contact with the Governor-General, but not until after the policy had been decided upon as respected Afghanistan, and so thoroughly decided, that Mr. Macnaghten was ascending the hill with the tripartite treaty in his pocket, at the time when "well credited report" represents "some body"—myself—as rushing down the hill *to tell him of the adoption during his absence of the policy on which the treaty in his pocket was founded!* I well recollect the subsequent discussions and difficulties as to execution, and in these Clerk, Wade, Colvin, Mackeson, Burnes, D'Arcy Todd, Lord, and others had a share. Of those curious councils it does not behove me to speak—save that previous to one I remember poor Burnes making his fifth suggestion within the week, to the effect that "we had but to send Shah Soojah to the mouth of the Khyber Pass with two battalions of Sepoys, and the Afghans would carry him through it in their arms,"* when I recollect saying with some

* Burnes was of this opinion: he erred on that point in common with many others; but his views from first to last were in favour of making the Dost our ally.

asperity—"surely it is better not to confuse high authority with fresh plans, when all our energies are needed to carry out the one decided upon." "As you have honored me with the title of adviser of Lord Auckland, and given me the opportunity of divesting myself of the unreal credit or discredit, as you may decide it to be, before the expedition was decided upon, I will in justice to myself record with you, two of the few opinions I ever had the opportunity of delivering *after* it began; the one was strongly against the fortification of Herat, the other strongly against the admission of English women of any rank into Afghanistan, for giving each of which I was strongly reprimanded, and from this anecdote I leave you to conclude the slight amount of my utility out of my strict line of duty."

Having given the foregoing the Editor observes:—

"In another letter on the same subject, he informed us, that the Afghanistan policy was settled long before he had Lord Auckland's ear so as to go in to him with the boxes, and that 'poor Macnaghten had brought the grand project to completion at Lahore while he and Mr. Colvin were charged with hatching it at Simlah.' Mr. Torrens also said in that letter, that he always thought we were in difficulties from the date of Mr. Macnaghten's being appointed to *a fixed embassy* in Afghanistan; and, when the occupation of the country was determined on he looked to our leaving the country,—we could never have held it—with some discredit. He mentioned that old Colonel Skinner said to him at Ferozepore before the army marched, "it will be a second Monson's retreat." He likewise stated that Mr. Macnaghten had given great offence to the most influential parties in the Camp, by nearly succeeding in his attempt to prevail on Lord Auckland to return to Calcutta, that he was constrained, by a casual phrase which he had inadvertently used in one of his letters, to go on the Embassy

against his will, and that he made many conditions to avoid being sent, and that various concessions were made to induce him to go to Cabul. We deem it necessary for the exculpation of Sir William to give the greatest prominence to these facts, because, the whole expedition has been laid at his ambition!"

There is at the first glance an apparent contradiction in the statements that the policy was Lord De Broughton's, and that Mr. Macnaghten brought the grand project to completion at Lahore, while Messrs. Colvin and Torrens were charged with hatching it at Simlah; but it is explicable on the supposition that the policy of an expedition to Afghanistan was that of the Secretary of the Board of Control, and that the precise character of the expedition was matured by Mr. Macnaghten while on his mission to Runjeet Singh. It is true that the *Friend of India* pointed out, when giving Mr. Torrens' letters and showing them to correct Mr. Kaye, as far as Mr. T. was concerned, that the statement of Sir John Hobhouse in Parliament, that at the end of October 1838, he, being utterly ignorant of the course which Lord Auckland had determined to pursue, sent him instructions which were found afterwards to correspond with his Lordship's views and course of procedure, was utterly irreconcileable with the fact of Lord Auckland's expedition across the Indus having been determined upon in July, since there was ample time for his despatches announcing the fact to have reached home before the end of October. But this, too, is explicable on the above supposition, and in all human probability it will turn out—should the truth ever be known—that the ultimate character of the expedition was decided upon in this country, and that the views which had been generally expressed by the Board of Control, as to the necessity of doing something in Afghanistan, were of a nature to admit the Ministerial license that declared the policy ultimately adopted to be that of Cannon Row; a responsibility

taken probably under the exigency of political parties, or partizanship, at the time. Indeed, it is manifest that the letter of Sir John Hobhouse's declaration, that he was *the author* of the expedition, is contradicted by the statement, that being utterly ignorant of the course to be pursued he sent out instructions which were *afterwards found to be in keeping with that line of procedure.*

If then the particular policy in question was framed here, by whom was it framed? Whoever may have written the Minutes which Lord Auckland signed—supposing them not to have been penned by himself—Runjeet Singh was the man who determined the policy, for it was left to him to act independently against Afghanistan or in concert with the British Government: there can be very little doubt I think that it was concluded beforehand, which course so astute a man would adopt;—then with whom originated the suggestions? Mr. Macnaghten is dead, Mr. Colvin has not spoken, and Mr. Torrens has said that he approved the measure finally adopted but did not originate it, and saw nothing wrong till a fixed Embassy and the occupation of the country were determined upon. In the interview which Mr. Macnaghten had with Shah Soojah, to submit the treaty to which Runjeet Singh had consented, we are told that he "set forth how it was the desire of the British Government that one of their own functionaries should be stationed at the Shah's Court;" and when subsequently certain points were submitted by the ex-King, upon which he especially desired the assurances of the British Government, among the number was the following—"When I have been reinstated at Caubul, and the officers of the British Government prepare to return, should I desire to retain one of them as an Envoy, and some others for the purpose of forming and disciplining my army, they will not be refused." This article Mr. Macnaghten stated "would doubtless be approved by

the Governor-General."* From this introduction by Mr. Macnaghten of the subject, it is clear that the presence of a British official at the Shah's Court was contemplated from the first; but we must conclude that it was proposed to leave him there only for a given time, perhaps semi-politically semi-commercially, and that he was to be a person of moderate rank. It will be observed that when Mr. Macnaghten speaks to the Shah the term used is *functionary*, and that when the Shah speaks a few days after he stipulates for an *Envoy!* It is a little strange that this point should have been referred to at all by the Shah, except we suppose it to have been done on some one's suggestion; for the language employed by Mr. Macnaghten was clear as to our Government's wish to have an officer left with him, and there was no single word used that might intimate it was only to be a temporary arrangement. Is it possible that Mr. Macnaghten, whatever his original opinions and feelings might have been, warmed with his subject, saw advantages in a fixed embassy, and felt that he would like to hold the high and distinguished office so specifically characterized by the Shah? This may be surmised without the faintest reproach on his character as an able, accomplished, and truly honorable man; and one who does not father our disasters on the appointment may venture this solution of what is else, as it appears to him, inexplicable.

We need not trouble ourselves to enquire with whom rests the responsibility of having kept our army in Afghanistan: it was an inevitable necessity, in which is the best evidence of the badness of the entire policy, and of the extraordinary want of information on the part of the highest authorities as to the chance of Shah Soojah's popular restoration to supreme power. It is marvellous that any one conversant with the history of Afghanistan, if only since the

* *Kaye's Afghanistan*, Vol. I., pp. 329 and 331.

commencement of the present century, should have thought it possible that a foreign force could take the twice-exiled monarch to his capital and leave him there in safety! I have said inevitable necessity; I mean of course if the bubble was not to burst at once: we might have marched back and left a victim, and as he fell at last it is a pity we did not, and save the thousands upon thousands of our countrymen who so miserably perished.

The character of the Simlah policy was well understood, and appreciated as it deserved by the Khan of Khelat. "The Khan, with a good deal of earnestness, enlarged upon the undertaking the British had embarked in—declared it to be one of vast magnitude and difficult accomplishment—that instead of relying on the Afglian nation, our Government had cast them aside and inundated the country with foreign troops—that if it was our end to establish ourselves in Afghanistan, and give Shah Soojah the nominal sovereignty of Caubul and Candahar, we were pursuing an erroneous course—that all the Afghans were discontented with the Shah, and all Mahomedans alarmed and excited at what was passing—that, day by day, men returned discontented, and we might find ourselves awkwardly situated if we did not point out to Shah Soojah his errors, if the fault originated with him, and alter them if they sprung from ourselves—that the Chief of Caubul was a man of ability and resource, and though we could easily put him down by Shah Soojah even in our present mode of procedure, we could never win over the Afghan nation by it."* This was said while an army was on its march, while already its sufferings from "famine allowances" had begun.

I shall say nothing of Ghuznee, nothing of the struggles of Dost Mahomed: we had not exactly a tumasha

* *Burnes to Macnaghten: Khelat, March* 30, 1839, *MS. Records. Kaye's Afghanistan*, Vol. I., p. 410.

march to Caubul, but we placed our puppet on the throne, and enough had been learned and was daily occurring to prove that we could not leave him there. Here then the rottenness of our policy was at once apparent, if it had never disclosed itself before. We had a large army which had reached Caubul through difficulties that had never been dreamt of, and there it was obliged to remain, at an immense distance from our provinces and our resources, to be shortly swept from the face of the earth, or rather to strew the earth with its bones.

I have said that this Afghan policy was a subject I could not avoid, Mr. Torrens' name having been so intimately connected with it. I have briefly stated my own opinion and pass from the subject,—yet I cannot do so without expressing my surprise that a writer like Mr. Kaye, who could so emphatically denounce the disgraceful act of mutilating official papers, should have no single word of censure for diplomatic falsehood. In a lamentable misapprehension of the real state of Afghanistan and the relative prospects of the rival families, and their respective ability to be of use to us—or with a full knowledge and with some views not yet disclosed—Dost Mahomed was sacrificed. The Simlah manifesto misrepresented facts, and of Mr. Macnaghten's statements to Runjeet Sing in his personal interview, when he was speaking "on the part of the British Government," Mr. Kaye says he spoke "fluently and well. Whether all he advanced were strictly true it is hardly necessary to inquire. Diplomacy is not intended to be subjected to such a test." And then we have an instance of how the truth was deliberately sacrificed,—"The failure of Burnes' Mission was spoken of as the result of the unwillingness of the Caubul Ameer to break off negotiations with other foreign agents,* though even at that time

* The same misrepresentation was made in the Manifesto.

Dost Mahomed, after Burnes' departure, was making a last despairing effort to win back the friendship of the British Government." This is diplomacy! It should not be subjected to the test of truth! I can understand a diplomatist, like a counsel in a court-of-law, making the best of his case, but I should be sorry to think he may state that which is directly untrue without incurring the reprobation of honest men. Official documents were mutilated because Diplomatists had stated the thing that was not, and adopted a policy which the whole truth must have shown to be unwise and unjust. The historian is content to stigmatize alone the later Conspirators against Truth!

If Mr. Kaye's work should reach a second edition he will no doubt republish Mr. Torrens' letter, and thus relieve him from the responsibility he has mistakenly sought to fix upon him.

I will end this chapter by giving an extract from a letter of Mr. Torrens' to Mr. Macnaghten when the latter was on his Mission to Lahore. It has been justly quoted as "a masterpiece for perspicuity and for communicating important subjects with brevity."*

"In any discussion upon the present policy of the Indian Government, you may remark, that the Governor-General has no appetite for wars and conquest; that the boundaries of the East Indian empire have seemed to him to be amply extensive; and that he would rather conquer the jungle with the plough, plant villages where tigers have possession, and spread commerce and navigation upon waters which have hitherto been barren, than take one inch of territory from his neighbours, or sanction the march of armies for the acquisition of kingdoms; yet that he feels strong in military means, and that with an army of 100,000

* The *India Review*, September 1842.

men under European officers in Bengal, and with 100,000 more, whom he might call to his aid from Madras and Bombay, he can with ease repel every aggression, and punish every enemy; yet he looks on this army only as a security for peace, and as an instrument of preserving in their integrity the present territories, and the dignity of the East India Company. In discussing the dangers to which the British Government may be exposed, you may remark, that, for enemies from the westward, the Sikhs and the English are as one nation, and their armies, acting in the field together, would be invincible. To the north is Nepal; and it may be stated, that the Governor-General is well aware of the dissensions which have prevailed in that kingdom, and of its present distracted state. He knows that every divided country is dangerous to its neighbours, and that designing men are active in endeavours to raise their consequence at home, by exciting disturbance abroad. Every movement of these men are known to, and watched by him; but the Governor-General expects that this fever of excitement will subside in Nepaul, as it promises to subside in Ava. The mountains of Nepaul may be difficult to climb, but they have been climed by British troops; a contest on the plains would be fatal to the Goorkhas, and Nepaul could ill afford to lose the many lacs which its possessions in the Terraee afford her. The state of Ava has been similar to that of Nepaul: there has been internal commotion, which has had influence on external relations; with its steamers and men-of-war, and a few regiments from Madras, the British Government might overrun and conquer large tracts of unhealthy country; but it has been slow to take offence, and it yet looks with confidence to the adjustment of every difference. Of serious internal disturbance, his Lordship can have no apprehension; for whilst every native chieftain appreciates the good

faith and the forbearance of the British Government towards those who are faithful to their engagements, they are conscious also of their weakness, and that treason would ensure their own ruin, as it would add to the power and resources of the paramount authority.

With regard to commercial matters, you may particularly express the gratification with which the British Government received information of the fostering protection which the Maha Rajah had extended to the commerce of the two States, in the sanction given by him to the transmission of boats and merchandise by the Indus to Bombay. It is well known with how much favor the British Government regards the interest of merchants; how it looks upon commerce as the legitimate source of wealth and of power, and as the best bond of concord amongst nations in the extension of its own wealth; by those means it foresees also the extension of the wealth and power of the Maha Raja, and rejoices in the joint aggrandizement of the two nations."

CHAP. V.

In May 1840, the office of Secretary to the Asiatic Society became vacant by the resignation of Dr. W. B. O'Shaughnessy, who had been acting, with assistance in the Oriental Department, in the absence of Mr. James Prinsep. Mr. Torrens volunteered to officiate, and his offer was most cordially accepted. Mr. Prinsep died, leaving a name and fame not confined to India, and Mr. Torrens continued in office as Honorary Secretary until November 1846, when he proceeded to Moorshedabad to officiate for General Raper, the Governor-General's Agent at the Court

of the Newab Nazim of Bengal. In 1843, Mr. Torrens proposed to retire, but was induced by the President, the Hon. Mr. W. W. Bird, to continue his services with the assistance of a paid Sub-Secretary. On that occasion (of his temporary retirement) the Society did itself the honor of voting their distinguished Secretary a testimonial, which was presented to him in the April of the following year. The following is from the Society's proceedings:

"When the Geological Curator had concluded his portion of the business of the evening, the President, the Hon'ble W. W. Bird, rose and addressed the Meetting as follows: Before we proceed farther, I wish to draw your attention, gentlemen, to the beautiful specimen of Indian workmanship lying on the table in the shape of a silver inkstand, which is intended as a testimonial to Mr. Torrens, from his associates of the Asiatic Society, expressive of the deep sense entertained by them of his distinguished services. It will be in the recollection of many here present that about the commencement of the last year, he was obliged, for reasons then stated, to resign the office of Secretary which he had for some time held with so much credit to himself, and so much advantage to the Society, and it was on that occasion that this testimonial was voted to him, which, under the superintendence of Mr. Piddington, has assumed the form of the very tasteful object now before us, and on which no pains or expense have been spared to render it worthy of Mr. Torrens' acceptance.

As few can have the opportunity of examining this elegant specimen of Indian manufacture, I will shortly describe it, and I cannot do so more appropriately than in the words of Mr. Piddington, who has kindly favoured me with a memorandum on the subject.

"The style," he says, "of the testimonial is Moorish, (Arabesque,) chosen as the most appropriate one in reference to Mr. Torrens's able and spirited translation

of the Arabian Nights, (the Alif Leila,) dedicated by him to the Asiatic Society; the only translation of that classic work which has exactly painted to the English reader in his own language and with the colours of his own imagination, the minds and the life of the children of the East.

"It is placed on a basement of shawl-work of which the pattern is the Shamrock, in allusion to Mr. Torrens's Irish origin. The frosted wreath above this basement is composed of the rose (Persia), the Lotus (India), and the Jessamine (Arabia). These flowers are from nature. All the other decorations are from the Alhambra, or from the great Mosque at Cordova, two of the wonderful and inimitable monuments of a people, who seem to have been almost led to construct them as lessons to the human race of the imperishable glories of science, literature and the arts, as compared with those of conquest.

"The centre and surmounting ornament is an exact model of the Fountain of Lions in the Alhambra. It has been chosen, not only from its beauty, and its numerous historical associations with the magnificent era of the Arabian Khalifs of Spain, but also from its being in itself a curious and a solitary instance of the practice of an art forbidden in the Koran, by Mahomedan artists. It is one of those unique and precious monuments which the arts have given to History and to Poetry, at the sight of which a thousand associations with the annals of a whole nation, (the European Arabians,) now extinct, are awakened in the mind. I need not remark here, that every page of these annals from the landing of El Tarikh to the glories of the Ommiyades, the winding sheet of Abderahman, the conquest of Granada, and the dismal farewell of the heart-broken Moors to their terrestrial paradise the Vega of Granada, is pre-eminently the classic romance of History: of which the Fountain of the Lions is still the talisman.

"It was the beautiful custom of the Arabs of old to adorn their public and private buildings, and even their weapons and domestic furniture, with inscriptions allusive to their purposes, or suggestive, or laudatory, of great, and good, and useful works and thoughts, whether religious or secular. We have in our tribute adopted this custom also, and while we have appropriated one tablet to commemorate our gift, we have, in the Arabic inscription on the opposite compartment,

لاماء يا صاحبي ازكي من الصدق
ولا كقلب سليم منبع الحق

of which the paraphrase may be rendered—

"There is no fountain like the mind,
"There is no water clearer than Truth,

conveyed an aphorism of which no one better than Mr. Torrens can appreciate the hidden meaning."

Such is the testimonial, and in presenting it to Mr. Torrens on the part of the Society, I beg to assure him that it affords me the most sincere gratification to be their representative on the occasion, and the channel of communicating to him a token of estimation so well deserved. I beg also to assure him on their part, and likewise on my own, of the satisfaction we feel at his having been so obliging as to resume the situation in which the services, now so inadequately acknowledged, were rendered by him, and their conviction that the Society of which he is so distinguished a member, will be indebted to him for still further services, and that he will earn for himself, by the exertion of his eminent talents, still further testimonials of their esteem and approbation."

Mr. Torrens then rose, and replied in nearly the following words:—

"Honorable Sir, and Gentlemen, my Fellow-members of this Society,—I will not in ordinary phrase

attempt to speak of embarrassment in now rising to address you. My gratification is too heartfelt and sincere to admit of any such sensation, and under its influence I will endeavour to express on the spur of the moment my thanks to you for this splendid, and to me, inestimable testimonial. If I do not do so in set terms, you must pardon me, for I have felt myself unable to write a set-speech in anticipation of this high honor now conferred, and I have therefore judged it best to trust to the spontaneous utterance of the heart, if I may so say, which sometimes by its truth gives weight and dignity to even the sorry phrases of a speaker but little practised.

Gentlemen, the first and most anxious desire of every man, who has in any sort addicted himself to literary pursuits, is the thirst for literary distinction. This I have felt in common with thousands a thousand times better qualified to earn, and to deserve it, than I ever have been, or could ever be, but my position offered to me little expectation of being at any time able to achieve it. The days are passed when men engaged in this country as public servants, could without any dereliction of duty enjoy the luxuries of lettered ease, and follow steadily up their literary labours, or their plans of historical or scientific research, *pari passu* with the performance of their official functions. The calls of office have greatly multiplied, as was natural they should do, with the extension and consolidation of the British power in this country, and the enjoyment of that leisure which enabled a Jones, a Colebrooke, or a Wilford to enrich our sum of knowledge by the valuable results of their researches, can be no longer hoped for by those who have succeeded them. It may be said there were giants in those days, and doubtless few have since appeared who could rival or compete with the galaxy of able, and learned orientalists, whose labours in the early days of this Society rendered its name illustrious in the scientific

world of Europe,—who led to the foundation of the Asiatic Societies of London and of Paris,—nay, more, who brought about that taste for the study of Sanscrit literature, which in Germany particularly has led to discoveries in philology, and in the history of nations as traceable thereby, not less invaluable than unexpected.

In addition to the disadvantage above alluded to, I had in taking the office of your Secretary, the discouraging example of what in this enervating climate over-exertion in literary, combined with official labours, will effect, in the person of my esteemed and lamented friend and predecessor, James Prinsep. Where such a mind was unequal to support the strain, I felt how idle and absurd it would be in any one less qualified for the struggle by varied ability, and copious information, to attempt to venture on it. I therefore determined, instead of endeavouring at something new to work out to the best advantage, the unemployed and unillustrated treasures of our various collections, and, conscious of my incapacity save in superficial attainments on a limited field, I decided on attempting to obtain the services, and superintend the labours of men really competent in distinct branches of science. Our then President, Sir Edward Ryan, warmly supported my views, the local Government, to its honor be it spoken, came forward with liberal and timely aid, while the Honorable the Court of Directors consented to uphold us in that spirit of munificence which it has often evinced in matters of science. Thus, gentlemen, I found shortly afterwards associated with me, our curators, Messrs. Piddington and Blyth, and while I laboured to convert the Journal, (then my property,) into a journal of General Science in accordance with the plan laid down by Sir William Jones on instituting this Society, instead of attempting chiefly to work out in it the doubtful problems of antiquarian research,—while I was occupied in procuring material for our Transactions,—in arranging and digesting our records, and in provid-

ing for the printing and publication of Oriental works (and I more particularly allude to the reprint of the three first volumes of the *Futwa-i-Alumgeeri*)—these gentlemen busied themselves on the one hand in re-arranging our geological and mineralogical collections, then to all appearance in hopeless confusion, and in classifying them by catalogues recovered from the disordered mass of our papers,—and on the other in re-stocking—I may say, in creating—our Museum of Zoology. If our relations with other scientific bodies have been renewed, and enlarged,—if the name and character of our Society has been worthily maintained,—if we are now possessed of a Museum which taken in conjunction with our Library, and our antiquarian treasures, places this Society first as a scientific body in the dependencies of the British Crown,—I take no credit to myself apart from these, my zealous and worthy fellow-labourers.

Happily placed in conjunction with them, it has been my fortune to have by your kindness accorded to me as your Secretary, that literary distinction, so earnestly, and ambitiously desired but which I could have hoped to obtain in no other but such circumstances. There are times, Sir, when such distinction, proud as it is, becomes doubly welcome, and I am in the position to feel its value at this moment most sensibly.

Let me, Mr. President, express to you briefly my personal feeling of gratitude for much good-will shown towards me, and for the constant support which you have afforded me in my endeavours to carry out arrangements of which you were pleased to approve for the benefit of the Society. Let me here express to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, my heartfelt acknowledgments for this magnificent token of their good opinion, and to assure them, that its receipt highly enhances the steady inclination I have ever had to devote in so far as occasion permits, my poor services to the promotion of their interests.

Gentlemen, I most heartily and sincerely thank you."

This speech was, as said, delivered on the spur of the moment and with much feeling: indeed the speaker was greatly affected; the explanation of which is that he had thought himself not sufficiently appreciated. In this there was no vanity, no over-estimation of his labours; but he had felt a warm interest in the progress and reputation of the Society, had worked zealously in its behalf, and had not been free from vexations arising from varying views taken by different parties, few if any of whom were able to do more than help with their subscriptions. The speech was remarkably characteristic of the man. One of the objects of his life was literary distinction and in a few words he owned it: he spoke with unaffected modesty of himself, and never was there the same amount of ability with less pretension; he generously brought his co-adjutors prominently forward, bespeaking for them the greater share of whatever credit the Society had reaped under his administration. He was through life remarkable for the liberality with which he regarded every man's efforts in a good cause, though they might not take the direction he thought the correct one; he was quick to recognise and encourage the slightest appearance of talent, while, without a particle of jealousy, the largest amount of it elicited no word of envy, or qualified recognition. It will be no offence to the gentlemen who have succeeded him in the Asiatic Society to say that his loss has never been made good; and, indeed, it is likely to be long before this distinguished body has a Secretary with the reputation of Henry Torrens and the ability he had to earn a greater fame.

The contributions he made to the Journal of the Society were,—Note on the Bamian Coins—Note on Kandahar Gems—Note on a Vocabulary of the Lepcha

Language—Note on an Inscription from Oudeypur, near Saugor—Note on an Inscription from Bhatera—Note on Captain Hart's Notice of the tribes of Kujjukjyes—Note on Dr. Bird's Notice of the opening of the Topes of Kanari—Note on a Copper Land Grant—Observations on a second Inscription taken in facsimile from the neighbourhood of Mount Aboo by Captain Burt—On Bactrian Gems and Coins—Note on a Cylende and certain Gems from Herat—Note on the Report of Csoma de Korös's death—Note on Lieut.-Col. Lloyd's Notes respecting Csoma de Korös—On Native impressions regarding the Natural History of certain animals—Some conjectures on the progress of the Brahminical Conquerors of India—Note on a specimen of Iron from the Dhunaka Hills—Translation of some uncertain Greek legends on Coins of the Indo-Scythian Princes of Cabul.

Activity of mind was one of the remarkable characteristics of Mr. Torrens: the only relaxation he took was in change of occupation. When sufficiently fatigued with the official labours of the day he would write a paper for the Society's Journal, or a newspaper-article for publication the next morning, embodying an amount of information—say on any Indian subject—that few other men in the country possessed; or turn to his German books, of which he was specially fond, and pen a translation which had perhaps been haunting him and imploring expression; or rattle off a song, or squib, without erasing a word, and if the former sing it faster than he wrote; or turn to such a work as his *Scope and Uses of Military Literature and History*, or to such a novel as *Madame de Malguet*, and finish a chapter before he thought of sleep. Or perhaps he would give his evening to a rehearsal. The Stage had strong charms for him, and in dramatic literature few men I believe have ever been so well read. He was an accomplished vocalist, and so thoroughly a musician, though not a

performer, that he sang in opera with artists as though it had been, too, his profession. The highest walk of the Drama he did not attempt, being physically unequal to it, but in all others he was excellent, and I am told that the rapidity with which he executed on two or three occasions, dramatic sketches "to order," full of point and character, was something marvellous. They were written when he was in the Upper Provinces, and I have not been fortunate enough to procure them. He took little care of what he wrote —unless it recommended itself to his attention by the importance of the subject—and I have seen and heard scores of clever things, now I am afraid hopeless of recovery.

In January 1842 Mr. Henry Meredith Parker, of the Civil Service, the friend to whom he had some years before dedicated his translation of the Ist Canto of Boiardo's *Orlando Innamorato*, was about to quit India; and having been for years one of the brightest ornaments of the Indian Stage, a farewell dinner was given to him on the boards of the *Sans Souci*, then recently built. The Stage has been a good deal attacked here at times, but it has never wanted good men and true to support it, and on this occasion Sir Edward Ryan, Sir John Peter Grant, and a host of others not given to immoral pursuits were present, the chair being filled by Mr. Longueville Clarke, of the the Bar, one of the oldest of the anti-Prynne-ites. Mr. Torrens took a prominent part, proposing the toast of THE DRAMA—"that most fascinating of all descriptions of literature, which had gone the round of Europe, the handmaid of the fine arts and the incentive to the best development of the best poetic genius. He felt it would be idle to attempt to follow out its history from the commencement or even from the time when it took a new form in Portugal, and through the writings of Lopez de Vega and others of the Elizabethan era was placed at once upon a high pre-emi-

nence which it had retained for two centuries. In those days people read no books—they *had* no books to read—no newspapers nor periodicals—they went to the theatre—and gathered from the performance as then given, that instruction which they could not obtain elsewhere. But the Drama had within the last thirty years changed its appearance—it ceased to be the school of manners and morals that it once was. The novel had taken its place; nevertheless its power was not perfectly extinct, for it had continued to go hand-in-hand with the flood of light but instructive literature that had been created. A brighter day, however, was now dawning upon the Drama: the best writers of the present day were devoting their talents to the production of dramatic works—and he had no doubt that they would soon raise an immortal structure of literature of which the country might be justly proud." Mr. Torrens also proposed —"The French Drama and the great names who adorn it." He spoke of the extraordinary works of Racine, Corneille, Molière—the talents of Talma, Mars, Georges—and happily referred to the obligations which the English stage owes to the prolific modern French authors. He rose for the third time and said: —"One of the laws of nature is said to require that counteractive influence should always be in operation: thus nothing is produced without a corresponding *something* destined to destroy it, and upon this principle, doubtless, the existence of those existing amateurs whom we have just toasted is threatened every play-night by a hungry band of existing critics, whom, nevertheless, I now rise to propose the health of. To speak truly, Sir, our critics do ordinarily 'do their spiriting gently,' though some sudden births are occasionally seen in which the dreaded critic with fangs of brass and claws of steel starts into life for the purpose of tearing and wringing all who approach the perilous foot-lights: such critics, Sir, are content with

nothing under perfection, and yet with no abstract perfection either, but with a positive, actual, pre-conceived perfection embodied in the mind's eye of the fearsome judge in the representation of a particular part by one particular man: such a critic, Sir, does not go to see Macbeth played by Mr. Macready, but Mr. Macready in the character of Macbeth, and when he sees our friend Brown in the same character incontinently damneth the said Brown, because he is not—Macbeth? No,—because he is not Macready *in* Macbeth. Far different I trust are our critics, the body corporate whereof I see here most fitly represented, so fitly indeed, Sir, that I shall have your excuse for proposing a good toast very ill by my success in getting D. L. R.* on his legs to return thanks for it.

A Glance at the Stage and *the New Histriomastix*, which will be found in the second volume, show—the former how Mr. Torrens could have handled the subject of the Drama had he chosen to write at length upon it, and the latter what pitiable objects its detractors were in his hands. This paper is perhaps unsurpassed in the admirable administration of severe punishment without the slightest savageness of spirit. The feeling at almost every passage is with what generosity the enemy is spared: he is twisted about and turned inside out, as it were, by a most masterly hand; and after all the rich humour with which it is done is enough to disarm resentment even where the castigation falls.

---

* Captain David Lester Richardson, thus always spoken of in India; a gentleman of great taste, of some poetic fame, an impartial critic, and an author who has passed the ordeal of his brethren where they are not always as generous and just as himself. His *Sonnets, Literary Leaves*, and *Selections from the British Poets; from Chaucer to the Poets of the present day; with Biographical and Critical Notices*, are works of which Anglo-Indian Literature may justly be proud.

I have spoken of Mr. Torrens as writing for newspapers. He seems to have done it—more or less—during the whole of his Indian career, and it is not impossible that it made him enemies where it would have been better he had friends. Things are not now as they were twenty years ago: the Press is not looked upon with the same suspicion and disfavour as it was even ten years since, and officials now write, or supply information, who then would have shrunk from even the suspicion of being connected with the fourth estate. In the fulness of his information on every subject he could not possibly help writing, and he had a manliness of spirit that scouted the idea of being slave to any man's humours because he was a public servant. This must not be construed as implying that he wrote against the Government, or a syllable on any subject that he would not have been prepared to justify. My experience of him as a writer for the journals is perhaps greater than that of any other person, and I can truly say that he avoided every subject on which he thought he could not express his opinions without impropriety, contenting himself only with topics on which he believed he could teach those who might please to read him. Possibly this was a source of offence with some. Squibs he now and then let off, but they were full of fun, not mischief, and he could not help it: they would have been circulated widely enough though there had not been a newspaper in the country, and I am certain can never have given real offence to any body. I have said thus much because I have heard it remarked that his connection with the Press "did him no good," and because persons so talking may perhaps think it was not to be complained of if it did him harm. I know not if it did but of this I am sure, that he never within my knowledge published an article on any political question, or on any matter affecting the interests of the country, to which he might not openly have appended his name,

without anticipating the resentment of any honest and intelligent man. For some years past I think he wrote very little that was not of a purely literary character After leaving Calcutta for Moorshedabad in 1847, he was separated from all who took any active interest in what was going on, and devoted himself to mental exercises more agreeable to his tastes and more worthy his powers than morning pabulum for an Indian public.

In July 1844, *Madame de Malguet* was commenced, as has already been stated, in the *Eastern Star*, and continued regularly every week for some time: there was then an intermission, the cause of which I forget; then it was resumed, finished, and finally made its appearance before a London public in the form of a three-volumed novel, under the auspices of Longman and Co., in 1848. As this work was favorably received at home, nay as it at once commanded attention without the adventitious aid of publisher's puffs, I may remark that here it was wholly unnoticed. Whoever read it must have been struck with the ability of the writer and seen it was no common performance, but it escaped all public mention; no cotemporary Journalist had the intelligence to discover, or he lacked the fairness to admit, that a very superior work was in course of publication. In a former page the scene and the originals of many of the characters in this work are noted, and it is impossible to read it without that interest which attaches to every fiction that strikes one as drawn from real life, not perhaps from life as we may have actually experienced it, but as we feel it may have been, and as we are sure the writer has known it. I might say more, much more, of this novel which I read, as it appeared in chapters, convinced that if published in England it was impossible it should escape celebrity—but I will abstain and give a letter about it addressed to the London publishers by Miss Edgeworth, who was most anxious to

learn the name and condition of the writer. This is what that accomplished woman wrote:—

"MADAME DE MALGUET is written by no common hand. It is the work of a master-hand—the production of a master-mind and master-genius—of a man of genius, I (in all humility) should think. There are in this book, signs and proofs of knowledge of the world, of society in various classes, and many countries, of such intimate personal habitual intercourse as hardly any woman even in these travelling days would be likely to obtain, or capable of employing to good account. The metaphysical and physical practice and information and the depth, and the height of thought, I will not be such a recreant to my sex as to pronounce beyond woman's power; but I may, without offence or derogation say, they are beyond her education usually, and her habits. I therefore assume that this book is written by a man—Please Mr. Longman to tell me, whether I am right or wrong in this guess.

The character and description of Madame de Malguet herself, are more what a man might give of a masculine woman, than what a woman could or would give. The desire to make herself appear *amiable* would have pierced through the thin disguise in any mortal mixture of Earth's feminine mould. But whichever it was, man or woman, who wrote the book is of little consequence. It is a work of superior genius—genius displayed in the drawing of the characters and in the putting and keeping them in action—in interesting, consistent, consecutive, progressive action, through the whole story, to the 3rd Vol. where the fortunes of all parties are disposed of, and where the tale should end.

There the inspiration ceases—the genius of the Author leaves him, and all the rest is mere oblivion—common-place novel writing—pairing of—all for love and the world ill lost. The ultimate discovery of Madame de Malguet to be a common soldier's daugh-

ter, and her mother to have been a bad woman, is abominable and absurd—and a mere sacrifice of Aristocracy to Democracy unworthy of this author's candour and ability, whatever his own birth or station may be.

I suspect *him* to be a disappointed ill-used naval Officer, and am quite willing he should have his fling at the Secretary of the Admiralty who jilted him for my Lord George Anybody. But why must he bring down the Aristocracy? The Democracy have it all their own way now enough surely, and pretty work they make of it.

Sufficient it would have been for our Author to have shown, as he has admirably in the character of his sailor hero, born in the middle ranks of life, that

> "Virtue can itself advance
> To what the favourite tools of chance
> By fortune seem designed."

(I remember to have heard these lines repeated by Sir Walter Scott *to himself* with peculiar emphasis.)

Captain Merrick is the finest exemplification of this moral, and not the least strained—perfectly easy and consistent throughout from his field sports to his duel. The finest duel I ever *saw*, for we do actually see it.

Merrick is not only admirable but delightful throughout, so cheerful, open-hearted, open-handed, so plain-spoken, always to the point, upright, downright, honourable, generous, noble, in every sense of the word a *gentleman*. Aye, every inch a gentleman. Merrick is a *just* English national portrait that must delight our Navy.

Lambert, the French Colonel, is admirably drawn too. Most truly noble, even in the midst of his revolutionary rage

His mother the Vivandiére is a nonpareil; an inimitable mixture or alternation of the grotesque, barbarous,

and sublime. Bold dragoon of a woman who bullies us out of our admiration and pity, spite of disgust and detestation.

I do not know whether this character and the drawing of it—whether drawn from life or conceived by the imagination of the writer—does most honour to his genius or to the wonderful habits of observation and power of adaptation by which his genius is constantly aided.

When the Vivandiére is dressing Merrick's wound that is admirably exemplified so shortly and truly—her desiring that he should be held to prevent his turning when she is extracting the bullet, admirable —— that stroke.

But if I were to let myself go into recollection of all that struck me as admirable strokes, bearing the impress of reality in the lowest and hurrying to the flights of fancy in the higher scenes—I should never end.

It is time I should. But I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of mentioning Brigitta, the most amiable! she who puts so much feeling into a single simple phrase—"E' galantuomo." Her love, her gratitude, her attachment to her mistress are charming.

The comic characters are exquisite, and not the least overcharged—Picotot—and Picototte—Picotot's translation ("sulky rabbits") and Picototte's *nothingness*—most difficult for an author with such affluence of wit and imagination, and must have cost him much to preserve in this admirable specimen.

Of La Fosse, and Finot the younger (Adolphe) I could say a great deal. But I will refrain, and with infinite forbearance I leave Madame de Malguet herself untouched.

I will only now add, that I wish this note should be communicated to the author, if you Mr. Longman think that it would not displease him to see this honest effusion of the feelings of one, who has been really

transported with pleasure in reading—I mean in having this book read—in the spirit in which it was written.

I own that I am in hopes that the author will see that it is sincere—and that he will let you tell me who he is, and I earnestly hope he will write again.

I have, I fear, Sir, taken up too much of your time.

I am, your obliged,
MARIA EDGEWORTH.

P. S.—Remorse seizes me at the recollection of having condemned as common-place the whole of the end of the story, and I must except three beautiful passages which now stare me out of countenance.

The Palace of Ice—the exquisite song of Annechet —and the description of the colored varying medium through which at different times we look at objects and form opinions—this is as good in poetic prose as Pope's

"Gild with opinion's varying ray."

Boileau says never trust a critic who does not put his finger upon the point which you know to be weak. I should hope that *criticism* may be as safely trusted which points out the passages which the Author knows to be best."

Mrs. Jamieson, too, must have seen and read *Madame de Malquet*, and the above letter, for she writes:—

"I say ditto with all my heart to Maria Edgeworth. I would say a great deal for myself, but her charming letter has rendered all other praise superfluous—if not presumptuous—the book is deserving of all she says, so fresh and so powerful. I certainly do sympathize in the objections she makes to the close of the 3rd vol. the needless humiliation of the heroine."

The author could not but have been gratified with this letter of Miss Edgeworth's. I wish it were in my power to give the reply that I doubt not he wrote acknowledging it, and I should like to have seen the grounds upon which he supported his third volume, if

indeed he did so. In the copy of the letter I have, there is no date, but it was probably written soon after the work came out. It is somewhat strange that the writer should have been in ignorance of the author's name since I never heard that any secrecy was attempted, and I find it mentioned in a notice of the book in *Blackwood's Magazine* for October 1848. The novel is thus glanced at.

"CURATE—But what think you of *Madame de Malguet?* In a different way, that is as unlike any other novel as *Jane Eyre.* This, too, is written to exhibit the character of woman under no ordinary circumstances.

AQUILIUS—She reminds me of the Chevalier d'Eon, whose portrait I remember to have seen years ago in the *Wonderful Magazine*—half man half woman. Madame de Malguet is perhaps an amalgamation of the Chevalier and Lady Hester Stanhope. These, after all, are not the beings to be exempt from the *tender passion,* but it is under the strongest vagaries. Love without courtship is the very romance of the passion; and such is there in the tale of *Madame de Malguet.* The scene is laid in a little town, and its immediate neighbourhood, in France; and though a "Tale of 1820," carries back its interest, and much of the detail of the story, to the horrors of the first French Revolution. There is consequently a wide field for diversity of character, and for conflict of opinions, and their effects, as shown upon every grade of social life; and it is very striking that the deepest-rooted prejudices, ere the conclusion, change sides, and are fitted upon characters to whom, at the commencement, they seemed but little to belong. The inborn aristocratic feelings, alike with the republican habits, meet their check; and I suppose it was the intention of the author to show the weakness of both.

CURATE.—I am not certain of that, for I think the innate is preserved even through the disguise of contrary

habits. I know not which is the hero—the Buonapartean soldier or the English naval captain. There are some discussions on subjects of life interspersed, which show the author to be a man of a deeply reflecting mind, and endued with no little power of expressing what he thinks and what he feels.

AQUILIUS.—When I found fault with this wet blanket of happiness, the monumental termination of *Mount Sorel*, I did not so soon expect to meet with a repetition of this fault. I must pick a quarrel with the writer for unnecessarily putting his characters *hors-de-combat*. I think authors now-a-days need not be afraid of the fate of Cervantes—of having them taken off their hands, and made to play their parts upon any other stages than their own.

LYDIA.—You seem, both of you, to forget the real moral of the story—that a person endowed with a little more than common sense, general kindness, amiability, and energy of character, may be more useful in the world than the most accomplished hero.

CURATE.—You would have found him too a hero, if his actions had been within the sphere of heroism. I hope to meet with Mr. Torrens again. He has very great powers, and his conceptions are original."

Something of the spirit in which this work was written may be gathered from the lines inscribed in the fly leaf of a copy presented to the author of this sketch, and which will be found among the selections. Our friend relied on no story of "petty chances, small distress;" on no history "of love which but for semi-sin were dull." The charm of the novel is that the characters are all life-like yet new, and that it does not contain a single line of common-place. Mind is in every page, and a knowledge of character that is rarely met with. I must not conclude without entering, very respectfully, a veto against Miss Edgeworth's and Mrs. Jamieson's verdict as respects the alleged degradation of

Madame de Malguet. Miss E. says it was quite unnecessary and appears hurt that the aristocratic should have been sacrificed to democracy. It may be doubted whether she fully comprehended,—though it may seem impertinence to say so—the design which the author proposed to himself to work out, and which is told in the letter of Merrick to the lady of Chalautre after she had learned that instead of being a Marchioness she was in reality the child of Pierre Lambert, an equerry in the stable of Louis the Sixteenth, and complained that she had "led a purposeless existence." "I have contemplated the destinies so cruelly distorted from the lot of women, of—pardon me for coupling the names—an aristocrat and a plebeian, both of whom I knew; and I found that the feminine nature triumphed in them over every obstacle; amid blood and crime, in sorrow and desolation, through good report or evil, under ridicule, insult, contumely, shame, and the world's hatred, in turmoil or in quiet, with the advantage of instruction or in the mire of ignorance, nay, even while subject severally each in her way, to a self-sought perversion of their nature, there was the woman in them, fulfilling her mission of love and mercy." He probably desired to impress by what his critic terms degradation, that what there was of the good and amiable in the supposed high-born and eccentric lady was not repugnant to the nature of one of low origin—that what was admirable in her was not the fruit of high blood, as she herself would have supposed, but existed because she was a woman. Political feeling clearly clouded Miss Edgeworth's judgment on this point. She sees wrong to Madame de Malguet and a sop to democracy that she is shown at last to have been born of an intrigue by which a noble family was dishonoured; but that Madame's brother, the Marquis, should have tempted a peasant girl to his bed by a marriage which he afterwards denied, leaving his victim to take to the army and become a suttler-tramp

while her son was kept out of his inheritance by this same Lady—though innocently—*that* she does not comment upon as a reproach to Rank.

The work appears to me to be an admirable one, alike in conception and execution; full of freshness, vivacity, and deep feeling; nor do I see that as an artistic composition a single page could be advantageously curtailed. The quiet dignity with which, without a word, the lady of Chalautre withdraws from the estate she had once thought her home, (and where the generosity of the rightful heir would have allowed her to remain), when she learns the truth of her birth, her single letter to Merrick and her successor, her tenderness amid her heart-crushing afflictions to the humble followers of her fallen fortunes, and her quiet escape from life,—Merrick's answer found "clasped firmly in the dead right-hand"—all this is the work of a master and closes a novel which, brought out as novels ordinarily are—would alone have made an extensive and enviable reputation.

CHAP. VI.

In January 1846 Mr. Torrens began the publication in the *Eastern Star*—of a work entitled *Remarks on the scope and uses of Military Literature and History.* It was subsequently re-published forming a goodly volume, with the following modest preface:—

"The following pages were written at the instance of an esteemed friend, a very able officer of the Indian Army, who proposed their subject, as an apposite one for the opening article in a projected Military Review. Circumstances having intervened, which caused the abandonment of the intended periodical, after the bulk of this work had been completed, it was suggested to the writer that he might at any rate take an

author's recompense for his labour, by putting the useless MS. in print. He trusts that no part will be taken as offered *ex cathedrâ*. Nothing in it presumes to be instructive, but merely suggestive of instruction.

The points of military history referred to in the following chapters, do not include any consideration of those important and interesting questions, which have to do with the mechanical arts as applied to the practices of war. These, together with a review of the change produced in the history of warfare by the introduction of the use of gunpowder, will be taken up in the Second Part of the work.

It is obvious that as neither this treatise, nor its proposed sequel, can bring the study of the subject to a period later than the end of the sixteenth century, a full review of the scope and uses to the soldier, of history and literature as applied to his profession, will demand a work more extended and elaborate in proportion as the matter considered grows in interest, and in intricacy. Whether it is possible to undertake this so as to bring down the consideration of the subject to a later period, remains dependent upon too many contingencies to enable the writer even to form an opinion, much less enter into an engagement, as to the future. The work, however cursory, will nevertheless complete in two parts a sort of running commentary upon the history of war and warlike inventions up to the period when the mode of conducting hostilities underwent a total revolution; and its very incompleteness may perhaps provoke a more competent writer to recast what has been done imperfectly, and supply what may have been left undone altogether."

It will be seen that the writer says the bulk of this work had been completed ere the idea of the Military Review which had been projected, and for which it was intended as an opening article, had been given up: seeing that the volume extends to about 386 pages, independent of an Appendix; it is pretty clear that

though it might have made a succession of most valuable papers it would have been impossible to give it as an introductory dissertation. The fact no doubt was that the idea of such a theme for such a purpose was suggested and taken up, and with that wealth of information which he possessed on almost every subject his article grew upon its author until it became a book, and then was but a small part of the design that had shaped itself during his labours. I think that he had prepared to a great extent the materials for, if not written much of, the second part when the first was published; but he desired to refer to several authorities not here to be procured, and wrote home, I believe, to friends to do the needful for him in the Bodleian and other Libraries.

The work, as published, was noticed at home, and favourably; but it was not one, to which ordinary critics could do justice, though whoever read it might truly say that it was a production having charms for the million as well as for the scholar and soldier. I should have attempted an analysis of its contents but that a very excellent one appeared when the volume came out,* which I prefer to subjoin, and from it, the reader, who has not met with the work, will be able to form a good idea of the character of the book and the information and research of the gifted author. I give also the introductory remarks.

"This is one of the most pleasing and instructive works which has for a long time issued from our local press, on which it reflects no small degree of credit. It is evidently the result of varied and extensive reading, of deep antiquarian research, and long reflection on a subject to which the author is allured by no professional sympathies, but, still, by a strong hereditary predilection. It is impossible to rise from the perusal of it without the impression that if he had

* The *Friend of India*, July 30th and August 13th, 1846.

not been a civilian, he would have been a soldier, and would well have sustained that military reputation of which he may be justly proud as an heirloom. We believe we betray no confidence in stating that we are indebted for it to the pen of one who has acquired high distinction in the walks of oriental literature. And it will appear marvellous to the reader how the Secretary of the Asiatic Society, amidst his numerous official and literary engagements, can have created leisure for the study of those numerous writers, from whose works he has extracted whatever could illustrate and adorn the subject he has taken in hand. A list of the works quoted would fill three or four pages, and yet the treatise is not a dry collection of authorities; but a very delightful narrative of the progress of a science, which has been rendered attractive in no ordinary degree by the peculiar talent of the author, and the clearness and elegance of his style.

The work begins with the oldest book extant, that of Job, which is also the earliest record we have of military science, and gives evidence of the existence at the primæval period in which it was written of military divisions and arrangements, of the use of musical instruments in war to encourage and command, of the use of defensive armour, and even of cavalry. The land of Uz, has been identified by very recent discoveries with that of Aws, in Arabia, and the patriarch, Job, appears to have been a prince of the ancient tribe of 'Ad, a mighty and highly-civilized race, which is supposed to have perished in the same dreadful famine mentioned in Genesis which was over all the earth, and from which Egypt was delivered by the providence of Joseph. From this land, in which, as we learn from the sublime descriptions in the book of Job, the art of training the horse for battle, had been carried to great perfection, the author passes on to that country which was the cradle of the civilized world. He glances at the proofs which have been afforded in the

monuments and tombs, the sculptures and the paintings of the Egyptians, of the careful and elaborate study of the principles of military science, as exhibited in their military dispositions, armour and dress. They used the bow like the far-famed English bowman, in after-times, drawing it to the ear, and shooting according to our own term, "wholly together." In the attack of fortified towns they used the "tortoise" which was apparently invented by them and continued in use for thirty centuries till it was superseded by the invention of gunpowder. To them was the art of war indebted for the huge shields, termed in the middle ages the *mantelets* and *pavisses*. The battering ram and the scaling ladder were theirs also. But the pride of their army consisted in their chariots, carrying two persons, the driver and the warrior, and so light that a man could carry one on his shoulder, and so low as to enable the man at arms to throw himself from them and fight on foot with ease. Such were Pharaoh's chariots with which he pursued the Israelites and the wheels of which came off in the Red Sea. But in spite of the repeated reference to Egyptian horsemen in Scripture, no allusion is to be found in any of the antiquarian remains in which that country is so rich, to Egyptian cavalry as a body. But this is at once explained by the fact that the horsemen used by the Kings of Egypt were not native Egyptians, but were brought into the field by their allies or tributaries the Lubims, the Sukkims and the Ethiopians. "The Ethiopians doubtless furnished their contingent of that famous cavalry, afterwards so well known to the Roman armies, as the Numidian or African horse." And it appears clear to the writer that the Egyptians, although the parents of military science in the ancient world, made no equestrian use of the horse, and employed him in no higher or nobler duty than that of dragging a light military cart. But in all other respects, both as it regards the art of war, and military discipline, all the nations of antiquity

unquestionably derived their knowledge from the Egyptians, which was not only the focus of western civilization, but the fountain of all military science. The diffusion of this science from Egypt among the Phenicians, the Carthagenians, the Greeks, the Etrurians and the Romans is clearly and successfully traced in the pages of this interesting work.

The second chapter begins with the Phenicians, who extended their power by colonial establishments, not with the object of conquest, but for the extension of their trade. Like all other commercial nations, they carried on their wars chiefly by means of hired troops. England has adopted the same principle, and supports its colonial empire by an army of which not one-tenth are inhabitants of Britain. The writer traces the connection between Phenicia and Egypt, the former, recruiting in the valley of the Nile, and the latter, depending on Phenicia for naval skill and daring, and he supposes that the Egyptian discipline became transfused through Sidon into Carthage, and that the triumphs of Hannibal may thus be traced to the military skill of the Pharaohs.

The writer devotes a few pages to the Military History of the Hebrews, and shows that they were *Hyksos*, a despised and degraded race in the land they left, and hence, though under the command of a leader conspicuous for his personal daring, and who was learned in all the learning of the Egyptians, and who had not of course omitted the study of military science in which they excelled all other people, never offered any resistance to Pharaoh, and were terrified at the mere report of the giant children of Anak. But when the debased generation had perished in the wilderness, their sons, Hyksos no longer, but a race of free men, inured to arms and victory in their conflicts with the Amorites, the Midianites and other tribes, were ready to win their inheritance in the promised land by their swords. Whatever of military system the Hebrews possessed, they must

of course have borrowed from the Egyptians; and it is worthy of remark that like the Egyptians, they were also totally deficient in cavalry. From the Jews the writer passes to the Greeks, and demonstrates that their military system was equally derived from the Egyptians. He goes over minutely the description of their order of battle as narrated in Homer, and states that it is "the exact repetition of the Egyptian system with perhaps a less refined formation as to battalia of separate arms: it is the origin of the famous Macedonian phalanx, with which half the world was vanquished; it is the rude prototype of that 'attack in column, covered by clouds of skirmishers,' by which another Alexander bid fair to have subdued the world of modern times." A complete identity is traced between the Greek and the Egyptian war car. The Egyptian phalanx was rapidly introduced among all the Grecian nations, but it was when brought to perfection by the Macedonians that it was rendered most memorable. The inconvenience of this mode of organizing troops, however, is shown by reference to the modifications which Xenophon felt it necessary to introduce to adapt the order of his attack to circumstances and the nature of the ground. The extraordinary advance which the Greeks had made in the use of what Arnold, in reference to Hannibal's expedition, calls "artillery," but which the writer before us calls "the knowledge of projectiles" is next noticed, as well as the question of ancient drill and discipline. Then follows a very interesting and instructive dissertation on the use of elephants in war, and, though the quotation be somewhat long, we cannot resist the temptation of laying the following very accurate and spirited remarks on the war elephant before the reader, which, in addition to the attraction of the subject, will also serve to give him some idea of the writer's clear and elegant style.* ——— * * *

* As the passage here quoted has been marked for selection and will be found at page 10 of Vol. II., it is here omitted.

This chapter closes with the remark that it is certain the Greeks had no bodies of Cavalry until after the Persian war, when their collision with an equestrian people made them aware of the value of this arm.

The third chapter carries us to Italy, and to its first warriors, the Etruscans, and to their disciples, the Romans of the great warlike republic, which expanded into an empire, and upon the ruins of which arose the military science of modern times. The writer commenced his treatise with the remark that a knowledge of the science of war could only be cœval with considerable progress in other sciences. But this theory, though based on reason and experience, seemed to be entirely subverted when he came to consider the "self-created greatness of Rome, her indigenous skill in arms, and in the science, not of war only, but of victory. So constant does she appear in the onward march of her military successes, so admirable in discipline, and warlike even in her earliest days, that a sort of military inspiration appears invariably to attend her generals, while her legionaries seem to fall into their ranks soldiers by intuition." But since Nieburh and Arnold wrote and reasoned, these representations in Livy's 'pictured page,' have been transferred from the province of History to that of Romance, and no one bestows any higher belief on them than he does on the fables of the Poorans. The writer undertakes to vindicate his original principle, even in the case of Rome, by proving that the science of arms which percolated through other nations to the Romans had its origin in the father land of all science and civilization—in Egypt. And the difficulty is at once solved by a reference to the Etrurians, who were a powerful people in Italy, celebrated for their dominion of the sea, their commerce and their piracy, nearly five hundred years before the fabulous origin of Rome. "The proto-

type of the Roman arms is found in the tombs of the Etruscans and is depicted on the fading walls of those extraordinary sepulchres," which modern research has brought to light. The Romans owed all their arts to the Etrurians; against whom they rarely ventured to turn their arms until time brought about the gradual subjection of Italy to their yoke. And it is clearly proved that whatever gave distinction to the Etrurians was derived from the Egyptians. "Constant points of resemblance or of difference," says Mrs. Hamilton Grey, "struck me in every tomb between the Etruscans, and the Egyptians or the ancient Greeks and constant evidence of those customs which the Etruscans afterwards taught Rome." Two Etruscan nobles were among the most celebrated of the Roman Kings; and for the oldest and most enduring monuments of Rome, the Romans were indebted to the Etruscans. They learned arts from Etruria before they began to learn them from Greece. And as the writer well observes, "the Romans hated the Etruscans and feared them, inert though they were in their tranquil superiority; an ancient nation passing away; and, as is constant in such cases they pilfered from and they abused them."

The author then passes on to the Roman legionary formation, which though a confessedly perfect organization did no more than furnish the means; it could not and never can in any age attain its end. Hannibal, like a good soldier, amended his own organization, by adopting the better one of his beaten enemy. It is in connection with this subject that the author, in one of the finest passages of the work, remarks:

"There have been no brave and disciplined troops that at some time have not done this, and won a battle in the teeth of all probability, and in despite of their General's imbecile, or infatuated dispositions. This may in petty warfare occasionally decide a contest; but in war as we understand it, the battle won may be victory lost. The soldier gains the day, but crippled

by his own exertions in a fight ill-timed and ineffective as being fruitless of consequences, he is unable to act when again called upon, and for the brief honor of a field of butchery, the General loses the campaign. Constant instructive examples of this occur in the Military history of the Romans, whose talentless leaders in the early wars of the republic seem to have been prone to depend on the soldier rather than themselves. It has been the crying sin too often of like Generals in modern days. Many have pranked themselves in honors bought with the blood of brave men, who should have been visited with punishment instead of reward, for unmilitary conduct in the guidance of the devoted troops that won the fight, which they had blundered into. Courage, discipline, and the vigour of national character are material elements in the history of Military successes, as has been observed before, but the General who depends upon these alone is not fit to command an army."

The fifth chapter treats of the decadence of Military science by the irruption of the barbarian tribes, on the one hand, and the Saracens on the other, while simultaneously with these latter, there appeared, to augment the confusion, the Sea Kings of the north, whose boast was "never to sleep under a smoky roof nor to indulge in a cheerful cup over a hearth." The author then proceeds to trace the first faint germ of that Military system which was destined to arise out of this chaos, and to exercise so powerful an influence on the condition of society, till it was superseded in its turn by the modern art of war. This leads to a rapid sketch of the great Charlemagne, who was engaged in fifty-three campaigns, and not only rolled back the tide of barbarian invasion, but gave a new form and character to the institutions of Christian Europe. This brief notice is succeeded by a discussion of the offensive and defensive armour of the Knight of chivalry "enveloped and loaded with such a number of weighty encumbrances, that it is by no means wonderful that in the midst of summer, in the heat, dust and press of an engagement, men at arms should be suffo-

cated in their own armour." The author then adverts to the morality which grew out of the institutions of Chivalry, and shows that though poetry and romance —and we may add distance of time—have thrown a halo of glory around those days and scenes, crime of all sorts was never so rife, honour so disregarded, or war so brutally conducted, as during the centuries when the influence of Chivalry was most predominant. The standard of morals was low, notwithstanding the deference paid to the fair sex.

The sixth chapter opens with a description of the general disposition of a Feudal force, which was adapted to partizan warfare, and totally incapable of any military combinations. The author vividly describes the helplessness of an army composed of feudal materials, the powerless position of the General in Chief whose subordinate leaders had each one a will of his own which his vassals were bound to obey, and the total want of discipline, arising from the absence of all unity of control. From this subject he passes hastily to the Crusades—which produced no change in the art of war, except by the improvement of missiles,—and then to the military organization of the Arabs in particular, and of Mahomedan armies in general. The subject of standards and drums on the field of battle is then introduced, and the use of them from the days of Job, as rallying points for troops, and the origin of the *apron* of the Persians, the *bundle of hay* of the Romans, the *horse tail* of the Turks, the *raven* of the Danes, and the *horse* of the Saxons is described, and then the moveable standard on a car drawn by cattle, and the devices and armorial bearings depicted on the banners of chiefs. As an introduction to this subject we have a long and interesting disquisition on the existence of two descriptions of rank in feudal armies, the one chivalric, the other military.

The next chapter describes the petty or partizan warfare of the middle ages, the constant conflicts aris-

ing out of the occupation of the fairest provinces of France by the English, and the border feuds between England and Scotland. The style of fighting of this chivalric age was not, however, adopted by the Flemings, the Swiss, or the Irish. It was at Granson, towards the end of the fifteenth century, that Europe for the first time witnessed an army of infantry of not less than 20,000 men move itself to the attack of the best and bravest cavalry, the most formidable batteries, the choicest arquebusers, commanded by one of the first leaders of the day. It is from this period we may trace the new system of Europe in which the arm of infantry was deemed of the highest importance. After describing the three anti-chivalric nations, above mentioned, the author enters on the military sports, so much in vogue in the middle ages, and which so often ended tragically. After tracing the intimate connection between the past time and the practice of war, he proceeds to remark that in an age in which ignorance was accounted in a degree honourable, as distinguishing the knight from the clerk, the noble from the merchant, those of the highest rank were often the most coarse, brutal, and ungovernable in character and manners. The chapter concludes with an instance or two drawn from the chronicles of that period to illustrate the history of the tilt; and the description of the rich and gorgeous tournament in which our ancestors took such delight in the days in which my Lord Bishop sometimes made his mark, because his episcopal fingers had never learnt to write, will be found among the most interesting portions of the work.

The eighth chapter treats of the constitution and internal arrangements of an army in the feudal chivalric period, and of the means used to correct the disadvantage of the feudal organization, in which personal renown, and the personal advantage in prisoners and plunder was the great motive of the majority of com-

batants in these unwieldy masses, and the great military maxims of unity of action and obedience to one head, were, if not wholly lost sight of, at any rate greatly disregarded. The remedy,—partial at best—lay in the appointment of high military officers with the rank of high Constable and Earl Marshall to command the whole body, and to see that every man did his duty. His office necessarily interfered with the feudal authority of the liege lords of the soldiers, their vassals; and in some cases led the feudal magnate to forsake the standard of his sovereign. No other officers, however, are mentioned prior to the sixteenth century. But the feudal military constitution prior to the great change effected in warfare by the introduction of gunpowder was effected by the substitution of paid troops for feudal levies, and the discovery of the true value of infantry. The first of these alterations was evolved in Italy and in England; in the former from her social constitution and mercantile prosperity; in the latter from her political institutions which had never been entirely feudalized. The yeomanry or free soldiery of England, classed as early as 1193 as a separate and acknowledged body in the commonwealth were the "very pith and nerve of the military power of the country, the descendants of those sturdy Saxon Yeomen, who took to the greenwood rather than submit to the grinding oppression of their conquerors." It was this noble infantry which was chiefly instrumental in securing for England the glory of Cresсy, of which the writer has drawn a very animated description from the chronicles of the time, with the view of shewing that this body was retained by the king on pay, that it was distinct from the feudal soldiers, and that the combatants fought on foot. In that engagement, however, the French also had troops paid by the crown, but they were foreign mercenaries, Genoese, who "could not be trusted the previous night at Abbeville, lest they should plunder

the town." In Italy, the use of mercenary troops may be traced at a still earlier period, and the custom had been so well established that the word *soldato* was a common term at the commencement of the 13th century. But it was in England that the remedy for the evils arising out of the chivalric military constitution, and the employment of faithless mercenaries was first developed, by creating a standing army constitutionally governed, and of which the first rudiments are to be found in the King's "Sergeants at arms." But although England was the country in which a standing army paid by the crown was first organized, with a view to render the king in some measure independent of his feudal nobility, it is in this country that the standing army, from motives of constitutional jealousy, has ever been kept on a very limited scale, as compared with the population of the country.

The ninth chapter treats of the constitution of the chivalric army as respects the use of infantry. The Swiss, who destroyed for ever the pride of mounted chivalry, have gained the credit of first inculcating the value of a national dismounted force of trained men. But centuries before the battle of Granson, in which this point was established by the most signal success, the English had established this as their own practice. It was our foot soldiers that constituted the chiefest strength of our armies. According to De Comines, "the chiefest strength of an army in the day of battle lies in its archers;" and "the English without dispute are the best archers in the world." So thought also the good Bishop Latimer, who in his sixth published sermon, says, "the arte of shutynge hath bene in tymes past much esteemed in the realm; it is the gift of God, that he hath given us to excell all other nacions wythall. It hath bene Goddes instrumente, whereby he hath gyven us manie victories agaynste oure enemyes." Yet the writer of the present treatise is anxious to maintain that it is "not

the nature of the weapon which is permanently effective, but the nature of the man that wields it." And well might he have illustrated his position by an allusion to the fields of Ferózeshuhur and Sobraon, where the English yeoman achieved the same triumphs with his bayonet, which his ancestor did with his bow and cloth yard shaft at Cresсy, five centuries ago.

The military character of the Scots, who exhibited the singular spectacle of a free nation, divided into races; the one a pure Celtic stock, the other, a mixed people; the one, occupying the mountains, the other, the plains, is next passed in review. After describing the high military reputation the Scots have ever held throughout Europe—with which, the matchless pages of Quentin Durward have familiarized the English mind—the writer says:

"The example they afford is the crowning one in proof of the fact, that whereas the great element of military power lies in a disciplined mass of the people,—so can that people only display the spirit necessary for the full development of that power when they are free;—nay more, we know that the freer the nation, the more decided becomes that development. Scotland gives the most remarkable and convincing evidence of this truth; next Switzerland; next our own country; and lastly the Free Towns of the Low countries."

In the tenth chapter the same subject is continued; and the writer describes the increasing disposition of the French King to employ Swiss mercenaries after they had been found so useful in curbing the power of the Duke of Burgundy; the rapid change which this influx of wealth produced in the national character of the Swiss, by inducing rapacity and arrogance, and eventually treachery, till at length, on the bloody field of Marignano in 1515 they violated the compact made with Francis the first, before the ink on it was dry; and sixteen thousand of them fell under the fire of the

French guns and the pikes of their German mercenaries. The appearance of these Swiss troops in Italy in aid of the French, made it necessary to call into being a force capable of resisting them, and this was found in the German *lanzknecht*, who were drawn chiefly from the Tyrol. The Chapter then passes on to the military character of the French, and of the Italians, the real fighting portion of whose armies, at first lay in the Burgher troops and gentlemen, the *popolo e cavalieri*. But at length it was found easier to hire soldiers to fight, than to fight themselves. The Italians were fond of war and could pay for it. In thirty years, Florence spent in wars 11,500,000 golden florins, exhibiting the singular union of a love of war and a love of traffic which is generally considered so compatible. The military character of the Spaniards and the Portuguese then comes up in review, and closes the notices of those nations which played a part on the theatre of European politics before the modern system of warfare commenced. The Chapter concludes with a very interesting notice of the Burgher troops, and more especially of those of London, which were commanded by a knight or noble as chatelain:

"This was sometimes hereditary, as with the Fitzwater family, the head of which was, as Stowe says, "Castilian, and Bannerbearer of London," by owing service to the city for his castle Baynard, which stood on the Thames Bank. In time of war, it was his duty to appear at St. Paul's bearing the city banner, and there meeting the Mayor and Sheriffs, solemnly received charge of it as the city's banneret of fee, to bear and govern it to the honor and profit of the city, to his power."

The writer traces the existence of the London Burgher force, from the days of Henry the Third to those of Sir John Gresham, and Queen Elizabeth, in whose reign the "armed muster," much against her will, was put a stop to. But the warlike array of the city was not extinct; in the days of the Long Parlia-

ment, the Trained Bands did essential service to the cause of liberty; and the remembrance of them still lives in the 3rd Buffs, and has been immortalized by Cowper in his delighted ballad of John Gilpin.

But we have exhausted the reader's patience, and must bring this notice to a close, without going over the 11th chapter, which discourses of the line of march, war cries, &c. &c. and winds up with some remarks on the general application of military study.

We have thus attempted a brief analysis of this interesting publication, and shall be happy to find that our humble efforts are instrumental in inducing others to partake of the same pleasure which we have enjoyed in the perusal of it. Our review is necessarily meagre, and will, we fear, give a very inadequate idea of all the varied and delightful information with which the work is replete, for the author is not only completely at home with Joinville, and Monstrelet and Froissart, and all the other chroniclers of that chivalrous age, but has evidently studied with great diligence and advantage, the modern commentaries on those extinct, but still attractive institutions: those who take up the work will find instruction and amusement blended with much tact and discretion in its pages. We hope the able writer will meet with sufficient encouragement to induce him to complete the Second Part, and place before the public his views of the gradual development and organization of the modern system of military tactics."

I think I may say without any impropriety that the officer alluded to in the preface, as having suggested this work, or given the hint out of which it grew, was Captain Arthur Broome, of the Bengal Artillery, a very old and dear friend of Mr. Torrens'; himself an accomplished writer, and the author of the *Rise and Progress of the Bengal Army.* While I have been engaged with these pages he has written to me a few lines on the subject now in hand. He says:—

" It is no exaggeration to say that the " Remarks on the scope and uses of Military Literature and History" is one of the first works in our Military literature, and is worthy of a place amongst the best and standard European works relating to that profession.

Although written by a Civilian it is thoroughly imbued with the highest military spirit and feeling, and might well have passed as representing the views and aspirations of the most enthusiastic soldier. At the same time almost every page bears the mark of sound, calm judgment, wonderfully free from national prejudice, though not without a natural and honest pride in the reputation won by British Troops in so many hard-fought fields...

But the most remarkable feature of the work is the astonishing amount of reading and information that has been brought to bear upon the subject, a profusion of well digested erudition that we fear very few members of the profession are able to accumulate. And yet this store of knowledge is laid open before the reader without the slightest affectation or display.

The style is admirable; rendering what from almost any other pen would have been dry reading, even for the professional reader, an interesting work to all.

Making every allowances for the disadvantages of publication in India, it is extraordinary that a work of such undoubted merit and of general interest should not have attracted more notice than it has done; but the day may yet come when justice will be done to it, and when it will find a place in every soldier's library as a text book. In the mean time it will doubtless furnish a mine of unacknowledged material for other military writers, as to a certain extent it has already done in one instance.

One thing that must strike every reader of the work is the quick perception with which the author has brought out the leading and important military features of every nation and of every age. We have

the Egyptian charioteer, the Hebrew foot soldier, the Scythian horsemen, and the Phœnician mercenary standing out in bold relief as the types of their class. The organization and peculiar qualities of the Greek Phalanx and the Roman Legion are clearly elucidated. The gradual rise, the progress and the causes of decline of the Feudal Chivalry are traced with a master's hand; whilst the author appears to have thrown himself heart and soul into the pleasing task of depicting the growth and establishment of infantry as the governing body of all armies—more especially with reference to the gallant yeomen force of his own country. Whether he is describing the military character, organization, or tactics of the dwellers in the Nile Valley or the Holy Land, the restless Nomade or the mercantile Carthagenian, the Greek, the Etruscan or the Roman, the Arab of the Desert, the steel-clad Baron or the gallant English Archer, the sketch is alike clear, distinctive and interesting; and he is equally at home when diving into the pages of the old classic authors, of the monkish annalists, or of the voluminous modern antiquaries and historians.

The one great regret that is likely to be felt by all readers of the work is, that the able and accomplished author should not have been spared to complete it."

This is not the language of a partial and admiring friend merely, but that of a soldier who has made the scientific branches of his profession a study, and largely occupied his leisure hours with literary pursuits. The sentiment with which he concludes, is one that must be participated in with double force by those who were personally acquainted with the object of his most just eulogium.

The *Calcutta Review*, too, gave a long notice of the work, observing,—" the scope and uses not merely of military literature but of the military life, morale, and polity, are briefly but luminously considered, with great ability and clearness of

analysis; evincing in the author intellectual powers of a high order, no less than extensive acquirements."

The writer further writes:—"The authorship of this work being now, we believe, pretty generally ascertained, it would be affectation to allude to a person as anonymous, who is held in such high estimation as the accomplished Secretary to the Asiatic Society of Bengal. Those who are well acquainted with his distinguished literary and social talents, will not be surprised that the work itself should exhibit proofs of such extensive reading and multifarious research. The impartiality and kindly feeling that breathe throughout are highly creditable to Mr. Torrens, as a man and an author."

I could not deny myself the pleasure of quoting this passage, because I was always struck with the high feeling of the obligations of an author which pervades every chapter, and which I believe influenced him strongly whenever he took up his pen for the public. Of the justice of the reviewer's remark, the reader will be, I think, able to judge from the selections I have made from the work; and from them, too, he will be able to appreciate the eloquence with which it is written.

CHAP. VII.

Mr. Torrens' health had been for some time indifferent and he left India for Egypt in May 1850, having arranged to meet his wife and family at Alexandria. He wrote of the climate there in July as delightful, but he appears to have been in low spirits. Illness or some other circumstance detained his family in England longer than he had anticipated, but he had the happiness of seeing them at last, and after they returned home he came back to India, where he arrived the last day of November. An absence of six or seven months was not nearly sufficient to reinvigorate a constitution that had suffered from an uninterrupted residence of nearly twenty-three years in a hot climate. He returned apparently well, but lacking much of the energy and fine animal spirits which formerly characterized him. He amused himself while alone in Alexandria with a diary, which was subsequently published under the title of "Idle Days in Egypt." From these notes I have made extracts, and the reader will see what he said on the subject of the existing Furlough Regulations, and how forcibly and feelingly he expressed himself on the subject. Had it been permitted him to visit England for a year or two without sacrificing his appointment, he certainly would not have stopped short at Egypt, and it is not unreasonable to believe that his valuable life might have been spared for years. In his case it was not only the body but the mind that needed change and relaxation; and although the climate of Egypt was agreeable to him, its beneficial effect was not visible in any accession of spirits. He was, very shortly after his return, if indeed not before, sensible that it was absolutely necessary he should visit Europe if he was to live, and he made all

his arrangements for taking his furlough in May 1852: so confidently was it expected he would leave India that his family wrote to him at Madras that he might get their letters on his way home. Unhappily circumstances occurred at Moorshedabad which seemed to him to render his stay there imperative, and the intention of proceeding to England was abandoned, to the deep regret of his friends who saw him breaking every month. About the end of July, Mr. Courtenay, the Governor-General's private secretary, went on a short visit to him and they returned together to Calcutta. Mr. Torrens was not well on the way down, and gave some slight indications of a wandering mind. As the boat reached Calcutta he became insensible and was carried on shore to the house of Sir James Colvile. He had suffered a similar attack some weeks previously. His state was at once declared to be alarming, but certainly not hopeless: he rallied and became perfectly conscious, and then occasionally had a partial relapse; then he mended so much as to make his arrangements for returning to Moorshedabad, intending to settle his affairs there and be back in time for the Screw steamer of September. On the 12th August I received the following note from him, written in a feeble hand. It was, I imagine, the last he ever wrote:—

THURSDAY.

"MY DEAR J. H.,—I have been worse than bad, and was carried off here by Cy. in a faint or fit—unable to write hardly to my wife since—from the boat in which we came down from Md. nine days ago! Let me see you before sun-down:—I am off next Monday.

Always thine,

H. T."

I passed two hours with him on this afternoon, and was astonished to find him apparently well, though weak. His intellect was quite clear and his memory good. He recalled events of years gone by and spoke of people, some dead some living, the friendships he had formed in his time and those which had survived, of his wife and children, of his future plans and prospects and of mine, and then of the topics of the day. In every respect but that he looked a little wasted and was weak, he appeared as well as I had seen him for years. On one matter only he might have led some to think that his mind was not quite right: he spoke of a vision he had seen while at Berhampore, which he declared was not an intimation of coming death, but a warning of dangers to be avoided: the vision was of a female, "and" said he, "I have been puzzling myself in vain to remember by what name she called me. I cannot; but I know it was *the name by which I was to be known in the next world.*" He would not be reasoned with on this matter, or even hear of its being the effect of great nervous excitement and shattered health. I asked what the danger was against which he supposed himself to have been warned? He said that it was clearly the danger he should incur by remaining longer in the country, and that he had made up his mind about leaving it. I have repeated this conversation because when I heard of his early relapse into unconsciousness, I was struck with the remarkable self-possession and perfect memory he had evinced and spoke of it, though at the time it had been far from suggesting itself to me as a last mental effort —a prelude to the impending eclipse. On Friday and Saturday the patient was now better now worse, sometimes quite conscious, sometimes partially so, and sometimes in a state of perfect insensibility. These changes succeeded each other up to the morning of the 16th, when he expired without a struggle. The funeral took place in the evening of the following day,

and was attended by a large number of persons—civilians, soldiers, lawyers, merchants and others, admirers of the brilliant talents of the deceased or attached to him in life for his warm heart, generous disposition, and social qualities.

Henry Torrens was a man much misunderstood by all who were not intimately acquainted with him. Slight in figure, with long, dark, curly hair which reached his shoulders, and with a manner more foreign than English, the impression of him very commonly was that he was a fop: with those whom he knew but did not like, he was somewhat cold and reserved, perhaps haughty; but in general society he was always lively and agreeable, and with his intimates the life and soul of every meeting. So far from having anything of the reality of a coxcomb about him, he was as thoroughly manly in his feelings and ideas as he was vigorous in intellect, and one of the strongest recommendations any person could have to his favour was a contempt for the frivolities and shams of life. Those who really knew him well are few; they will not hesitate at vouching for the correctness of what I have written.

With natives Mr. Torrens was universally popular: a perfect linguist and able to discourse familiarly with all he met, in whatever part of the country, he had the art of putting every one immediately at his ease, and so high was his character for proficiency in the languages, for courtesy, and intimate knowledge of Eastern character and habits, that when attached to Lord Auckland's suite, "Henry Torrens, *sahib*" was always specially asked for as the interpreter between his Lordship and the Native princes or magnates who presented themselves before the Viceregal Court.

The accomplishments which graced him as a young man on his arrival in India were cultivated amid the business of life, while the acquirements that early distin-

guished him, and gave such promise to his family and friends, were extended by regulated study, and a love of reading that was insatiable. The amount of his general knowledge was prodigious, and I never in my life met him in any conversational party to which he did not appear to impart some information. He was remarkably fluent, yet not over-given to talk, and no man ever less obtruded his knowledge for the sake of display. His spirits were, when in health, very great; his appreciation of humour singularly acute; and his short but ringing laugh when enjoying "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" was a thing to be remembered for its joyousness and infectious quality.

With all the graces and lighter accomplishments of life, he was a man of earnest thought and deep feeling; to the ordinary observer he was a delightful companion, to the intimate friend the most intelligent of instructors. His views on all subjects were large and liberal, and the earnestness with which he enforced them when roused, disclosed the sincerity of his convictions and a power of eloquence which in a worthy theatre would have given him fame: no two men could have been more different than Henry Torrens in the gay and fashionable circle and Henry Torrens with men of congenial mind. With the one he might have been thought to be the charm of such a circle only: with the latter it was clear that the man was too good for courts and crowds, that fashion and its frivolities were things he could admirably affect to care for, but that a wider and more intellectual sphere of action was what his ambition yearned for. He knew that he was frequently misunderstood, and did not care that it should be otherwise: his delight was in his books and his friends, and in the consolation of those and the sympathy of these he was happy,—let me rather say as happy as he could be, destined to spend his life, or the best part of it, in a country he had long ceased to like, mainly perhaps because he had

been disappointed in his official career;—and this brings me to a subject upon which it is impossible to avoid saying a few words.

Mr. Torrens died the Governor-General's Agent at Moorshedabad; an appointment in which he had little or nothing to do beyond seeing that things were kept straight in the petty Court of the Newab, an office which the most ordinary person might have filled. He was transferred from the Secretaryship of the Board of Customs to Moorshedabad after nearly eighteen years' service, and remained there for the remainder of his life. That a man of his extraordinary abilities should have held this office, after being twenty-three years in the Service; a man, too, who had been assistant-secretary and for some time acting-secretary to a Governor-General, away from his Council, fourteen years before is matter for remark; but a subject, however, which I should not have touched upon had it not very frequently been the topic of public comment. Mr. Torrens was of opinion that when he was sent to Moorshedabad it was a distinct declaration of the Government's intention to "shelve" him, or at any rate he entertained this opinion at a very early date after his appointment, and continued through life under the strongest possible impression that he was the object of a malignant conspiracy, composed of men who personally disliked him and were jealous of his reputation, forming what has been called here "the Bengal clique." I will quote a passage from a recently published letter,* which shows how this opinion is entertained by others; the writer, however, deeming Mr. Torrens to have been one only among many victims. Speaking of this work as nearly ready, he says:—

"I should think that the book will be an amusing one and well worth reading, especially if the author

* *The Calcutta Correspondent of the* Delhi Gazette.

will write the plain truth, and all that he knows. Torrens was a man of real genius, elegant taste, and a cultivated classic mind; and in these respects very unlike many of those with whom he was brought into contact, ignorant, self-sufficient, narrow-minded men, stuck up with all vain conceit, and the silly pride of belonging to an exclusive service. I suppose you know that it is the standing misfortune of the Company's Government that the functionaries, who are more particularly employed in its administration here, invariably pursue such a course towards its servants, as makes from amongst them useless worthless friends, and talented dangerous enemies. Promote dullards, fools, and men who are harmless, because they have neither merit nor capacity; but a clever and talented man, keep him in the back ground and in obscurity, and, if necessary, hunt him down. This is the Bengal system, and were not its existence and its results painfully obvious in the inquiry and examinations that took place last year in England, on the occasion of the renewal of the Charter? A host of men of talent, and information, and power, against the Company's Government, and not a single individual of the same stamp to say a word in its defence, and stem the torrent of obloquy and accusation! This is the natural result of a system which fears to encourage anything above mediocrity, but seems to think that it is better to persecute talent than to employ or encourage it, and that system has been at work in Bengal from time immemorial. It weighed upon Torrens, as it has weighed upon so many others before him; but it could not entirely keep him down, and if the work I allude to above should be well edited, as I expect it will, I have no doubt it will give ample proof of his versatile genius and great ability."

These volumes will undoubtedly afford ample proof of Mr. Torrens' versatile genius and great ability,

but I am quite unable to subscribe to this writer's account of the Bengal Government, and its determined hostility to men of talent. I felt deep sympathy with a dear friend in his disappointments, and now recall the bitterness with which he dwelt upon them; but as in his life-time I could not see things in the light in which he viewed them, I cannot now adopt, or indeed do other than disclaim, an opinion which is not only glaringly absurd, but destructive of the character, as men of honour, of all implicated. That a system prevails, and always has prevailed, by which men of talent have been crushed and dullards promoted is what only a sad dullard could really believe —and I should have expected to find him a partizan of the imaginary system rather than its assailant. The force of individual talent is not easily repressed; the idea of the force of all the talents being kept down by all the dulness of the Service is too much for the credulity of any one a degree above an idiot. But how does the assertion square with the fact that Mr. Torrens was under-secretary with the Governor-General and, as we have seen, acting-secretary, when he had not been more than nine years in the country! No man who is conversant with facts, and who speaks the truth, can deny that the men who have been intimately connected with the Government of Bengal for the last twenty years have been among the most distinguished in the Service, and wherefore should such men love to draw fools towards them? Themselves hard-workers, wherefore patronize exclusively the idle and the worthless? And if this could be explained we should still require to be told how it can have been, that successive Governors-General have felt satisfied with ignorant, self-sufficient, and narrow-minded officers when they might have taken to their counsel and their aid talent, industry, and large experience! Whose interest can it possibly be to have "worthless friends, and talented dangerous enemies!"

What is stated in the above extract in allusion to the Parliamentary inquiry is an extraordinary mistake.

That there may have been men' enemies of Mr. Torrens and jealous of his earlier prospects is quite possible; that he may have been personally disliked by those who did not understand him is probable; but we must look for some other reasons widely differing from those assigned for the insufficient position he held at the time of his death. And it is not difficult to suggest them, and so avoid even the temptation to believe that what cannot by possibility be true generally was nevertheless true in his particular instance. It is not necessary to assert as a fact, that Mr. Torrens, with all his great and varied talents, was deficient in judgment and discretion. The reverse might be true, yet if that deficiency was believed in, we at once have an explanation of his not getting the secretaryship of India in either of its departments, or of Bengal, or one of the more important of the Residencies, without the necessity of believing in a conspiracy against him or in any other unworthy conduct. My belief is that he was thought wanting in steadiness of purpose, erratic in opinions, and too much a creature of impulse for the headship of any department; that he was not considered, in fact, a *safe* man. To this must be added that he disliked the Service and did not conceal his dislike; and indeed some two or three years before his death he took to reading law, with the idea of completing his terms at the Inner Temple when he went to England, and being called to the Bar. Though he had warm friends among Civilians, as a general rule he avoided them, and this can hardly have failed to make him unpopular with those who identified themselves with the Service and took pride in exalting its character. Mr. T. came out with Lord William Bentinck, was high in favour with Lord Auckland, and when Lord Ellenborough was succeeded

by Sir Henry Hardinge, he had in the head of the Government an old friend of his father's whose disposition must, one would naturally think, have been to serve the son to the fullest extent of his ability, particularly when that son was a man of distinguished acquirements. Will it be said, and if so are we to believe it, that the so-called "Bengal clique" poisoned the minds of these Governors-General and of our present chief, Lord Dalhousie; that they were able to keep out of high political employ a man whose general reputation would have made his appointment an honour to those who gave it, supposing him to be as unexceptionable in judgment and discretion as in other respects. I confess that having an alternative of belief I accept it, and conclude that my friend was conscientiously distrusted on the point of judgment and discretion,—whether justly or not is immaterial to the argument, which seeks simply to dispose of the case of a system of perpetual conspiracy against the fittest men, and even a special malignant persecution of Henry Torrens.

But I will not avoid an opinion. I have spoken cordially of his natural talents and great acquirements, and I must admit deficiencies when justice to others requires that I should do so. He was a man of some contradictions and no one was more remarkable than this, that he described character better than he read it: in much that he wrote he showed great insight into men and their motives, and in much that he did he showed he did not understand them. With his pen he would disclose an acute perception of the most delicate shades of character as well as throw in the broad lights and shadows, but in actual life he was not always clear in his reading of men nor wise in his confidencies. The explanation is, that when he calmly drew upon the experience of life built up by subtle observation, he was generally unerring, when he trusted to his feelings he was often wrong. Generous and confiding to the last degree,

I believe him to have been frequently the victim of duplicity which very ordinary persons would have detected, and it was the dangerous chivalry of his character to believe that every man who was in trouble was a just object of sympathy and protection. It was difficult, if not impossible, to make him believe that a man might be in antagonism with authority and yet not be the victim of arbitrary power. These idiosyncrasies, with others, may have stood in the way of his advancement, and I had much rather believe that they did so, than harbour the thought of a long continuing conspiracy, instigated by jealousy of all that was great and good in him!

With this I quit a subject that I should have been glad to avoid, could I have done so without being open to the suspicion either of sharing the opinion as to systematic persecution, or of wanting the candour to admit one deficiency in the character of a friend.

I will conclude the chapter with an extract from a letter, which affords unquestionable testimony to Mr. Torrens' official zeal and ability.

"I may add, too, that when he was secretary to the Board of Customs, it was found advantageous, about the year 1841-42, to place the whole of the excise management of Calcutta under his particular control and supervision. The excise of Calcutta had been since 1804 under old Mr. Blacquiere and was too much for him, combined with all his other duties. It was entirely remodelled and reorganized by Torrens and remained with him till about the year 1846, when it was put into the hands of a separate officer, now the Collector of Calcutta. I mention this because the appointment, though it entailed a considerable amount of additional labour on Torrens, was never formally gazetted (at least I think not); but I had occasion to go through the papers some time ago when in the Bengal Office, and was struck by the order and good

management which Torrens had introduced into a department that rather wanted it."

This is written by a gentleman for some time connected with the Bengal Government and now on furlough; one of the most distinguished among the rising men of the Service, and whose steady advancement is another refutation of the slander that great talents are systematically neglected.

CHAP. VIII.

I approach the conclusion of a very slight sketch. I might extend these pages by attempting a critical notice of Mr. Torrens' writings, but I do not feel myself equal to it, and it formed no part of the design with which I commenced my task. I may mention that he left about two hundred and fifty pages of a new work, entitled "Ye Master of Gartan, or 'Tis not a Novel." This will probably be published hereafter, and cannot, I am sure, fail to add to his reputation.

The intimation that a selection from his writings was to be made was received with very general satisfaction, and I have great pleasure in quoting the principal portion of an article on the subject, from the pen of a gentleman whose name has already been introduced,—Captain D. L. Richardson.*

"Of Mr. Torrens' merit as a writer—his elegance, spirit and versatility—the public need not now be told, but perhaps his personal accomplishments were less generally known. We have spoken, on a late occasion, of the all-accomplished Henry Meredith Parker, and we may fairly apply the same epithet to

* *Bengal Hurkaru*, Jan. 2, 1852.

his friend Torrens. He was a poet, a musician, and an actor, and we are not aware that there was any elegant qualification within the reach of a highly-gifted and a highly-cultured nature in which he had not exhibited more or less of that peculiar readiness of intellect for which he was so eminently distinguished. He had not so large a share of purely poetical inspiration as his friend Parker, but he had quite as much quickness and versatility of mind—perhaps more—and if his verses were not always, strictly speaking, *poetical*, in the highest sense of the word, they were always smart, lively and ingenious.* Though less original, he far surpassed his friend in the variety and depth of his intellectual acquisitions. He was a classical scholar, had made himself master of most of the European languages, and had won a name in Oriental Literature. His field of study was singularly wide and varied; and notwithstanding the native force and vivacity of his mind, he must have been as industrious as he was gifted. His great abilities were duly recognized by several successive Governors, and he had onerous duties and important trusts to occupy a large portion of his time. And yet in spite of literary studies, and official labors and anxieties, he found time to take his full share in the lightest amusements and the most frivolous occupations of social life. In fact, though a fit observer could not fail on a single glance at his expressive countenance, to recognize the outward signs of a richly-endowed inward spirit, we are inclined to believe that he often left an impression in general

* This must not perhaps be taken as the final, deliberate judgment of the critic, or at any rate as embodying all he might desire to express on a reconsideration of Mr. T.'s poetical writings. I shall be glad to read what he says after he has had the *Orlando Innamorato*, *The way to Brécheliant*, and *The Neophesians* under deliberate review.

society by no means favorable to his highest claims as a man of intellect. He who takes a leading part in fashionable crowds and exhibits himself as a thorough man of the world, seldom obtains any credit for hard study or profound thought. The social spirit and a turn for grave reflection are so rarely found united in the same individual that the world in general are slow to recognize instances of the possibility of such a happy combination of apparently inconsistent qualities. Mr. Torrens' manner too, to speak frankly, and to use plain language, had something, we must confess, a little coxcombical in it, and a strong feeling of self-satisfaction was too often exhibited in every look and tone and gesture.

Those who knew him well—and no man had more real friends or warmer admirers—were aware that under this rather unpleasant surface, there was a depth both of mind and heart that made them perfectly indifferent to all slight defects of manner or to the expression of a somewhat too lively consciousness of his own superiority over those about him. Besides, though coxcombical in manner he was a thorough gentleman, and it is but fair to explain that his self-satisfaction was not connected with arrogance or ill-will. No man was more ready to open his heart to the love and admiration of all high qualities in others. He was vain but not haughty, self-admiring but thoroughly social. His was the very opposite of the cold and reserved nature which broods with a sort of sullen satisfaction over its own greatness, and is jealous of all rival pretensions. He was a truly generous, kind-hearted, and high-spirited man, so that there were few of his acquaintances who were not willing to forgive him his intellectual superiority, even though it was occasionally forced upon their notice in a somewhat ostentatious manner."—

The recent death of Sir Henry Miers Elliot has suggested, in another quarter,* a comparison between that distinguished officer and the subject of this brief memoir. The writer says:—

"Mr. Elliot and Mr. Torrens were singularly alike in essentials, though in some matters they were peculiarly dissimilar. Both were endowed with great natural abilities, and both had made the most of the superior education which they had the good fortune to receive. Both entered the Civil Service together, and under very peculiar circumstances; they were both scholars; and men of great and varied information; they were both distinguished for their knowledge of Persian and Oordoo: they were both passionately fond of the stage, and, at Meerut, guided, in their day, all the theatrical arrangements; they were both high Masons, and endeared themselves to all with whom they came in contact; they were both addicted to writing for the Press, and for generations to come their names in this country will not be forgotten. They were singularly alike, too, in application. Their vanity rendered them positively laborious; it is to their labours that they owe that sweet sleep which they now enjoy at an age when older men are toiling through the vale of life, in search of honors which they have already reaped.

They were alike, too, in their habits and their manners; courteous, gay, gentle, kind, humorous, firm, serious—just as the occasion demanded. It was this that made both men so popular,—not only with "society," but with *all* classes. Lord Bolingbroke says that "Death is the great criterion of Merit," by which he means, we suppose, that it is not until a man is dead you can measure the amount of public

* *Mofussilite*, March 16, 1854.

appreciation. What of Sir Henry Elliot in Agra—Agra which holds a vast number of living people? Is there a native that does not make his death a subject of wonderment and of sorrow? Is there an uncovenanted servant in the whole of these provinces that does not seem sensible of the public as well as the individual loss that has been sustained in Sir Henry Elliot's death? Is there any one in the society of this, or of any other station where he was known, who can revert to his memory without heaving an honorable sigh? It signified not whether he was required to preside over an examination, or a public meeting, or be present at a dinner, or a dance, his presence insured each and all against even the chance of failure: and when Lord Dalhousie, on the 5th of December 1849, invested him with the Order of the Bath—and alluded to Mr. Elliot's "fidelity and ability in Council," there was scarcely a soul in that immense throng who did not seem to feel that the emotion which accompanied his Lordship's diction bespake the sincerity of the compliment which was so gracefully bestowed.

Mr. Elliot had not the *genius* which Mr. Torrens possessed—nothing like the creative faculty—the wonderful rapidity of execution; but Mr. Elliot's *talent* was of a higher order than that of Mr. Torrens; and Mr. Elliot was that practical man which Mr. Torrens was not.

Mr. Torrens died in Bengal. He was at the time of his death a Bengal Civilian, albeit he used to say he belonged to the North-West. If Bengal neglected to do honor to the rival, cotemporary, and friend of Sir Henry Elliot,—if Bengal neglect to raise to his memory a statue, exhibitive of the fact that the sublime sentiment of Tacitus has penetrated thus far East—then the people of these provinces must ask the permission of Government to supply the want, and thus link in death, and in renown, two men who out of a dis-

tinguished service stood together so prominently forward—two men whose abilities and accomplishments made them the constant theme of admiration and applause.

A statue, to the memory of Sir Henry Elliot, will be erected in Agra. The people of India will subscribe their money, as earnest of the recognition of his worth; and posterity shall see that although the European has been "amidst these splendid ruins" described as "the destroying conqueror," nevertheless there were men amongst them whose image the conquered desired to perpetuate.

Until we knew the people of India we entertained of them the very worst opinion; and we confess there was a time when we thought Mr. Shore a visionary, if not a fool. But in this, as in some other matters, our opinion is changed; and when we find that a man like Sir Henry Elliot, who is now dead, and beyond the pale of ever bestowing patronage, favor or countenance, can still rivet the regard of those amongst whom he lived, we scarcely know whether we are more shocked at what was our own ignorance of Indian character, or more charmed with the appreciation of the deceased's transcendant merits."

Statues may be left alone. If raised they would be creditable to those who set them up, but a sufficient, and the best, record of the lives of men like these is in a collection of their works. This I have attempted in the case of Mr. Torrens, and I believe the literary labours and remains of his cotemporary and friend have fallen into far abler hands.

Let me not lay down my pen without a word about Mr. H. M. Parker, a gentleman who has happily survived a long and laborious service in India, and who in the leisure of retirement has been able to do for himself, that which I have feebly attempted for one of his friends and which has yet to be done for another. I care not, in this instance, to weigh relative

genius, accomplishments, learning: I am content to know and record, that Torrens, Elliot and Parker, were three of the most brilliant men that ever did honour to the Civil Service of the E. I. Company; that they were cotemporaries, and that, with the magnanimity of great minds, they thoroughly appreciated each other.

I have omitted to notice the marriages of Mr. Torrens. His first was in 1832 to Eliza, daughter of the late Sir Walter Roberts, Bart. By this lady, who died in 1834, he had one son, now a Lieutenant in H. M.'s 23rd Regt., Fusiliers. In 1836 he married Louisa, daughter of Mathew Law, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, and by this union had two sons and three daughters, all surviving.

Rhymes

FROM STONELEIGH, WARWICKSHIRE.

THO' 'tis true, my dear Tat, that my business is pressing;
And that writing at length may be somewhat distressing,
Yet I cannot resist the excessive temptation
Of scribbling poetical congratulation:
And since you've been busy in Blackwater attics
At fortification and *the* Mathematics,
Now scratching your head, and now twirling your thumbs,
On the subject of field-pieces, bastions and bombs,
I'll without further preface at once make you privy
To how my old cove, I've been flooring my Livy:
Your conception of that I cannot make apter
Than by rattling you off just a specimen chapter:—

" M. Lucio et Quinctio Papirio, Coss:
" The enemy came to the Cluilian foss,
" And just as the Consuls had called for a levy
" All the Tribunes at once, running up in a bevy,
" Cried, Halloo, in that there conscription's a flaw,
" We'll agitate first the Agrarian Law!
" To this bitter proposal perforce they consented,
" The enemy laugh'd, and the levy's prevented:
" (If the enemy's notion perchance, Sir, you seek, why
" They're but a small party of Volsci and Æqui).
" In this shocking emergency what can they do?
" The matrons are weeping, the senate look blue;
" The Consuls are sulky, the people seditious,
" And all of the deities quite unpropitious.

" In this state of affairs, says the ancient relator,
" They'd nothing else for it but make a dictator:
" The name of this worthy (I'm sure you are curious)
" Was Publius Marcus Æmilius Furius;
" And he on appointment (it followed of course)
" Made Servilius Ahala his master of horse:
" The Tribunes then said this was mighty vexatious.
" Most of all, P. Licinus, and Marcus Horatius;
" But regal authority at all times is humbling,
" And the soldiers were march'd off in spite of their grumbling;
" They went to the Mount Algidus, where tho' 'twas damp
" They pitched on the banks of the river their camp;
" The dictator next morning, (how great are his merits!)
" Gave them all a good rowing to keep up their spirits.
" ' Now, by Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, and Mars,
" ' Do you fear, fellow-soldiers, to go to the wars?
" ' Pray do not the Senate, in peace though you fly 'em,
" ' Give each man for his services two-pence per diem?
" ' And if you don't care for your children and wives,
" ' Won't you lay down for two-pence per diem your lives?
" ' Besides, pray don't look on the thing with a false eye,
" ' You've every chance now of licking the Volsci:
" ' The Augurs this morning advise us to fight—
" ' Two dozen cock eagles were seen on the right,
" ' Oh! be joyful, my friends, in this prosperous omen
" ' The descendants of Romulus give in to no men!'
" The soldiers, applauding, their shields and spears rattle,
" Hurra for old Publius, and rush to the battle:
" While the Æqui and Volsci at once run away,
" And the taking their camp puts a stop to the fray.
" Having ended thus well such a dangerous broil,
" The dictator gives up to his troops all the spoil,
" While they, so contented and happy the men are all,
" Cry out, ' was there ever so worthy a General?'
" A triumph's decreed him, and then (pray remember)
" He his office resigns on the Ides of September."

Now I don't mean to say that this brilliant relation
Is of any one Chapter exact the translation,
But I sat down to show that the Roman command erst
Was different in some things from Butler's at Sandhurst.
Don't be shocked at these rhymes (our friend Livy says
" horrens"),
I remain,

Your affectionate brother,

H. TORRENS.

To

ARTHUR W. TORRENS, ESQ.,

R. M. College,

1824. *Sandhurst.*

POLYGLOT BABY'S OWN BOOK,

Edited by Bartolozzi Brown, Gent. The Notes, moral and political, by a distinguished Under-Secretary; the Preface and occasional Notes by the Editor, affectionately dedicated to the Biggest Baby in India.

PREFACE.

A new era is dawning upon this hitherto unenlightened land. Knowledge, as Lord William Bentinck says, is generated by Steam Navigation; the capital of the late Agency Houses has acted as an insensible and invisible agent in the formation of infant schools; little Bengalee girls take in plain needle work, little Bengalee boys study Lindley Murray; and Te-

lenga women, under the influence of the missionaries, have achieved the important reform of bearing their water-pots on their heads' antipodes. Satisfactory as these things are, to all real lovers of their kind, the vista of the future, would however present us with a barren prospect, but for the exertions of the truly philanthropic, who abet the progress of intellectual improvement, by smoothing the threshhold of the temple of knowledge, clearing the tangled paths which lead to it, and thus enabling the infant, unassisted, to thread the mazes, and work his own way to its very *penetralia.*

I had long speculated how (as an humble accessary in so great a work,) I might best lend my feeble efforts, for the general good. It was not however until after my conversation on this subject with a youthful, but distinguished philanthropist, that a line of conduct became in a manner chalked out for me, and that I commenced the interesting occupations, the fruits of which I now give to the world. Yes, it was the great Trevelyan* who first pointed out to me, under how great and fatal a mistake our instructors of youth had hitherto laboured. Watts, Barbould, Edgeworth, and a host of others, have each absurdly imagined that, by reducing important truths in simple language to the comprehension of children, they were best serving the interests of the rising generation, and thus conveying to the infant mind, the elemental parts of education. I am of a more modern and enlightened school. Children can, we know, rarely form accurate ideas, save on the trifles which constitute the business of *their* life. Doubtless therefore the real method of elevating those ideas, is to treat those trifles with a degree of attention, analogous to that bestowed on them, by those they most interest. Let the teacher enhance the importance

* The present Sir Charles E. Trevelyan, of the Treasury ; then Deputy Secretary to the Government of India, &c., &c.

of his pupil's pursuits, by writing of them in sesquipedalian language, by illustrating them with instances drawn from the abstrusest sources, by exerting himself to make nine holes equivalent to a practical display of the theory of projectiles, and to explain the principle of gravitation by placing in its proper light the importance of jackstraws.

Hence I have determined on presenting India with a Polyglot Baby's Own Book, consisting of translations of those interesting little odes, so popular in our nurseries, animated to this undertaking by Mr. Trevelyan's assurance, that "English is the ocean of knowledge, and translations the rivers running *from* it"—(v. letter to the Bengalee children). How distinguished a devotion have we not here, to the beauty of metaphor! How sublime an idea, conveyed to the minds of Bengalee *buchas*, on the paltry subject of a school-book! To excite that idea, how noble a disregard for the laws of nature, how sincere a contempt for the dictates of common sense!

In this undertaking, I have been especially assisted by a galaxy of talent, devoted at my humble request to the furtherance of so useful a work. It has, I must own, been mortifying to me to discover (as will be seen in my very first chapter) that Mr. Trevelyan's metaphor regarding English and the ocean, is rather more remarkable for poetry than truth. English turns out to be even in this, as in other instances, only a Trevelyanised philological *river*, and does not exhibit in the literary world that singular phenomenon unknown in the natural one,—an ocean with rivers running from it! Still however I trust that Meerut will, like Calcutta, (v. Mr. Trevelyan's letter to friends of education) cease to be "*a divergent focus of barbarism*," but soon become *a radiating centre*, when, to a degree infinitely greater than has yet been realized, light, and life, and intelligence, might emanate to the remotest of the subordinate provinces.

POLYGLOT BABY'S OWN BOOK.

CHAPTER 1ST.

Hey, diddle, diddle,
The cat, and the fiddle;
The cow jump'd over the moon.
The little dog laughed
To see the sport,
And the dish ran after the spoon.

NOTES VARIORUM.

Hey. Some manuscripts read *High.* I have discarded it, for reasons hereafter adduced.

Diddle, Diddle. In old copies written *Dyddyll.* As to the meaning of these singular words commentators have hitherto been at fault. They are however indisputably a corruption of the Anglo-Saxon exclamation of sorrow, "*Dyll I drye,*" i. e. Sorrow I suffer (v. Ballad of Sir Caulayne, Percy's Relics, stanza 15,—"To hym grat dyll was dyght," i. e. on him great sorrow was inflicted. This ballad is of unknown antiquity). By pronouncing these words rapidly, we arrive at *Dyllidrye—Dyddlye—Dyddlee—Diddle ! ! !* The Anglo-Saxon form, I however conjecture to be itself a modern rendering of genuine Saxon, which was in vogue when this singular ode was first known in Europe. Its origin is indisputably Chinese (v. Chinnery's note). Now the Avars, a Tartar race, bordering on China, were expelled their country A. D. 540-50 by the Toorks, and driven into Europe. They settled for some years in Bulgaria, but were latterly (A. D. 576) employed with the Lombards and 20,000 *Saxons* (!) in the subjugation of Northern Italy!! The original hymn of HOO THAN, was then introduced by the Avars into Europe, adopted by the

ancient Saxons, and, with the degeneracy of their language, anglicised into the form which was eventually corrupted to our present reading!

The Cat and the Fiddle.—Here (after an exclamation of woe) the ode refers to two specific objects,—1st, a *Cat;* 2nd, a *Fiddle.* I am inclined to read "*the cate.*" *Cate* is, it is well known, used for *cake.* (v.

"Kate of Cate Hall, my super-dainty cate."

Taming of the Shrew.).

It was also corrupted into *catt,* and even *cat,* as we see *pancat* used for *pancake!* This is common in Northamptonshire (v. Warton)—"To turn cat (i. e. *cate*) in pan,"—old English proverb. Having thus established my reading, I deduce thence a definite meaning for the whole ode, the commencement of which turns on a lamentation over the miseries attendant on debauchery, feasting and revelry, typified by the *cate* and the *fiddle.*

The Cow,—Moon.—This line, clear as it is, has caused much altercation. Some read *over the sun,* others *the bull,* &c. &c. I however dismiss all such conjectures. As a natural consequence on the riot alluded to in the two first lines, *the cow,* typical of the wealth of the Tâtar, or Nomadic nation, *jumps over the moon,* i. e. is utterly expended.

The little—Sport.—The ridicule of the world towards a ruined spendthrift is exemplified by the laughter of even the little dog ("the friend of man") at such imprudent conduct on the part of his master.

The Dish,—Spoon.—Utter rack and ruin in the household! Some are inclined to read this line as an exclamation of the ruined man—

I'm dished, and I look like a spoon!

Others take an Anglo-Saxon reading.

Dyss (i. e. this,—i. e. the dog) *ran away with* a *speurn* (i. e. kick, viz. for laughing?)

The whole ode is a moral rhapsody, highly instructive, and, when thus explained and illustrated, peculiarly adapted for the use of youth. Many grave authorities in other versions of this interesting hymn, differ from me, as to the exact meaning of the allegory; I have, however, every reason to confide in the fidelity of my authorities.

ORIGINAL HYMN OF HOO THAN

Communicated by – Chinnery Esq.

WITH A NOTE.

That is literally—

Hy, Hoo, Than,
Beast and fiddle,
Upon moon jump cow,
Delighted to see sport small dog,
Upon chopstick ran earthen dish.

During my investigation into the Chinese Annals for historical subjects for pictures, I have been fortunate enough to light upon the enclosed version of the famous Nursery Lyric, "Hey diddle diddle," which, according to your desire, I have edited for your excellent Polyglot. I have called it version, though I contend, and with reason, that it is the original of our English Poem. You will not probably assent to this proposition, though I am presumptuous enough (and you know I never fail for want of presumption) to believe that I can prove it to your satisfaction. The antiquity of this Chinese poem is evident. I met with it on the margin of an old copy of Con-foot-ize (Confucius I think Englishmen call it). There was a note attached to it, explaining that it was a recovered ode of that author, and to be placed in the next edition of his "Shee" (a poetry of the highest kind). Most of these odes are intended for recitation at the worship of paternal ancestors, and some of them (amongst which I include this ode) were written in the reign of Wooting, who ascended the throne B. C. 1323. Now this makes it considerably earlier than the English copy, which cannot, I think, be dated earlier than the age of Edward the Confessor. I proceed to make a few verbal commentaries.

Amongst other reasons for attributing it to the age of Wooting, I place in the *foreground* the fact of the exclamation "Hye Hoo Than," which is the obsolete elementary form of Wooting. Nothing can be plainer than this, and settles the age of this pro-

duction at once. In short, this was a Hymn addressed to Wooting. You will observe that in Chinese it was "the *beast* and the fiddle." I beg you to observe this, because the word beast is of great importance to my argument. You will invariably observe that succeeding ages descend to particulars, where their ancestors have indulged in generals, so that while beast may be *translated* into cat—cat never could have been translated into beast. It may be doubted why the subsequent version introduced the word cat, in preference to any other animal. For this I advance two suggestions: one is, that the Chinese character for beast (the letters are you know nearly all symbolical or representative) bears in some points a resemblance to a cat rampant. Another is, that there is in European countries a natural connexion between a fiddle and a cat, seeing that the entrails of that animal furnish the instrument with its strings. Now this I consider most convincing, for, as F. Amiot tells us, the Chinese fiddle, or kin, has strings of silk, and not of catgut. I consider this to be irrefragable.

The words "laughed to see" admit of an elegant combination in the monosyllable "yeu". The last line furnishes us with another proof of the antiquity of this Dithyrambick. The fact has been well ascertained, by the earliest historian Missionaries, that there were no spoons in China in the year 1323 before Christ; and again, you will observe that the original has "*earthen* dish." Now it is unquestionable that porcelain has been in common use in China for several centuries, and the allusion to the primitive use of earthen dishes places the age and originality of this Lyric beyond discussion. Allow me to recapitulate, by observing that I consider this a funeral ode, or rather metrical "oratio funebris," addressed to the departed King Wooting of happy memory. I reckon it a perfect study; few but those versed in Chi-

nese (like myself) can fully understand it. The author has ingeniously distributed (as we say) his broad masses of light and shade; there is no half-tinting in it, at the same time that the mournful occasion has enabled him to mellow the otherwise rich tone and strength of his production. In conclusion, allow me to take some credit to myself for this discovery, which will (I trust) render me as celebrated a critic, as I am already a painter.

Italian translation by Fia J. C. A. M. della Truppa Irlandese Capellno. di. S. A. Serena. La Begome Sombre.

Oibò, didlin ! ahimè, didlino !
Ehi 'l Gatto, ed il Violino !
Al di sopra la Luna la Vacca saltava !
Il riso muove al caninetto
Il viso stran di quel giochetto,
Ed ill Piatto conendo al Cucchiaio cacciava !

Arabic translation, by Aga Ullee, Arab Merchant.

دَرِيْغَا دَرِيْغَا قِطْ طَبُوْرْ دَرِيْغَا قَزَلَ الْعُجُوْرُ عَلَى الْقَمَرِ الْجَلِيْلُ

اَكْلَبُ قَلِيْلُ الْقَدْ ضَحِكْنَ عَلَى اللَعَبْ خَطَفَ الطَبَقُ فَاشُوْقُ الْجَمِيْلُ

(*Note.*—My respected correspondent wished to introduce *one* new reading in his version, by substituting HORSE for *Cow.* He was unprepared with authorities for this change, and I was induced to pass it over, as it struck me his excellent judgment might have been misled in this, by some shade of *professional* prejudice.—B. B.)

Latin translation, by the gentleman who first quoted "Risum teneatis amici" for the Bengal Hurkaru.

(Modesty, so common a failing with the literary men of Calcutta, has induced the able translator to

withhold his name. It is enough however to specify him as the first quoter of that immortal phrase, which has been adopted by all the Calcutta Editors, and constitutes their *one* classical stand-by. They have however entered into an agreement, that each shall not quote it more than once a fortnight, a necessary and amicable arrangement.—B. B.)

Proh dolor ! hei mihi ! vœ feli fidibusque canoris !
Transiluit Lunam bucula noctivagum.
Exigui risere canes, ludumque jocumque
Spectantes, sed enim lanx cochleare tulit.

NOTÆ.

Dividitur hoc fragmentum in duas partes. Primam versus continet primus, imprecationibus, et vere, quas vocat Horatius, Thyesteis precibus scatens. Secunda tota ad narrationem spectat, quœ quidem quamvis egregia sit et luculenta, tamen ejus nitori quœdam perturbatio, et exagitatœ, ut ait Seneca, mentis concursatio maxime officiunt.

Vers. 1. Scripti plerique " hei misero ! felisque " fidesque canoræ !" Non recte ! *to* " *vœ,*" tenendum esse arbitror. Vœ absente, sensus non apparet. *Vœ* enim formula est animi indignantis, sed et ad mœstitiam tendentis—ut hic.

Vers. 2. Quœritur de causâ buculæ vel vaccæ peregrinantis. Mihi quidem satis non constare confiteor. Anne legendum? " Transiluit Solem." Non mirer equidem. Sol enim masculus; et vacca, ut apud Linnœum legimus, valde libidinosa, quinetiam caprâ aliquando salacior. Forsitan hoc oblique tangit Papinius Statius, in loco apud carmen lyricum ad Septim: Seren: " Vacca dulci mugit adultero ;" " et in Ovidio legimus," " Bucolicis modis," nempe mugitibus, quibus boves sollicitantur ad venerem. Jam tum in voce " *noctivagum*" hæreo olem enim *non* noctigavum audivi. Locus igitur obscurior, et plané emendationis (meœ saltem) non capax.

Vers. 3. "*Ludumque jocumque.*" Verba nequâquam ejusdem significationis. Eadem repetitio apud Terentium. "Ludumque jocumque dices esse illum alterum." Eun, 2, 3, 8. Rursus apud Ciceronem "Ludo et joco uti licet." Off: 1, 29.

Vers. 4. Hœc se Toupius et Classiçus Ignoramus non intelligere fatentur nec ego. Vide tamen quœ monuit Sputzeh. Cap. IX. 143 et. seq: Procul dubio, orationis impeditœ constructio ex agitato et quasi insano Poetœ animo exoriri solita est. Verum enim vero Longini sententia "oratio quo obscurior, eo sublimior." Consentio. Class: Ignor: (nominis optime meriti) primam syllabam verbi "Cochleare" corripui negat. Acutè sane! an potuit dici miserius? Doctissimus Interpres Martialem inobservatum prœteriit. Inter alia *loca* legimus "Nonus ăcu levius vix *coch*leare tulit" VIII. 71 "Numquid scis potius cur *cochleare* vocer?" XIX. 121. Incuria vix excusanda!

Hindee translation by Cornet J. D. M., Resident and Representative of the H. C., Kotah.

॥ फारी दरी महाराजा ॥
॥ अरी विंली अरी वाजा ॥
॥ गाई चदफली चरगई
॥ कतरू खेलत हरवरी
॥ हसा हसा देषती हीं ॥
॥ फालीफला पकरली ॥

French translation by————, Theatrical Interpreter, Chowringhee.

Ah! didlon, chantez, didlon,
Chantez le Chat, et le Violon!
Chantez aussi la Vache hardie,

Qui, ne craignant pour sa vie,
Fit par dessus la Lune un saut !
Célébrez done ce petit Chien,
Qui à tel jeu ne pensa rien,
Et rit gaiment de ces propos !
Alons le Cuillier s'en alla,
Et poursuivit partout le Plat !

(*Note.*—It is perhaps necessary to explain the new office of *Theatrical Interpreter.*

The Calcutta community pay large sums to see a Company of French Comedians perform, whose language they cannot understand. An English translation of all the good jokes, in each Vaudeville, is therefore supplied with the tickets of admission, in order that the audience may know when to be amused.

This translation is not all I could have wished, being very diffuse, and faulty in a reading, for which I can find no authority, viz. the *spoon* pursuing the *dish*; all other versions, from the original hymn, downwards, have it *vice versâ*. Arbitrary acceptations and attempts at individuality, by enlarging on the original, are however common faults of French translators.—B. B.)

The German ode, an old nursery rhyme, communicated by Capt. T., A. D. C. to H. E. the G. G., Sec. Lot. Comm., &c. &c. &c.

Hie ! diedel, diedel !
Der kater und die fiedel !
Die kuh über der Mond gesprungen ist !
Der Hund gelacht mit fröhlich herz,
Sehend in folcher freudig scherz,
Und die Schüffel der löffel gezwüngen ist.

(*Note.*—This distich, as Captain T. observes, is proved to be of great antiquity by the obsolete usage of *ist*, instead of *hat*, which would be the correct mo-

dern verbal adjunct. The use too of the verb *zwingen* in this sense is remarkable. I am very much obliged to Capt. T. for this singular relic, and at the same time beg leave to thank him for his Sanscrit translation of

Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner.

B. B.)

Greek translation by the Principal of Bishop's College.

αι δείλη. δείλη.
"ημερα δειλότατη.
ὀι μοι ἔ. ἔ.
ὀναι τῳ αιλόυρῳ, ὄναι.
τῳ λύριῳ. (5)
παπαι. παπαπαι. παπαπαι.
σελήνην ἑῶιβάινονς' ἑσ
κιρτήσε βῶνς.
κύνες ὄνμέγαλοι' στησαν
γελῶντεσ ἴῶι ῶαίδια. (10)
και πίναξ τοτ' άφηρ' πασὲ
κοχλεάριον.

ANNOTATIONES.

Hoc pœma quam exquisite concoctum! Animum nescio quo mœrore pertentat! Lachrymæ, instar grandinis ingentes, atque injussœ funduntur! Mira Poetæ facultas! quæ lectorem, alienâ mœstitiâ, suœ oblitum, afficere potest! carmen mirâ curâ diligentiâque legendum. Metrum, quamvis abnorme, legibus tamen haud quaquam appositum.

Vers. 2. Interpolatum puto. non alii.

Vers. 3. *Oi moi,* "*e,*" "*e,*" Mœstissima imprecatio! et veram *oidipodos aran* redolet quæ apud Grœcos in proverbium abiit. Interpres quidam ignotus pro "*e*" "*e*" "*oi*" "*oi*" legit. Nullis annuentibus Codd. Quinetiam "*oi*" "*oi*" repetitum ingentem auribus molestiam facessit.

Vers. 6. Alii legunt *pa papapapapapai*, cujus frequentior usus in Aristophane. Ineptissime quidem! Hujus loci enim metro quam maxime lœdet. Versus hic Cyclian: Anapœst: Sicut apud Æschyli Sept: ad Theb: 757—*patroktonon oidipodan.* In Aristoph: Pac: *epeichete nun en osso.* Confer etiam Hermann: El: Doc: Metr: xxxiii. 395. Porson: Præf: ad Med: Valck: ad Phœn: Bæckh ad Pind: Pyth: i. 13.

Vers. 9, 10. Mire hi versus intricatiores vexati sunt diversis interpretationibus, quarum sententias piget afferre. Peccari præcipue in eo videtur, quod canes ridere dicuntur. Quidni? Tametsi, ridere non solent, faucum tamen expansio et quœdam labiorum solutio ad risum persolvendum miro modo sunt accommodatœ.

Vers. 11 Plerique articulum poscunt: non deest, opinor. *to* "*o*" ante *pinax* in metri necessitatem offendit. Prœterquam Butmann: in Gr: Gr: Middletonus, Matthiœ, Valckenaer ad N. T. aliaque in eam sententiam ierunt, articuli Græci non esse, ut aiunt Indi, "*thikana.*"

Vers. 12. Eadem de articulo disceptatio *Cochlearia*, docet Domitius, appellata sunt a specie cochlearum, non ab alicujus cibi usu. *Anglice* SPOONS.

Translation in Trevelyanised Oordoo, by Shiekh Dulloo, son of Sheikh Koodrut Oollah, of Meerampore, Cert. Stud. Delhi Coll., and Water Bailiff of Brougham Town, Budraj.

(Tunna nunna durry dun)
Wah! sarungee! Wah! bilao!
Chand ke oopur oorh guyee gao!
(Tunna nunna durry dun).
Jub tumâshu dekhkur aè,
Ch-hota kootta khilkhilaè,
(Tunna nunna durry dun).
Burtun chun che ko bhugaè!

(*Note.*—Dear Sir,—I write in particular for reminding you to say, that this is *my* (Sheikh Dulloo's) traduction. Mr. H. is sinuating to people here, that he wrote my letters, which he knows he did not, but that I (Sheikh Dulloo) did, Wallah! Billah! He shall have to get up very early in the morning, as the proverb says, to write such letters! I am a littlish angry about this, because I do not like to have my lamp put out, and my face blackened, because I am made Water Bailiff of the new town. He may so well say he traducted this, as that he wrote a line of my letters to our respected friend the Editor, and so (as the proverb has it) he may smoke this for a pipe!

Your respectful servant,

SHEIK DULLOO.

Water Bailiff.

To Bartolozzi Brown, Buhadoor.
Dep. Col., Sirdhana.

The ode by the celebrated Waqiff, from that version of the original hymn of Hoo Than, which was current in Samarcund among the Nepthalites, or White Huns, communicated by Major Ploughshare Macan, late P. I. to H. E. the C. in C., with a note.

ایار من و یا دل من نالد. چو بلبل شبها دل من
چو گربهٔ پس هوش هر جانب دوید انجا دل من اینجا دل من
چو تار رباب را کمانه زد مي‌کند رعب ترسا دل من
گاو مادهٔ جست بالاي قمر چنین پرتاپ زد بالا دل من
سگان کوچک بر بازي نگاه کتکته ساختند صد ها دل من
سموم طبلهٔ دور از گلستان مغموم دل من شیدا دل من
غنچهٔ چمچه را بر تیر زد ان
ایا دل من ایا دل من

This elegant poem was written by Waqiff, a Poet whom I do not scruple to rank as the first of the Per-

sian Lyric writers, without the exception even of Hafiz. In some of his higher narrative strains he nearly equals Firdousi, whose Shah Nama I published at Calcutta, in 4 vols. price 100 rupees unbound. Waqiff has the majesty of Furreedoodeen Attar, the fire of Ali Hazeen, the sweetness of Unwaree, and the melancholy of Saib. This poem has a prominent place in my Anthologia Persica, which I am now preparing for publication with notes to translations, price 14s. 6d. boards. It is needless to remark that this Ghazul is entirely mystical, and that the author being a Soofy, or wild Platonist, is supposed to have indulged in the contemplation of the divine nature, and attributes of God, until he is almost transposed into, and amalgamated with, the Universal Soul, and is now drawing near to supreme beatitude.

He commences by beautifully addressing his own heart in the words *aya deli mun*, which, by-the-bye, bears some resemblance to our own celebrated hymn, "hey diddle diddle." He then goes on to say that as a cat hunts a mouse, so is his heart searching every hole and corner, for manifestations of divine power and goodness; that as the fiddle-strings tremble under the bow, so does his heart palpitate with apprehension. Under the "cow jumping over the moon," he allegorizes his own rapid approximation to the celestial spheres; by the Dog's laughing at the sport, he typifies that he inwardly ridicules the foolish pastimes and diversions of grovelling man. The last lines are somewhat more obscure, where he rapturously exclaims "the blast of the dish bore away the tender bud of the spoon from the flower-garden." The *Merat ool Arifeen* however has come to my assistance, and I find that by the dish he alludes to the universal recipient. The individual recipient is veiled under the word spoon, which takes up gravies, meats, &c., just as the Soul is the receptacle of the emanation of God's Essence. So that he means, in

other words, that his soul is at last drawn into the universal whole, that he has attained the summit of Soofyism, and, in short, is about, as Colonel Casement says, to be *absorbed.*

Spanish translation by Major General Sir S. W., K. C. B., K. T. S., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., arranged to suit a well-known air.

Ay de mi ! didlos (ay, ay,) didlos (ay, ay,).
El gato (ay, ay,) y' el Violin: (bis)
Sobre la Luna la Vaca saltò,
El juego sentiendo el Perro reiò,
(Ay de mi ! ay, ay,)
La Cuchara (ay ay) la Cuchara
Por el Fuente seguida volò !
Ay ay, didlos, ay ay.

Notes, Moral and Political.

My dear little Children,—It is a remarkable fact that the infant mind is versatile, and negligent of things not strongly impressed on it. The real way therefore of improving and storing it, like the H. C.'s Salt Golahs, with useful and profitable matter, is to teach you, little boys and girls, to grapple like intellectual giants, with deep, serious, and weighty speculations, on little matters, best suited to your comprehensions. The reticulated machines with which are entrapped the finny denizens of the Hooghly, allow the slimy and naturally lubricous eel to escape retention, when they are opposed to his course, but detain and hold fast the more massive *rooee muchlee,* or the ponderous blackfish. Thus is it with your minds. The bigger the books you read, and the longer the words in them, so much the surer will you be to remember all you are taught in their contents, and if you require a model for style in writing, take mine.

In the foregoing pages you have read in various languages, a very pretty little story, which several learned gentlemen have interpreted for your edification, almost as well as I could have done myself. However, they are none of them right in what they say, and here you may take as a basis for your future opinions, that I am always right, and the rest of the world always wrong. You may take this pretty poem in two acceptations;—first, *politically.* It shows the absurdity and incongruity of ill-assorted Governments, and the unwholesome nature of democratic institutions, in which men are as ridiculously thrown together, as are the cat and the fiddle, in which the consequences are as strange as the cow jumping over the moon, (absurd enough to make the very dogs laugh) and equally subversive of all order, as would be the unnatural pursuit of the spoon by the dish. Here then remember, that absolute monarchy is the only proper form of Government, particularly for you in India, and in good constitutions like our's, every thing like Councils and Assemblies are only for show, and not use; for if they were used, great alterations, and pestilential reformations would take place, and perhaps even the very Under-Secretaries would lose their places, which might involve the ruin of Hindoostan.

Second, *Morally.* It refers to the nature of education. By *diddle diddle,* words which there is no meaning to, the necessity of your learning languages is plainly put before you, by showing your own helplessness, on meeting with expressions you do not understand. By the cat is typified the study of Natural History, and by the fiddle that of the fine arts in general. But as in pursuing these studies, you must only read the books in my monthly catalogue, the danger of wandering out of the proper course, is shown in the fate of the ambitious cow, who tried to jump over the moon, an unheard-of feat, and never

was restored to her papa, and mama, and brothers and sisters again. In the little dog, you see a type of those foolish and imprudent people, who laugh at me, and say I am not the wisest and best educated man in India; and in the last line you see the fate they meet with, for Government will not have a good opinion of them, or make them Moonsiffs or Suddur-oo-Sudoors, or give them any employment; so their dish and their spoon remain empty, and, instead of being put to their proper use, are occupied in chasing one another, for want of some more substantial avocation.

Having recommended you, my dear little children, to study my style of writing as your model, I will here give you an extract from my "Short Address to the Friends of Education." Doubtless you all wish to change your mud cottages to splendid edifices, and become as wise as those who are not more learned than yourselves; but where are your alphabetic tables and primers (the pucka bricks of knowledge), where are your grammars (the coping stones of learning), where are your dictionaries (the orthographical wood of literature), or your geographies and maps, (the mortar by which instruction is cemented)?

"But throughout provincial stations the *practical* accomplishment of the object so devotedly to be wished, is at present found to be encompassed with difficulties. Men there are now everywhere, high-minded men, who are generously disposed to make a considerable sacrifice of time and trouble towards the advancement of the best interests of their fellow-creatures. But, at first, they are generally placed somewhat in the condition of those who, *wishing to exchange a* mud cottage for a spacious and noble edifice, *find that though they have* skill to contrive, and power to execute, they have no materials to work upon, no bricks, no stones, no wood, no mortar. It is proposed to establish a seminary of instruction; funds are collected, and plans

may be arranged: but where are the materials with which to commence operations? Where are the alphabetic tables, the primers, the grammars, the dictionaries, the geographies, the maps? These are not in readiness; the names of the most approved ones may not be ascertained; and even if they were, it may not be known where they are to be had, and to whom application ought to be made. And thus, from the want of a seasonable supply of educational materials, the most ardent zeal may be ready to languish, and the best laid schemes of benevolence apt to be frustrated.

C. E. T.

END OF CHAPTER FIRST.

A BALLAD.

A ballad dedicated to the Junior Members of the B. C. S., and intended to have been sung at the Albion Tavern on the occasion of a recent Vice-regal Inauguration Dinner to the tune of "*Run, neighbours, run.*"

I

No, neither sinecure, nor mastership in chancery,
Nor post, nor place, nor pension for a younger son!
Hume, Grote, and vile Lord John have dished our only chance or I
Might help you, but our halcyon days are almost gone;
A failing bar, a falling bench, and, what must most disgust us is
No hope for briefless barristers, no hole for Lord Augustuses:
The fact is, dear Sir Robert, (to conceal it were hypocrisy)
Lord Brougham and Vaux, the man that talks, has swamped the aristocracy;
Thus you may see neither sinecure nor chancery,
Nor post, nor place, avail us now for younger sons.

II.

But (as the boys must eat) let's see what's on the tapis now,—
With army full and navy dull, what can be said?
Join the Canadian O'Connell, Monsieur Papineau,
Or Cavaliero Evans's Isle of Dogs brigade?
Command King Otho's grenadiers (supposing that he's got any),
Or live on hope, and kangaroo near much-belauded Botany:
Try Sidney, Perth, Van Dieman, or (I'd have you keep on all an eye)
My cousin Colonel Torrens's new pound-an-acre colony?
Here then's some hope without sinecure or chancery,
To pick up something decent for a younger son.

III.

Yet 'tis cold comfort, for the price-makes-value principle,
May suit well-dinnered theorists, but won't suit you;
He who eats may argue, but say how is he convincible,
Who has to prove in person if the *fact* be true?
You'll send Bill there?—he must go somewhere—yet, Sir Robert, that I call,
Merely making him a victim to economists dogmatical:
No, with your backstairs interest (than which nothing better wheedles) treat
The potentates by patent at the large house near Thread-needle-street.
They (worthy gentlemen) *sans* sinecure or chancery,
Will give you *quid pro quo*, and aid a younger son.

IV.

Yes, Bill must go, for see how great our population is
With anti-nuptial Malthusites in dire dismay!
Miss Martineau's preventive check, Sir, now our sole salvation is,
Yet flesh and blood *is* flesh and blood say what you may:
Bill's a clever chap too, and can turn his hand to any thing, come
Don't forget you can't afford to furnish him a yearly income;
As Bob, your eldest born, alas! his cash at *Rouge et Noir* gages,
Let Billy broil in Bundelcund to balance Bobby's mortgages.
Thus, think no more, my friend, of sinecure or chancery,
We'll humanise the Hindoos with our younger sons.

V.

Quick, though be quick, all the youngster's doubts anticipate,
Heat, tigers, liver, cholera, in that far land;
Words, a few words, somewhat plausible will dissipate
Such trifling fears which never in his way should stand:
If you find your rhetoric unequal to effect or do it
Hold your tongue, and let your friend the I—H—D-r-ct-r do it:
He with glance paternal, which unused to gibe or scoff is, Sir,
Will humbug as sublimely as a trained recruiting officer.
Trust, trust to him (hang your sinecure or chancery,)
He'll dispose to best advantage of a younger son.

VI.

Hark! only hark! with what bland and cool complacency
He numbers o'er the blessings of the great C. S.—
Tells what they *were*, just perhaps by way of decency
Allowing now they may, indeed, be somewhat less;
"Still though credit, fame, rupees, and such like things in millions
Wait for ever on the E—t I—n C—y's civilians:
If, dear Bill, you keep from debt, you soon may see yourself in stone
Immortalised by Chantrey like our great Mountstuart Elphinstone."
Sure, this is better, Sir, than sinecure or chancery,
Thus to *gudgeonize* at second-hand a younger son!

VII.

"Then as to fortune why, convinced of this, dear Bill,
I am,

About twelve years will see you home, quite at your ease:
Since, too, we 've done away the College of Fort William,
Both marriages and debt are much on the decrease:
Also we 've adopted (lest you should not prove obedient
When ordered from Calcutta) this most excellent expedient;
Writers very oft are packed in palanquins (like cages) straight
And thus sent off to learn *Oordoo* with some up-country magistrate."
Sure this is better, Sir, than sinecure or chancery,
Such care ('tis quite parental) of our younger sons!

VIII.

"All you've to learn are some few dialects, (you'll do it; if
You don't, why you're *deported*) in about a year:
That's for you writers, but such knowledge is intuitive
In soldiers, old or young—at least that's what we hear:
Ensigns, day by day; poor boys, dragged roaring from their mess away
Forced to rule whole districts, hit or miss, surmise and guess away:
Meanwhile you, lucky dog, in happy ease your bile expectorate
As seventh sub-assistant in some excellent collectorate!"
Who would wish for sinecure or mastership in chancery,
With such immense advantages for younger sons?

IX.

Here he stops: 'twere time he should, for Billy might look cross upon it

Had he heard his Mentor by mistake rehearse
The orthodox Bentinckian creed with Mr. Ross's gloss upon it—
Here it is for you, though, Sir, in doggerel verse.
"All *but* B. C. S. collectors for their offices sufficient are!
All moonsiffs are immaculate, all judges inefficient are!!
No military favourite (whatever his condition) errs!!!
And colonels of artillery are heaven-born commissioners!!!"
Mum though, compared with joys of sinecure or chancery,
This might turn out discouraging to younger sons.

X.

No, let him have just enough of these and other things
To mystify, not satisfy, his anxious mind;
You'll see 'tis best in uncertainty to smother things,
As soon as he's in Hindoostan the truth he'll find.
If after all an Indian life Bill be not quite decided for,
Never mind, at any rate a younger son's *provided* for:
If averse he feel, when first by heat oppressed or thinned, to it,
He'll, (take my word,) get used ere long, as eels do when they're skinned, to it.
Thus without sinecure or mastership in chancery,
Here's excellent provision for our younger sons!

1836.

Orlando Innamorato.

WERE I called upon to bestow the aptest designation (after my own way of thinking) on the character of the time in which we live, I should feel much inclined to denominate it, the Age of Matter of Fact. The endless search after the *soi-disant* useful and profitable, pervades not only the lighter, but even the lightest branches of our literature. Our novels must each and every one point a moral by introducing individual traits of persons actually existant, and to make their sketch of manner tell with double truth, only half veil the events of the day by a thin tissue of supplementary fiction; our tales must be written in illustration of, at least, political economy, and our romances, scorning the school of Ratcliffe and Udolphine horrors, must assume the brevet rank of a pseudo-reality, and go forth to the world in all the gorgeous fascination of the historical novel. It is the latter style of literature which has in very deed clapped a coping stone of utilitarianism on even those literary fabrications formerly known as least profitable and most wildly extravagant. To compose these works, De Comines, Hollinshed, Stowe, Froissart, and a whole host of older and ruder chroniclers are ransacked for points of history in detail; Grose, Anthony Wood and writers of this stamp, furnish forth sketches of manners long gone by, and customs obsolete, while the poets of chivalry judiciously skimmed, afford descriptions of battle-fields and banquets, and lend on compulsion some portion of their spirit and originality to animate the mass of literary matter into action. When the Promethean novelist has worked his material into a happy amalgam he lays it over the substratum of his story, ushers it to the world as "A Tale of ——" any century before the sixteenth, and booksellers may safely print the sheets

of an embryo third edition in anticipation of its perfect success. It is, however, singular that while such a literary compound is lauded to the skies, as not only "deeply-interesting," but "highly-instructive" as not "only displaying a deep knowledge of the workings of the human mind," but also "giving what must be a singularly accurate description of the manners of our forefathers"—it is singular—at least it appears so to me, that modern matter of fact should decry the poetry, and fiction of the olden time as frivolous and useless, when all the while to it alone has the author of the "highly-instructive" novel been indebted for his means of instruction.

It is needless to observe that only what is conventionally called the lighter literature of a nation, can give posterity real insight into what were its domestic manners, and familiar habits of thinking. History, as it respects chiefly political events, can never do this effectually; occasional traits must of course appear, but they lead most frequently only to conjecture; even the traveller supplies not what we want in this respect, for his remarks must in most cases be of necessity superficial, unless he has sojourned in the land he describes so long as to have imbibed something of the individuality of the people. It is to the poet, and the dramatist that we must look for such information, and hence how doubly valuable to us is the work of the blind bard, who tells of early manners, when the world was young! How eagerly do we search every expression of the farce-writer, (for he is no better) Aristophanes, and even forgive the Roman satirists their indecencies, in gratitude to the truth and reality of the sketch they give of manners in their time. What holds good in those more ancient days is equally true in our own. The chivalric poets of the middle ages breathe the spirit of their social life, pourtray the feelings of their heroes, and describe the manners of their times. The fastidious ones who see them interweave their tales

of love, and martial prowess, with preposterous supernatural creations are wrong to despise the books thus written as destitute on that account of the means of instruction; those who do so are entirely mistaken. The whole tribe of giants and hippogriffs, dwarfs and enchanters, were years ago condemned to the nursery and servants' hall, whence the progress of improvement hath again driven them forth hopeless of patronage in these anti-fictitious days, save from those children of a larger growth, who take not tales of chivalry at second hand. But when this supernatural machinery was first brought into play, it must be remembered that there were few even among the better educated who did not believe that verily and indeed necromancy, or what was called such, was as purchasable a commodity as law in the present day and perhaps very little more dangerous to tamper with, provided he who dared the mysteries of the prince of the air were possessed of sufficient earthly superfluities to purchase a future indemnity for past sin from Mother Church. The imperfect knowledge and misuse of chemistry, astronomy, &c., led as easily to the encouragement of such an opinion, as did the very slight acquaintance possessed by those of the middle ages of geography, and consequently of the manners and habits of distant nations, to the belief in such strange varieties of the human species as figure in the tales of chivalry as dwarfs and giants. So late as in Shakespear's days, the popular opinion perfectly allowed the existence of

> "Men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders,"

and one of the later Byzantine historians gives a gravely-detailed account of a giant eighteen yards in height one of the champions on the side of the Venetians at the siege of Constantinople, about the year 1200.

The origin of much of the marvellous so plentifully interspersed in tales of chivalry may however be traced to a much earlier era. The favourite days of

romance are those in which Charlemagne, that prototype of him who was next in France to bear the name of Emperor, had to struggle for the consolidation of his power against the turbulent Pagans, who then inhabited Germany and Saxony, and the hordes of Mahommedan enthusiasts who threatened destruction to his empire from the South. The chroniclers of those days, rude, bigotted, illiterate monks, exaggerated of course the size, the prowess, and ferocity of their Celtic opponents. The strange rites, and idolatrous worship of these nations, their heroism in defence of their homes and religion, and the successes which their desperate valour achieved not unfrequently against the soldiers of the Cross, struck their antagonists with that feeling of undefined awe, by which even the bravest spirits must at times be overpowered. Hence the Christian knights were doubly ready to palliate their defeats, and find excuses to themselves for what in very truth was mere dread of their barbarous foeman, in adopting the belief that the enemy's successes and their own fears, were alike the consequence of supernatural agency employed by those, who in right of their idolatry were of course the sworn bondmen of the infernal powers. This belief the sycophantic chroniclers were most ready to confirm, and when once established with regard to real idolaters, it was easily transferred by them to the still more terrible host of Mahommedan bigots, whose actual religious tenets the writers of those times either really understood not, or purposely affected to mistake. Thus in all the old English romances an Eastern warrior swears invariably by his Deity, Mahound Trivigaunt, or Termagaunt; while the Italians make him invoke Macone, or Macometto, an evident corruption of the name of the prophet of Mecca. In the Spanish history of Carlo Magno, an image of Mahomet is expressly made mention of "En Medio estava la *imagen de Mahomet* Maziza de oro fino, tan grande Coma un hombre." (Lib. 2. C. 30)

and this is done on no less authority than that of the monkish chronicler Turpinus, Turpino, or Turpin, whose account of the Mahommedan invasion of France is made the foundation of all the romantic fictions regarding events connected with it: "Est lapis antignus altissimus super quem elevatur *imago illa de auro* optimo, in effigiem hominis Jusa, super pedes suos." (Lib. 1, C. 28.) *De Idolo Mahumeth.*)*

Against these idolatrous foes, and their sorceries, the heroes of the Cross are represented as waging ofttimes ineffectual war, frustrated in their most desperate efforts when acting in concert, by some convulsion of the elements, or when alone, in quest of adventures, baffled and beguiled by the blandishments of beauty, created at the will of an enchanter, or assailed by some monstrous creature, serpent, dragon or griffin, who can only be overcome by the staunchest knight, fighting for his true faith, and the lady of his love. We are fully borne out by all historical accounts in attributing to the early Saracenic, or Arabian warriors, a much more perfect discipline (if the word may be so used to express the power possessed by large bodies, acting in concert) than was then to be met with among Christian armies, and hence the not unfrequent defeats of even the bravest European troops which could then be opposed to them. These defeats needed of course to be explained away by those who celebrated the exploits of Christian warriors, and as noticed above, the effects of enchantment were the means most readily, and easily employed by poets, who though unstudied in their art, saw plainly that

* This ancient writer who was noted for his ("verdaderia") veracity, in the (Espèjo de Cavallerias) Mirror of Chivalry, published in 1586, and on the unhappy author whereof Cervantes has vented some of his keenest satire; Don Quixote talks with the utmost gravity of course on all occasions, of "el verdadero historiador Turpin;" many instances might be given here of the frequency with which Pulci, Boiardo and Ariosto, bring in this *veracious* historian as voucher for their wildest improbabilities.

the "dignus vindice nodus" sanctioned in this instance, the use of a supernatural solvent. The fables of serpents, and dragons, opposing the champions of the Cross, may, I think, be fairly referred to the times when crusades were undertaken against the Druidical professors of the serpent worship, whose fanes of unhewn stones, were, when the worshippers had been destroyed, or converted, almost always purified to Christian uses by the foundation of a chapel to St. Michael, as the destroyer of the dragon.* The serpent or dragon being thus orthodoxly established, as an opponent to the early knights of the Cross, the use of the Greek fire, and other chemical preparations in later years, against the eastern crusaders, supplied those ignorant, till then, of their composition, or effects with fresh matter for marvel, and in fine when warmed a little by a poet's imagination, and engrafted on established superstitions, created, the fire-spitting hippogriff, immortalised by all chivalric poets, as their hero's direst opponent. The horrible oppressions of petty potentates throughout Europe, and the very names assumed by them, as emblems of their strength, and afterwards traditionally embodied as realities, led to a continuation of such fables, and supplied the poets with additional material for a lay. When even in our days, Anson's fabulous account of the gigantic size of the Patagonians, was until a very few years ago implicitly believed, we need not wonder quite so much at the credulity of our forefathers, in admitting the existence of giants; nor need we be much surprised, that with all the material above described, as a stock for the adaptation of fiction, their poets should enhance the dangers, and deserts of the chivalrous knight, who fighting honestly in defence of the weakest, and for the glory of his religion, and

* At Carnac, in Brittany, there is a singular instance of this usage.

his love, constituted in their eyes the *beau ideal* of all moral excellence.

It appears that short poems and songs regarding the prowess of Charlemagne, and his knights were used as incentives to military valour, and held in high estimation at a very early period. A squire named Taillefer, is stated to have advanced first to the attack at the battle of Hastings, singing *the Song of Roland*, or as an old French chronicle hath it,

> "Quand il vizent Normany venier
> Mont veissiey Engleiy fremir
> TAILLEFER qui mont bien chantoit,
> Sur un cheval qui tost alloit,
> Devant euls aloit chantant
> *De Kallemaigne et de Roullant,*
> *Et d'Olivier de Vassaux,*
> Qui mourevient a Rainschevaux."

The more modern chivalric writers as Pulci, Boiardo, Berni, Ariosto, and others,* either diversified, or continued as fancy dictated, the subjects of these old romances, eking out their list of champions with others, either the known heroes in other tales, or the creation of their own brain, aided perhaps by tradition, and the older chroniclers. The original Paladins, whose prowess against Pagans and Infidels was earliest celebrated, were doubtless the Marquisses, or Lords of the Marches appointed by Charlemagne to hold authority over a certain extent of frontier, on condition of their defending it against the invasions of enemies. Of these the celebrated Roland, employed on the frontier of Bretagne, and said to have been a nephew of Charlemagne, was one, and Rinaldo of Montalban another. The feats of these redoubted champions form a favourite subject for all the luxuriant fancy of

* Tasso can hardly be considered as a purely chivalric poet, nor can our own inimitable Spenser, whose poem professes to be allegorical only, without any allusion to the history of what may be called the chivalric age.

chivalric poetry to be employed on; but in addition to them are an host of other knights, whose names and character became as well-known among the well-read of the chivalric ages, as are in our day the heroes of the Iliad; even after the subjection of Constantinople when Greek literature was more generally known in Europe, we find the champions of romance still holding their place with the warriors of old Greece, and named in conjunction with them, as models by which the warlike spirits of the age might mould themselves to feats of bravery, and courteous deeds. Doubtless there is an indescribable charm in the true spirit of chivalry, which must be felt even in our unimpassioned and prosaic days. Look on it in its purity, and it must be confessed that man never yet devised any motive of action so pure and beautiful as that; read of it as set forth in the older romances, which were indeed the manuals of chivalry,* and amid all the quaintness of an antiquated style, the subject will appear doubly fascinating. As a political institution chivalry was most important, and no less so as a moral one. We owe to our Gothic forefathers the entire change in the system of society, induced by making women more than the mere objects of sensuality, or of domestic convenience, which they continued to be even in the most enlightened days of Greek or Roman civilization. After the glorious institution of that refined spirit of chivalry, which exalted woman-kind to its just rank in society, "Women," says the elegant Russell "proud of their influence, became worthy of the heroism they had inspired; they were not to be approached but by the high-minded, and the brave; and man in those gallant times, could only hope to be admitted to the bosom of the chaste fair, after having proved his fidelity and affection, by years of perseverance, and of peril." Such high-wrought feeling

* As "Launcelot du Lac," "Morte Artur," &c. &c.

was, however, as the constant parent of an exaggerated and caricatured enthusiasm, peculiarly susceptible as is enthusiasm of every kind, of satire. We have ample evidence of the excess to which the refinements of chivalric devotion were carried in the platonic absurdities of the earlier Troubadours.* Thus we find that long ere he, who

"——— laughed Spain's chivalry away,"

had in aiming at the extravagances of knightly feeling thrown its very reality under a temporary cloud, several authors had the boldness to satirize in no measured terms, and at the time when they were most esteemed, the usages of chivalry: of these Chaucer in his "Rhime of Sir Thopas" is most conspicuous as sneering at the poetic style of the common chivalric ballad, while the obscure author of the "Turnament of Tottenham" (one of the wittiest satires ever penned) ridiculed about the fourteenth century the favourite habit of bestowing the hand of the fairest and most wealthy damsel, on the suitor most successful in the trial of arms. Tibbe the Reeve's (or bailiff's) daughter is the fair prize for which the chivalry of Tottenham

"Of Hyssylton, of Hygate, and of Hakenay,"

contend, armed with flails, and mounted on cartmares; nor is she alone appointed by the munificent Reeve as a reward to the victor; the Reeve also promises to him,

"—— Coppell' my brode henne, that was troyt out of Kent:
And my dunnyd kowe,
For no spens wyl I spare,
For no cattel wyl I care,
He schal have my gray mare,
And my spottyd sowe."

* Warton's History of Poetry.

For how Perkyn wan Tib won the brood hen, the dun cow, gray mare, and spotted sow, you must refer to Percy's "Reliques of ancient Poetry," wherein the whole is duly set forth. Such light artillery of ridicule had however little effect in those days when chivalry was still existant on its original foundation; but when in later ages the disorders and oppressions which first had called for its institution, had almost disappeared, when hosts of untalented romancers had obscured the true spirit of that beautiful system by the imposition of endless fantastic observances, and when those observances had become by degrees incorporated with the idea of true chivalry, disgracing its pure simplicity by affectation, and puerilities, then did the masterly satire of Cervantes tell with sweeping force upon the vitiated chivalric institutions, and confounding the useful with the absurd in one common clause teach men to deride that as a whole which partially must to the end of time be held in honour. It must have been truly absurd, as even the most chivalric enthusiast confesses, to have heard the warlike youth of the time of Cervantes, affecting still the air and bearing of errant knights, as if Europe were still a land but hardly christianised, and every country in it were still oppressed by the petty owners of a few acres, and a place of strength, who on these pretensions played the tyrant on all too weak to oppose them. The mistake of those days was that many of the professors of chivalry affected to adopt the ancient usages, of a bygone state of society, to modern times, wherein however, the chivalrous spirit might have had as much scope as ever, but rather morally than physically. These chivalrous "*conservatives*," paid the penalty of their folly, by endangering, as political conservatives have of later years, the very system which they were so worthily attached to the regenerator as it was of society and the sure protection of the liberties of the many. Among Christian men, however, so long as a

disinterested benevolence, true valour, honesty unimpeachable, and that feeling towards the weaker sex, which teaches men at once to succour and admire, so long as those attributes of a civilized state of society can be said to exist, so long must the spirit of chivalry be still extant; it may no longer be known under that name, yet our "*gentlemanly feeling*" is in these days but one and the same, with the chivalrous motives which made our forefathers gentlemen also.

Boiardo is one of the chivalric poets whom Cervantes particularly delights in ridiculing. The helmet of Mambrino, that invulnerable head-piece which protected Rinaldo, has become more celebrated in its Cervantic Travestie as a barber's bason than it would ever have been when immortalized by Boiardo himself as an actual and positive helmet; while the removal of dapple by the puppet master de Passamont from under Sancho Panza while the faithful squire slept, is more renowned than the prototype of that very event which occurred to the king of Circassia, that hero's steed having been in like manner abstracted by a juggling rascal named Brunello. We might cite many other instances in which our poet has furnished the Spanish ante-chivalrist with a rich field for the exercise of his satire. Matteo Maria Boiardo, Count of Scandiano, was however, despite of the ridicule cast on him by the master-wit, a true and gallant Knight, though an uncultured poet: he died "knightly in his harness" on the battle field, leaving his poem unfinished, and unpolished, to be completed by less practical chivalrists than himself. Niccolo degli Agostini first added to, and altered Boiardo's, poem but the celebrated Berni, taking the same work in hand, improved and enlarged it, so as to make the Orland, Innamorato, the beautiful poem it now is. Berni has though admirably maintained the chivalric spirit of the original writer, and is particularly happy in his

graphic descriptions of battles and encounters.* The first canto, a translation of which into English, of a corresponding metre is now for the first time attempted, contains of course more of the diction of the original author than do many of the later ones. Boiardo's own style is distinguished by a rough kind of careless simplicity, which caused Ugo Foscolo to remark that "he tells his story in the tone of a feudal Baron," and which thus bearing the impress of what he really was, renders his poetry doubly interesting. The poem opens with an account of the intentions of an Eastern potentate, Gradaso, who is planning an invasion of Charlemagne's territory, in order to obtain Bayardo, Rinaldo's horse, and Durlindane the sword of Orlando. Of the first I need only say that he added, to every possible quality which could distinguish the war-steed of an errant knight, the intelligence as our poet tells us, of almost a rational being, these combined qualities rendering him perfectly invaluable to any one who, like the knights of old, esteemed their good steed as only second to their lady love. Regarding the merits of Durlindane, we must be silent, leaving the author to give an instance himself. It occurs, we must observe, in the midst of a tremendous engagement against the flower of the Pagans (Orlando unluckily for them) being in an especial fury:—thus (B. 2, Canto 24.)

Valburn, Medina's count, must sorely rue
That first he met him (ill fate ordered it)
For just i' the middle was he cut in two,
As one a pullet or a tench would split;
Then Alibant, Zoledan, near him drew,
Than whom no Saracen had readier wit,
Nor lived of them a scoundrel more decided
Him, Roland crosswise hath in two divided.

* The engagement between Bradamente and the Arab Daniforte (B. 3, C. 6) has supplied Sir Walter Scott with the much-admired combat between Sir Kenneth and Saladin in the Crusaders, Sir Walter's description being a mere prose paraphrase of Berni's.

Nor Turpin, in his wish to praise to the full,
For this tremendous blow famed Durlindane,
Asserts here what to me seems wonderful,
"As 'twill perchance to those who read my strain
As what should cut, and cutting weave the wool,
So gently trenchant was its tempered grain,
It cut and closed at once the wound it dealt,
Nay, when it struck, the blow was hardly felt."

Thus when it sliced just now that Pagan rude
Across the trunk, the thing was done so neatly,
That still one-half upon the other stood,
No whit unsettled, but fixed on most featly;
And as it happens oft when warmed the blood
Hurts for the time unheeded are completely,
So he still fighting through the battle sped,
Unwitting of his wound, and yet quite dead.

He, where the Christian troops were thickest found
With many random strokes maintained the fight,
And deeming all his limbs were whole and sound
Laid on the right fearlessly with all his might;
At length with both hands striking, on the ground
His trunk above the girdle did alight,
Just from the waist where Durlindane had hewed it
(A sight which killed with laughter those who viewed it.)

So inimitably tempered a blade must be of course worth risking a kingdom for.

Having stated the intentions of Gradasso, the poet brings us at once to the court of Charlemagne just at the time when a solemn tournament is about to be held, and at the royal banquet preceding it, the fair Angelica, daughter of the King of Cathay, presents herself. The sequel will tell itself.

As to the merits of the translation in which the said sequel is to be found, I need only say that it has been made as faithful as possible, being invariably given stanza for stanza, and in most instances line for line. That the original has not suffered in my hands, far be it from me to have the assurance to assert; I have reduced the pure ore of my author, by a sort of depreciatory process of literary alchemy into the baser metal of my own translation, and that in direct defiance of that skilful transmuter of poetry Mr. Stewart Rose, the excellent author of the received English version of Ariosto, who has declared that "Berni is untranslateable," and as proof of it has only published an abstract of the plot of his poem in prose, with some very few stanzas done into metre. This is given as an introduction to the Orlando Furioso, which is written in continuation of the story of Boiardo's poem. Many after the announcement of Stewart Rose's opinion might feel little inclined to enter on the perusal of even this, my first canto, which hath appeared damned in anticipation by the fiat of a first-rate authority—many may feel no interest in the subject, many may think with plain spoken, and unimaginative old Roger Ascham that books of chivalry "treat but of manslaughter, and ——," (indelicacy.) Those who take anticipatory condemnation on trust would be most likely right in this instance in so doing, but it is not for those who would do so to dip into a book of chivalry; still less can it be supposed that the absolute contemner of such (so called) frivolities can patronize their distillation into English. Perhaps I should only look for auditors among such as those for whom alone Berni says he wrote.

For yon gay gallant, and fair damosel,
Within whose gentle breast young love doth lie,
For you these pleasant histories I tell,
With deeds of arms adorned and courtesy;

Ne'er let them then be read by one so fell
Who moved by wrath or rage to joust would hie,
For you, ye brave gallants, and ladies gay,
As erst began, so now concludes my lay.

ORLANDO INNAMORATO DI M. M. BOIARDO RIFATTO DA BERNI.

The 1st Canto, 1st Book, translated into English in ottava rima. DEDICATED TO H. M. P.*

Gradosso marshals his array
In Paris joust Carl'magne;
Angelica from far Cathay
Doth discord there ordain.

N. B.—This *Spenserian* distich of contents is unauthorized by any similar announcement in the original.

BOOK 1ST—CANTO 1ST.

I.

Ye gentle lovers, and enamour'd dames,
Who seek to learn things new of pleasant cheer,
To the fair story which my poem frames
In kindly mood, I pray of you, give ear;
The prowess which a lasting honour claims,
The great, the glorious actions you shall hear,
To which for love Count Roland did attain,
When ruled in France, the Emperor Charlemagne.

II.

Thou, who the banks of the great king of streams
Adorn'st, and those embraced by Mincio's swell,
With wisdom, which thy virtues so beseems,
With that fair race Italia loves so well;

---

* Henry Meredith Parker, Esq.

Turn t'wards me thy bright eyes, with kindly beams
Gonsaga's pride, illustrious Isabel,
Nor scorn the verse, perhaps another vowed
To dedicate to thee, had death allowed.

III.

And thou too, Lady, glorious as thou'rt fair,
Pescara's all-renowned Marchioness,
Who o'er that now mere dust and spirit bare,
But pillar erst* of martial worthiness
Thy 'nconquered husband, levin bolt of war
Dost ofttimes mourn bewrap't in sable dress,
Awhile the bitter fountain of thy woe,
Their ceaseless tears, let those fine eyes forego.

IV.

Perchance not foreign to these thoughts 'twould prove,
Nay, might some solace to thy grief afford,
To hear a tale of warfare, and of love,
With which I know thy gentle heart is stored,
But fresh remembrance in thy mind might move,
Of him still night and day, by thee deplored,
Whilst reading these my verses, thou may'st see,
In them the living type of him, and thee.

---

* The word "Colonna," the family name of the lady's husband, contains a double meaning which cannot be rendered in English. The Marchioness of Pescara here addressed, was doubtless the widow of that gallant and chivalrous Pescara, who, says Robertson, "dying at thirty-six, left behind him the reputation of being one of the greatest generals, and ablest politicians of that century" (1525.) It was this gallant knight and generous enemy, who attended the renowned Bayard in his last moments, when wounded to death on the banks of the Sessia, and who caused his body to be embalmed.

V.

Let it not Sir, seem strange to hear this tale
Of Roland love struck; Love in its nature is
Most nobly daring, and will still assail
Most stoutly those declared its enemies;
Nor can brave heart, strong arm, or helm, or mail
Buckler, made proof by spells, and sorceries,
Force whatsoe'er so long defence maintain,
But that by love, 'twill conquered be, and ta'en.

VI.

This history is known to but a few,
(Since Turpin's self the facts did ne'er proclaim)
For that perchance his chronicles he knew
That valiant spirit, might in some way shame
Which, though all other things it overthrew,
Weak, weak indeed when matched 'gainst love became;
Love deep as his, to all was known full well,
Deeds great as his, their own famed story tell.

VII.

Now as these written chronicles relate,
Reigned in those lands, that earliest see the light,
Beyond far Ind, a mighty king, whose state,
Whose power, and riches were so infinite,
Whose strength and manly daring were so great
That the whole world sufficed not for his might;
Gradasso was his name, a dragon's face,
And heart had he, and seem'd of giant race.

VIII.

And as with great lords often 'tis the case,
Who covet just the things they can't possess,

And seek more warmly, that they would embrace
The more new obstacles their search repress,
Losing as well their honour in the chase,
As wealth by ill-advised foolishness;
So he in prowess stout, and daring brave,
Did Durlindane and Byards* seek to have.

IX.

Now musters he throughout his vast domain
His men at arms, to forward this device;
Knowing full well he never could obtain
One or the other at a money price;
For those that own the two, are merchants twain,
Who still too dear would sell their merchandise;
Hence he designs to journey into France,
And gain the wished-for treasures by his lance.

X.

One hundred, fifty thousand cavaliers,
From out his subject multitude he chose,
Not that he needs to second him their spears,
For (such his vaunting boast) he dared oppose
Singly, the king Charlemagne, and all his peers
Who in our holy faith their trust repose,
As much by him should single hand be won,
As the sea girds, or looks upon the sun.

---

* Some account of the steed and sword for which Gradasso invaded France, has been already given. I merely add a note for the purpose of informing the curious that Durlindane is actually mentioned by Surpinus. "Rolandas in prato super Ranciæ vallem habibat spatham suam secum opere pulcherriman, acumine incomparabilem, fortitudine inflexibilem nomine *Durlendæ*. (C. 23, 1525) Bouchet also in "Les Annales d'Aquitaine" mentions that at the foot of Roland's tomb at Blayes was placed "son espic *Durendal*." It will be of course remembered that the habit of naming celebrated blades was common among all warlike European nations.

XI.

But for the time this Pagan lay we by,
Who not unknown will let himself remain,
And back to France, to Charlemagne let's hie,
Who does a joust in right fair sort ordain ;
Each king, and every Prince of Christentye,
Each Lord of walled town, and Chattellain,
Who to him suit and fealty do bear,
As reason is they should, are present there.

XII.

Present in Court was every Paladin ;
For that the feast be furnished forth most fair,
From far and near, they all had boun'd them in,
A countless crowd to Paris did repair,
Of strangers, Infidel, and Saracen,
For a court royal was proclaimed there,
And every one a certain safeguard had,
Who nor known traitor was, nor renegade.

XIII.

Therefore from Spain, had many wended here
All noble barons, famed for great emprize
The giant-limbed Grandonio,* worthy peer,
And Ferraú with strange distorted eyes,

* I must here remind my readers that most of the Knights introduced by Boiardo were well-known both as to character and exploits to the well-read in the lighter literature of the middle ages, in the heroes of older romances Grandonio, though introduced on many occasions in this poem seems to rank with the Gyas and Cloanthus of the Æneid, and is rarely mentioned save (with a reference to his size, or strength) *to file* in at an assembly. Ferrau, Ferraqu, or Ferraquta is a most renowned Infidel, celebrated as a warrior, and a sloven. He never washed his face, on principle, in order to appear more terrible, and squinted as appears by the text like a dragon. He was a sort of Mahommedan Achilles, being almost invulnerable, and figures conspicuously in many romances.

King Balugant in kith to Charlemagne near,
Serpentin Isolice, those firm allies,
With other knights, who honour well might claim,
Whom I hereafter in my tale shall name.

XIV.

Through Paris echoed every instrument
Trumpets and brattling drums, and clang of bell
Steeds there were trapped, with new strange ornament
Garb meet for those, in foreign joust who mell,
More suits with gold, and jewel work besprint
Than would suffice the tongue of man to tell,
As each for favor of the mighty king,
With his best means set forth his furnishing.

XV.

Already near at hand approach'd the day,
On which the solemn feasting should commence,
When king Charl'magne in all a king's array,
Each Baron born, and Lord of influence,
Caused bid to his own board; such men as may,
O'er it, being there, a greater grace dispense,
And to this tale, the guests in all amounted,
Twenty-two thousand thirty duly counted.

XVI.

Charles with content and merriment replete,
First 'mongst the Paladins his station bore,
At the round table* on a golden seat;
Him all the Saracens were placed before,

* An old Spanish writer on chivalry (Marquey) expressly states, that Arthur of Britain first established the order of Knighthood of the Round Table. Charlemagne it seems had also his order under the same designation, as Ariosto supports Boiardo in this matter and says there were two orders the old and the new (Orl. Fur. c. 4. 52. 3.)

Who use nor bench, nor board, but deem it meet
To lie like dogs on carpets on the floor;
Such fashion as in eastern climes is seen,
And that whole place was full of them I ween.

XVII.

Then on right hand and left most orderly,
And as beseem'd, the tables were laid on
The crown'd heads at the first, of Lombardy
Of Brittany, of sea girt Albion,
Names of no small renown in Christentye
Ottone,* Desiderio, Salamon,
With others near them, in such order plac'd
As told what rank each Christain monarch grac'd.

XVIII.

Dukes filled, and Marquesses the next degrees,
At the third board sat counts, and cavaliers
Full highly-honor'd were the Maganzese,†
And more than any Gano of Poutiers;‡

---

* Ottone of Albion, I conceive to be intended for Offan, king of Mercia, whose friendship for Charlemagne is matter of history. Desiderio is evidently Desiderius, the last king of the Lombards, who after losing his country led an inglorious life at the court of his conqueror.

† The Manganzese are ever represented as a crafty insolent and cruel race,

——la schiatta Maganzeye
Che in tutto il mondo non ela peggiore. L. 2. C. 24.

‡ Gano, Ganellone, or Gan is mentioned by Turpidus as one of the chiefs, who with himself (for the worthy Archbishop too took the field) battled on Charlemagne's side against the "Infidels." Hæc sunt nomina pugnatorum majorum, qui fuere cum carolo; Ego Tarpinus Archiepisopus Bhemensis, qui dignis monitis christi fidelem populam ad bellandum fortem, animatum et a peccatis absolutum reddabam *et Saracenos propries armis expugnabam*, Rolandus. Oliverius, Gaisserus, Ganalonus (qui postea traditor extitit), &c, &c (c. 11.) He was for his treachery, Turpin says elsewhere, torn by Charlemagne's order, by wild horses (c. 26.) Hence the romance represents him as a magician, and the fated betrayer of Rinaldo.

With fire-fraught eyes Rinaldo glar'd on these,
For that the traitors with unseemly jeers
Held 'mong themselves, mocked him in haughty guise
Not being like them surcharged with braveries.

XIX.

Yet smother'd in his breast these hot thoughts slept
While playing now with goblet, now with glass,
Thus talked he with himself: "accursed sept,
Ye rascal rout, whose wits would shame an ass
I'll see how well your saddles will be kept;
And if to-morrow in the lists we pass;
Then all of ye, if my opinion's sound,
Will 'neath my arm lie sprawling on the ground."

XX.

King Balugante, who a shrewd guess gave
At what he thought, by gazing on his face,
Answer to this did by his trushman* crave;
"If in this court 'twere true that greater grace
"Were render'd to the rich, than to the brave
"To th' end that he, a stranger in the place
"Who Christian usages in no way knew,
"Might give to every man his honor due."

XXI.

Rinaldo laugh'd and in right gentle guise
"Return you" to the messenger, he said,
"And tell the king, Rinaldo thus replies;
"If in court customs he at all be read,
"That the precedence no one here denies
"To gluttons at the board, and dames in bed,
"But in the place where valour must be shown
"Man's meed of honor by his deeds is known."

* Interpreter, a word in common use when English was spoken in its purity. For authority *vide* Sir M. Boleyn's Letters to Henry the VIII.

XXII.

Lo! while they still their conference delay'd,
In mingled tones the instruments resound,
Lo! weighty plates of finest metal made,
With viands exquisite most richly crown'd;
And beauteous cups right cunningly inlaid,
The mighty Emperor to all sends round;
He each guest honoring in peculiar mode,
Some mark of record to all present showed.

XXIII.

Meanwhile king Charl'magne in extreme delight
With gentle tones his fair discourse combined,
Glad mid so many a Duke, and valiant Knight,
Himself such pride of place, and power to find,
He all the Pagan race esteemed as light,
As sand of Ocean scattered by the wind.
But sudden matter that did there befall,
Turn'd on itself the thoughts and eyes of all:

XXIV.

For from the end of that fair hall there came,
Four giants: (each than other did appear
Larger and fiercer) in their midst a dame,
And in her train a single cavalier;
Like the bright eastern star, or brighter flame
O' the sun, forsooth to say, she shone as clear,
Or what create may beauty best express;
No eye before e'er saw such loveliness.

XXV.

Clarice and Galerana, Addo too
Whom Roland, Ermeline whom lov'd the Dame
(Pallas in this, in that you Dian view,)

With many from whose mention I refrain,
Fair past man's thoughts were there but all we knew,
Less fair, when she in hall did entrance gain,
Whose lustrous sun eclipsed their light as far,
As does our sun surpass each lesser star.

XXVI.

Turns sudden t'wards the spot his eager eyes,
Each Christian Lord and gentleman, the while,
From their low seats the Pagans all arise;
Maz'd with such wonder as does sense beguile,
Each gentle converse with the damsel tries,
Who with right gladsome presence, and a smile
Might win a tiger's heart, or move a stone,
Thus 'gan her speech in soft and lowly tone.

XXVII.

"The feats of prowess, high mighty Lords,
"Of these thy Paladins, thine own great worth,
"Which on the ears of all men now outpour'd,
"Ay, have e'en passed the confines of the earth,
"Hope to these foreign wayfarers afford,
"That not in vain their way they've toiled forth,
"Who from the world's end* hitherward are bound,
"For love of honor, ardent as profound."

* The celebrity of Charlemagne, and the extended renown of his name, are matters of history. The famous Haroon-ool-Rasheed valued the friendship of the Emperor above that of all other potentates, and sent an embassy to him soon after his coronation with a present of the first striking clock ever seen in Europe, ceding to him at the same time the holy place of Jerusalem. A potentate who in those troublous times could hold under his single sway all France, the greater part of Germany, a part of Spain, the low countries, and Italy as far as Benevento, might well be celebrated even in lands known then as the "world's end." The romancers have of course carried matters *a little* further than history allows, and bring him admirers from Cathay. Charlemagne is at once the Agamemnon and Nestor of Boiardo's epic.

XXVIII.

And that our purpose I may all declare,
("The cause in briefest manner to recite,
"For which we to your solemn festal fare)
"Know this man, Hubert of the Lion, hight,
"Who does this dark and sable surcoat wear,
"Thrust forth his own fair home against the right
"His sister I, with him together driven,
"To whom the name Angelica is given."

XXIX.

"Two hundred journey's beyond Tanais tide
"Where erst our wonted home, and our resort
"Rumour, some tidings of thy name supplied
"And of th' appointing of this knightly sport,
"Hence through so many countries have we hied,
"But to present ourselves in this your court
"And, if indeed we may gain that reward,
"A wreath of roses if a right we've heard."

XXX.

"More pleasing far withouten doubt is this,
"That gift whate'er it be of value higher;
"The noble heart sure amply-gifted is,
"If the mere name of honor it acquire,
"And in this mind my brother purposes
"'Gainst all assailants who the fight desire
"Christian or Saracen to hold his own,
"And wait their onset at famed Merlin's tone."

XXXI.

"Now be the agreement of the fight revealed,
"Which let all know, who in it would engage;
"The night from's saddle beaten to the field,

" Shall in defence no further battle wage,
" But no more said, at once as prisoner yield;
" Whoso dismounts my brother, I the gage,
" And meed of conquest will myself repay,
" While with his giants, Hubert wends away."

XXXII.

Before the monarch when her speech was done,
Waiting his answer did she humbly kneel;
With fixed and wandering stare gazed every one,
Yet nearer than them all does Roland steal,
For that the hurt with him had deepest gone,
Though straggling fain his trouble to conceal,
Still on the ground his eyes averted rest,
And for his folly no small shame confest.

XXXIII.

Of Charl'magne's downfall, of his kingdoms ill,
Of Roland's bane, was that sad day the first,
Love and desire do all his being fill;
Th' unwary soul that poison has o'er coursed;
Trembling he stands, and wants alike the skill;
To know or heal his pain; on's brow forth burst
Beads or cold sweat, his face now red now pale,
Shows what strange passion does his soul assail.

XXXIV.

And since no solace can his pain efface,
Or cool the burning heat from which he shrinks,
Save when he views that pure and beauteous face
Like some sick wretch who 'neath his torture sinks,
Shame he at last does from his thoughts displace
And with raised eyes love's venom'd philtre drinks,
Not yet so wholly lost, but reason still,
In thoughts like these, reproves his wayward will.

XXXV.

"Orlando! Madman! 'neath what phrenzy's sway,
"(What and how great) dost let thyself be driven;
"See'st not the sin* that hurries thee away
"And makes the nothing worth in sight of Heaven;
"Can'st not the strength, the daring now display,
"For which by all fame once to thee was given,
"Thou 'gainst the world would'st erst defiance hurl,
"And what! art now made captive by a girl?"

XXXVI.

"But how, if she despite her sex or age,
"Have greater strength and hardihood than I,
"Can I resist such odds, or seek t' engage,
"In battle 'gainst an unseen enemy?
"Be what he may, or love, or phrenzied rage,
"Or what e'er else, he's called a Deity;
"Then what avail me strength and reason too,
"Constrained and fated in what e'er I do."

XXXVII.

'Gainst love he raised his plaint thus piteously
While rankled in his side the venomed dart;
But Namo, whose old locks all silvered be,
Owns no less passion in his aged heart;
What may we say? none got them thence scot free,
Charl'magne the wise 'scaped not the self-same smart;
Glorious her triumph o'er so many there,
Victress in woman's robe, and flowing hair.

---

* In loving an Infidel.

XXXVIII.

With doubt and marvel in their mien expressed,
Stood each and all intent on that fair face;
Ferraú alone more daring than the rest,
For that he came of Andalusian race,
Thrice t'wards the girl his hurried course addressed
To seize and flying bear her from the place,
Respect and fear of shaming great Charle'magne
Thrice from his purpose did the knight restrain.

XXXIX.

Seated as chanced by country Gano's side,
Was Malagige,* who ofttimes 'mid the rout,
Gazed on her, deeming this right strange, yet tried,
How he as well his ends might bring about;
At last as fellow craftsmen ne'er can hide
From's fellow's ken, he made her wholly out,
And knew she hitherwards with foul intent,
And versed in magic art her steps had bent.

XL.

Charlemagne enamored, 'gan with question slight,
Her to address; solely that he would fain
Find cause to keep her longer in his sight;
He looks and speaks, and speaks and looks again;
She seemed to him so strangely fair a wight,
He ne'er could gaze enough, or e'er refrain;
But he at length dismissed the maiden fair,
And heard and granted all her late made prayer:

---

* Malagige or properly Malagigi is a knight celebrated in the old romance for his sorceries. Malagige, or Malagigi, may fairly take rank as the Ulysses of the chivalric poems. His skill in necromancy however cannot compete with that of the Infidel, and his loss to the champions of the Cross causes much disorder and misfortune.

XLI.

From the paved floor, not yet had passed the dame
When Malagige his volume took; for first
He sought what web of cunning was this same,
Which all prepared some future evil nursed;
He read, and as he read a voice there came,
Full on his ear, when lo! a fiend accursed,
With haughty speech he hears up starting ask,
"That he be quickly told, what e'er his task."

XLII.

"Who is this maid?" The spell learn'd lord began,
"Whence has she, tell me, come, and for what end?"
The fiend replied, "your foe, who here hath wan,
"You and your cause to injure and offend;
"Galafron of Cathay, an old old man,
"In farthest India for her sire is kenn'd;
"Her here, with these attendants, and the knight,
"Her brother sent he, who Argalia hight:"

XLIII.

"Not Hubert, as she said, to hide the truth,
"And thus deceive you; for her heart with drift
"Of fraud is filled, and guile all seeming sooth,
"She every spell, and secret charm can sift;
"Valiant as valiant can be is the youth,
"To whom his sire a steed exceeding swift
"Was given, and eke a lance of gold as well,
"With subtle labor framed and powerful spell;"

XLIV.

"Such is the nature of this wond'rous spear,
"That whoso lives can ne'er withstand its thrust;
"Strength, and dexterity, are useless here,

"For one and other yields, as needs it must:
"Such spells as on this earth have not their peer,
"With such strange virtue do this lance encrust,
"That not great Brava's count Rinaldo—no,
"Nor the vast world stand firm beneath its blow."

XLV.

"The mail he wears is of as precious cost,
"(Right well equipped he left his sire's domain,)
"A ring he has, which this strange power can boast,
"Worn on the hand, all spells it renders vain;
"Placed in the mouth, to sight the wearer's lost;
"Happy the man who may this ring obtain!
"Yet trusts he none of these as equal worth,
"That wond'rous beauty, peerless here on earth."

XLVI.

"With him, for this, his sister is allied,
"That won by her fair face, and practiced wile;
"Forth in her train the Paladins may ride,
"Love struck and faint to field, in armed file;
"Then may the knight with that good lance supplied
"Dismount, and lead them captive many a mile,
"To blazon with their spoils his Indian throne;
"Thus Gallapon's design in all I've shown."

XLVII.

He spoke and straight was Malagige involved,
Hearing these tidings, in right sore dismay;
Yet without more words, he at once resolved,
The dame Angelica to seek straightway,
That by his art her plans may be dissolved:
E'er this Argalia wrapt in slumber lay,
Beneath a fair pavalion placed alone,
(As told elsewhere,) near Merlin's massive stone.

XLVIII.

Not too far hence his sister did recline,
Her lint white ringlets on the verdant sward,
Close by a fountain 'neath a lofty pine,
Where one watched by her, of her giant guard;
No mortal thing she seemed when sleep her eye
Had closed, but like an angel her regard;
Her brother's ring she on her finger bore,
Whose power and virtues you have heard before.

XLIX.

Now Malagige* upon his demon steed,
Through the still air his silent journey kept,
And made the sprite descend above that mead,
Angelica there saw he as she slept,
Near her the giant armed for warlike deed,
The rest about the grassy meadow slept;
This suit and service owed they to their lord,
While slept the Damsel, to keep watch and ward.

L.

The Necromancer smiled, then op'd his book
To play some devilish cantriss to this crew,
Whom as he read a drowsy sleep o'ertook,
Heavy their eyes, and weak their members grew,
None could the might of that false magic brook
But on the ground their outstretched bodies threw;
That done the enchanter drew his trenchant blade,
And as with fell intent approached the maid.

---

* Here we find the enchanter Malagige soaring in mid air, on his way to Angelica's encampment without our having been previously informed of his compelling his devilish adviser to do duty as an etherial palfrey. I merely cite this as a proof of the abrupt nature of the narrative in the first Canto, which seems chiefly Boiardo's, the few last stanzas are, I believe, neither his nor Berni's but by Agostini. The first interpolater of the poem.

LI.

Raised was the arm to strike her, when his eyes
Full on that face, in all its beauty fell,
Which bound his muscles with such powerful ties,
That failed all strength at once; there did he dwell
Like ice or marble, fixed in still surprise
While seemed a voice to say,—" thou wert too fell,
Too brutal dastardly, too pitiless,
To lay rude hands on so much loveliness."

LII.

And thus becoming of far other mind,
Her lover now, no more her enemy,
The sword he quits, and close by her reclined,
On her fair person gazes tremblingly;
Then thinking on the chance that thus designed
Fortune to thrust on him so temptingly.
How of this Lady he might have his will,
He thought at once his wishes to fulfill.

LIII.

And deeming he had all her senses locked
By magic art in slumber so profound,
Though then in ruin all the world were rocked
With the vast fabric of the Heaven around,
She'd still sleep on, nor e'en by that be shocked,
A closer place by that sweet girl he found,
Clasping her fast; nor of the ring had heed,
Her brother's, which she wore in case of need.

LIV.

That ring which spell and sorcery disarmed,
Each wizard art, and fell enchantment broke,
Loud screamed the damsel, waking and alarmed,
And at her shriek Argalia too awoke,

From his pavilion forth he rushed unarmed,
Seeking the quarter whence his sister spoke,
There saw he her by Malagige embraced,
On whom he darts in rage and furious haste.

LV.

And having neither sword, nor lance, nor mace,
His hand to a heavy cudgel he applies,
Of which some lay as't chanced about the place;
"Surely thou must be some mad beast" he cries
"Thou rascal coward of a brutal race;
"Since hither thou art come in thief-like guise
"To shame fair Damosels as they repose,
"Thou must perforce be punished with dry blows."

LVI.

"Bind brother, quickly bind, this traitor wight,
"While fast I keep him; (thus the lady told
"Argalia) 'gainst this wizard not thy might,
"Without the ring, which on my hand I hold,
"Could e'er prevail;" meanwhile the Christian Knight
Griev'd not a little that he'd been so bold;
Argalia t'wards a giant runs whose sleep
Might death be called, not slumber, 'twas so deep.

LVII.

Him here and there, with might and main he shakes,
But in the sleeper still no feeling finds,
A loosened chain from off his staff he takes,
Back in malicious joy his way he winds,
Fast to his back the Christian's arms he makes,
His feet and briefly all his body binds,
To Malagige not much his art availed,
For over his Angelica's prevailed.

LVIII.

Soon as she saw the Knight securely bound,
Within his breast her hand the damsel pass'd;
That book to ill devoted, there she found
With signs and symbols fill'd from first to last;
Scarce half had she turn'd o'er, when all around
The lately cloudless Heavens were o'ercast.
And dreadful voices in her hearing yell
"What must we do, your wishes quickly tell."

LIX.

"Thus will I," said the dame, "that ye convey
"This Christian to my father Galafron,
"And, when the caitiff at his feet ye lay,
"Say he from me was sent, by me was won;
"And 'gainst these christened gentry from to-day
"There needs not much more, as I think be done;
"This one alone I feared, and now the best
"Is captive made, I little dread the rest."

LX.

Her order given, by this infernal crew
Was Malagige through middle air convey'd
Who, when him bound before the King they threw,
Deep in a cavern 'neath the sea was laid.
Angelica now t'wards her giants drew,
Dispelled the charm; and each one conscious made
Astounded there they stood and all aghast
Like men who nothing wist of what had pass'd.

LXI.

While in this place thus matters take their bent,
In Paris city other feud befalls;
Fain would Orlando seek Argalia's tent,
For burning passion all his being thralls,

O' the crowd of lovers none to this consent,
Each self-esteemed, aloud for justice calls,
Nor force nor favor thus they tell the King,
Should e'er or shame, or wrong on others bring.

LXII.

Tho' Roland were his nephew, and known brave
There were full many in Court as brave as he,
But Roland first the chance of death will have
Nor second can endure in aught to be;
Charl'magne who could nought else the order gave,
At last, that chance the issue should decree,
The written names of whoso sought t'engage,
Should from an urn be chosen by a Page.

LXIII.

Who that fair love born quarrel to o'erlook
Had as it happened near them ta'en his stand;
Another bore the urn which first he shook,
Then closed above with firmly pressing hand,
From forth the urn the Page a paper took;
Astolfo, said the scroll, of Engeland;
Ferrau's great name the second lot supplied,
Rinaldo next, with Dudon by his side.

LXIV.

The giant-limbed Grandonio followed these,
Him Berlinghier, and him Ottona stout;
His name as next the good old monarch sees,
(Chance willed him not amid the laggard rout)
And, lest my tale by too much telling tease,
Before Orlando's thirty names came out;
By such mischance might rage not mirth be stirred
'Mid such a throng to be not even third.

LXV.

The Englishman Astolfo,* we are told,
So fair in person was, so stout of limb,
He not alone the foremost place might hold
At home, but east or west were none like him;
More was his courtesy though much his gold;
He ever lov'd to prank in gallant trim,
But somewhat easily from's seat he fell,
His sole defect, as Turpin's records tell.

LXVI.

But to our tale; in arms he took the field,
And sure at sumptuous price those arms were sold;
With massy pearls encrusted was his shield,
His mail where seen seemed all of burnished gold;
A ruby on his helmet ally-steeled
Made its rich cost amount to sums untold;
Much larger as they have it was this stone,
Than largest met that ever yet was grown.

LXVII.

Over his steed a trapping did he throw
Of silk, with leopards all broidered fair,†
And caused him lightly curvet to and fro,
That all upon him did in marvel stare;
Thus to the amorous festal did he go,
And reached the lists tho' somewhat late it were,

---

* This name I am inclined to think is a corruption from the Latinized appellation of some Saxon noble attendant on the king of Mercia; some Gastolfe, or Eswolf who after casually figuring in Turpin's chronicles as Astolphus has been celebrated by the romancers as the handsomest man of his day and a bad horseman. He is constantly introduced by Boiardo and despite his indifferent seat is despatched by Ariosto on the flying steed to the moon.

† Leopards and not lions, were anciently borne on the arms of England. Napoleon's affectation of not acknowledging our lions is well known, and immortalised in his direction to the Army of Portugal for "driving the Leopard into the sea."

Then took his horn and loudly gave it breath
Defying thus Argalia to the death.

LXVIII.

The youth who there stood waiting for the fight,
Comes cased in harness to the listed plain;
Him with his arms Angelica bedight
Herself, herself his stirrup holds and rein;
He and his steed in surcoats snowy white
Alike yclad, fair semblance to maintain,
With shield on arm, and firm in hand that spear,
Which to the ground bears every cavalier.

LXIX.

Each to the compact once again agreed,
As with a mutual courtesy they met,
And the fair dame as well upon the mead;
Then for career some way apart they get,
Each 'gainst the other rides with equal speed,
Under his shield ensconed and firmly set;
But the English Duke, as in the shock they mell,
Lifted in air his legs, and headlong fell.

LXX.

And fortune cursed, right ill at ease in mind
For this his fall, and thus wise muttering said
"Ay let him look t' himself an he not find
"'Twere just in the nick of time I was sped
"*Perchance e'en now I rode against the wind,

* Equal partition of the sun and wind was a necessary observance to ensure a fair joust. It is easy to conceive the difficulty of keeping a lance-head true to its aim when the jouster having only the narrow openings in his visor through which to look, and his sight further obstructed by the glance of sunshine full before him or still worse the wind blowing violently through his helmet bars in upon his eye balls. Any one who gallops against the wind may have practical proof of the disadvantage a course so run must have been to a Knight in harness.

"Perchance by this besides I was bested;"
Now blames his horse, now finds his selle amiss
Now grieves o'er that mischance, and now o'er this.

LXXI.

But while he thus complains is borne away
By those four giants to their master's tent;
To gaze well on him when disarmed he lay
Close to Astolfo's side the damsel went,
And as her eyen his fair fresh face survey
By sudden pity is her nature bent;
Honor as due to lord in arms well-known,
Kindness and courtesy to him are shown.

LXXII.

Unwatched, unfettered as he list the knight
Paced round the margin of the neighbouring spring,
While the fair Lady by the moonbeams light
A stolen look would thither ofttimes fling;
The youth as darker grew th' advancing night
She laid on couch of richest furnishing;
Before the tent strict watch while he doth sleep
Herself, her brother, and the giants keep.

LXXIII.

Scarce yet peered forth the newly-risen morn
When bold Ferrau is seen in arms complete
Coming afar and winding loud his horn:
The sounds right soon Argalia's hearing greet;
He clad in weeds, which well his shape adorn
Leaping on's horse pricks forth his foe to meet,
His lance in hand, his good sword by his side,
His armour all by magic art supplied.

LXXIV.

But for the beauteous and high-mettled steed,
Hight Rubicon, on which he rode to war,
Of more than human parlance then were need
To speak his praises truly as they are;
Than blackest crow, he was more black indeed,
Three fetlocks white, and on his front a star,
So swift and strong of foot he left behind
The air borne birds, and passed the very wind.

LXXV.

No horse I say than him could faster go,
Not Bayard even, no nor Brigliador;*
Yet seemed he to Ferraù by far more slow,
Who in his breast such fiery passion bore;
He only thinking to dismount his foe
Not much of courtly guise in's greeting wore;
To him did hours like years go ling'ring by
And "hasten, hasten," ever was his cry.

LXXVI.

To win the precious prize with staff in rest
'Gainst his opponent swiftly he career'd,
But as the lances clashed on either breast
Argalia firm as is a tower appear'd;
Down powerless to the ground was Ferraù kest
Nor hap, what hap may could he have uprear'd
His person thence, which so his heart did fire
He lost his very wits for grief and ire:

LXXVII.

Oft for light cause is man to anger prone,
When urged by love, by youth or temper's thrall;
As was Ferraù whose love no bounds could own

* Orlando's steed.

Still but a youth so fierce was he withall,
That men would blench beneath his look alone;
As 'twas his wont for matters slight and small
Borne off by rage the madman's part to play,
As ofttimes erst, so did he on that day:

LXXVIII.

For being in such shameful fashion foil'd
Added yet further to his natural heat,
And with some reason the hot blood upboil'd
Of each young love-struck youth at such defeat,
And so the wheel of Ferraù's anger oil'd
That he all madden'd leapt upon his feet;
Rage does so blind him that with sword in hand
He on Argalia falls, and wields his brand.

LXXIX.

Nor bonds, nor compacts in his thoughts abide,
Nay more, he thinks he does but what is right;
"Madman stand back," aloud Argalia cried,
"I with no prisoner can engage in fight!"
"Fight or fight not, I fight," Ferraù replied,
And traverse-cutting with remorseless might
'Gainst the youth's legs, so shrew'd a blow he sped,
That being nimble stood him in some stead.

LXXX.

This when they saw, to bring their Lord relief
The giant yeomen straightway ran in haste,
Argesto was his name, who seemed their chief;
Lampordo next with larger stature graced;
Ulgan, the third, who as't was his belief
He ran right well, before the others raced;
The fourth, huge man, as Twilon was address'd
Full head and shoulders taller than the rest.

LXXXI.

Lampordo with all his might a javaline threw,
Which were he not from power of weapon free,
Had surely traversed Furraù through and through
Nor would have help'd him much his valianty;
But never man did cat or leopard view,
Or skirring whirlwind on a troubled sea,
Or levin bold from heaven so quickly flash,
As did Furraù upon the giant dash.

LXXXII.

The tall man smote he on the dexter haunch
And cut him through as though he were of dough,
Right to the mid leg through both reins and paunch,
Nor is't enough to strike this mighty blow,
But on the rest he flies like lion staunch,
And scores their hides with's faulchion as they go;
Retires Argalia shaming at the sight,
Stands on one side, and views the passing fight.

LXXXIII.

A monstrous bound in air now Ferraù made,
And earth some twenty feet beneath him left;
With heavy sweep so wielded he his blade
Down to the teeth in twain was Ulgan cleft
But whilst with him embarrassed he delay'd,
Argesto's mace with iron-handed heft
Struck the knight's head behind so dire a blow,
As made from forth his mouth the life-blood flow.

LXXXIV.

On this still fiercer than before grew he,
And, for the others caring not a whit,
From crown to girdle parted equally

The haughty giant to the earth he hit;
Then was the Knight in fearful jeopardy,
Tarlon with joints in strength immeasured knit
Takes him behind, and clasps him tightly round,
And struggles hard to cast him to the ground.

LXXXV.

Were it mere chance, or were't the Baron's might
I cannot tell, yet got he clear away;
A sharp and clear-edged faulchion wields the knight,
An iron staff the giant's huge hands sway;
'Twixt them afresh was recommenced the fight,
And both at once a mighty blow assay,
Dealt with such force that either surely thought,
He to his foe, some grievous harm had wrought.

LXXXVI.

No death outright there happen'd from these blows,
For that Turlon with stalwart force and rude
Strikes the Knight's head, his helm in fragments strews
And his armed front does all offence denude;
Down Ferrau's sword at that same instant goes,
(A sound like whistling hurricane ensued)
Across his mail-clad limbs his faulchion flew,
And cut them, like a reed at one blow through.

LXXXVII.

Almost at once thus fell they on the mead,
One senseless as in death, and one-half dead;
Argalia quits in daring mood his steed,
And captive make Ferrau ere word was said;
Who all amazed scarce thinks in very deed
He sees himself by Pagan champion led
Captive yon hostile pavilions within,
And still denies that he his prisoner bin.

LXXXVIII.

" If Charles the Emperor be pleased to make
" This compact with the Dane, what is't to me?
" Can he constrain me lest his law I break!
" Like serf or thrall must I submissive be?
" Here came I to do battle for love's sake,
" And make your sister mine by valianty;
" Here will I have, or else away with life
" If my known daring fail not in the strife."

LXXXIX.

Astolfo, who till this was sleeping sound,
Rose at the noise, for he but late awoke;
The giants yells, which all the meads around
Caused shake, and tremble, first his slumbers broke;
When the two Lords at such dire feud he found
'Twixt them he thrust himself, and gently spoke,
And much to calm them strove the cavalier,
But not one word of peace would Ferrau hear.

XC.

" See'st not," Argalia asked, " say, see'st not now,
" Thou Baron bold, thy armour from thee ta'en?
" Deem'st thou perchance thy helm still shades thy brow
" Lo! there it lies in shivers on the plain;
" But judge thyself, decide, had'st rather thou
" Should'st here be prisoner made, or else be slain?
" For if bare-headed thou wilt needs contend,
" Not many strokes 'twill take the game to end."

XCI.

" Now giv'st thou me the heart," replied Ferrau,
" Sans helm, sans mail, sans shield to stand the brunt,

" And gain the day despite what thou can'st do,
" Thou cased in harness, I with unarm'd front:"
These love-fired words the savage Baron threw
Out 'gainst his foe with fury past his wont,
For love in's breast had kindled such a flame,
Room it had none, and all restraint o'er came.

XCII.

Much raged Argalia, then, who saw the Knight
His warlike deeds so slightingly esteems,
That thus unarmed he dares him to the fight,
And the rich prize his own already deems;
His vaunting spirit carried to its height
(So pride and anger urge him to extremes)
" If such the itch for strife, fair Sir," said he,
" 'Twill be well scratchen, an if thou trust to me."

XCIII.

" Come get thee on thy horse, and do thy best,
" For as thou shalt deserve so will I treat thee;
" Hope not for mercy though, when thus sans crest
" I see thy head, when I to earth have beat thee;
" In truth 'tis but thine own death thou dost quest,
" And truly do I trust it here will meet thee;"
" Defend thee—if thou can'st thy best deeds try,
" Since by my hands, 'tis fated thou must die."

XCIV.

Loud laughed Ferrau, and long at that proud speech
As at slight thing it cared him not to hear;
Swift at a bound his war-horse does he reach;
" Mark me," quoth he, " O valiant cavalier,
" In very birth I'll do thee no impeach,
" If thou will give me up thy sister here;
" If thou dost not, let this my oath be heard
" To Pluto's shades right soon thou'll be transferred."

XCV.

Here, all o'ercome by anger's hot assault,
At speech so arrogant and words so keen
Maddened on's destrere* does Argalia vault;
Haughty in tone and threatening in mien,
(Though men to ken his words, were nigh at fault)
He drew the blade he bore, so sharp and sheen,
That precious lance forgetting in his haste,
Which 'gainst the pine tree trunk himself had plac'd.

XCVI.

Each raging thus 'gainst each with sword in hand
They made their coursers hurtle breast to breast;
Each was a Lord, whose name in arms might band
With gallant champions high amidst the best;
If for Mont Albans Knight might Roland stand
No vantage might be found on either crest;
But of the warfare if you fain would learn,
Hear on, and to this other Canto turn.

---

* Here, as in various other places, I have employed obsolete terms (not I trust affectedly) with the intention of giving some little of the quaintness of the older style to my translation, while the words I introduced aided me in procuring a more faithful rendering of my author's meaning. To translate Berni is not in any case easy, but to debar oneself the use of old English in translating his old Italian would be to add a needless increase to the difficulty. T.

The Book

OF THE

Thousand Nights and one Night.

AND he came up to the dry land, and reached the tree, on which they were, and sat down beneath it; and he opened the chest, and took thence a coffer, and he unclosed it, and there came out thence a young girl, slender in person, beautiful as the bright sun, as the poet Ooteya has said in commendation—

"She shone forth in the darkness: then beamed out
The day, and all the foliage glistened o'er her.
So bright is she, two suns when she appears
Shoot forth their rays, and the pale moon is shamed.
Created nature bows as she advances—
And lifts her veil, and when repellant lightnings
She flashes from her eyes, the rain drops heavily
In tears."

Then they both gave her rings from off their hands, and she said to them, "This Ufreet carried me off secretly on the night of my marriage, and put me into a coffer, and placed the coffer in a chest, and put on the chest seven strong locks, and laid me low in the midst of the roaring sea, the ever restless in the dashing of waves; yet he does not know that when a woman desires aught, there is nothing can prevail against her, as certain poets say.

"With confidence no women grace,
Nor trust an oath that's given by them;
Passion's the source, and resting place,
Of anger and of joy with them;
False love they shew with lying face,

But 'neath the cloak all's guile with them;
In Yoosoof's story you may trace,
Some of the treacheries rife in them;
See ye not father Adam's case?
He was driven forth by cause of them."

Certain poets too have said,

"But alas! for you, who blame me
Fix the blamed one in his fault!
Is the sin with which you shame me,
Great and grievous as you call't?
Say, I be indeed a lover,
Have I done aught greater crime
Than in all men you discover,
Even from the olden time?
Ne'er at earthly thing I'll wonder,
Whatsoe'er the marvel be,
Till on one I chance to blunder
'Scaped from woman's wile scot free."

THE FIRST NIGHT.

Then he seized him, and drew him along, and cast him to the earth, and raised the sword to strike him; and the merchant wept, and said, 'I commit my case to God,' and began extemporaneously repeating these verses.(10)

---

(10) 'And began extemporaneously.'—The words thus translated, mean 'breaking out' or 'bursting forth,' or 'uttering extemporaneously,' and may thus be applied either where the poetry is quoted, or composed on the instant. I have in the preface, said something of the poetic temperament of the Arab, and of the powers of expression, which his admirable language supplies him with. It is not surprising that with an untrammelled vigorous mind, with violent passions, and vivid imagination, he should at once be an ardent admirer of poetry, and an adept in its composition. 'Poetry,' says Sale, speaking of the times before Muhummud, 'was in so great esteem among them that it was a great accomplishment and a proof of ingenuous extraction to be able to express one's self in

" Our fortune has two seasons, one turbid and one clear,
Our life time has two portions, one safe, one full of fear!
Go ask of him who jeers us, when fortune does her worst,
Whom fortune most opposes, but him she favors first?
See'st not the sweeping tempest, sweep gustily along,
Yet roughly blow, above that bough, that stately is, and strong?
See'st not th' refluent ocean, bear carrion on its tide,
While pearls beneath its wavy flow, fixed in the deep, abide?
If we, the very plaything of fortune's hands be made,
And her excess of anguish, grief 'gainst us have arrayed,
We see the orbs of heav'n above, how numberless they are,
But sun and moon alone eclips'd, and ne'er a lesser star!

---

verse with ease and elegance. On any extraordinary occasion, and even in their common discourse, they made frequent applications of the celebrated passages of their famous poets.' Such is the Arab to this hour, and such indeed the educated Mussulman throughout the East, passionate lovers of poetry, and no mean professors of the art, though not in styles to suit an European taste. The constant use of quotation, and of even extemporaneous verse, may appear at first sight unnatural to an Englishman, especially when the spontaneous poetic flow, and the apposite citation is attributed to persons of low birth and mechanical pursuits. There is much however to account for this. Early education even among the lowest classes in Mussulman countries, puts children in possession of some of the best pieces of their favourite poets, and with strong feeling and a plastic language, there is no reason why this poetic bias, should not in after-life under exciting causes, make the nervous Arab *improvise* as readily as the encroote Italian. Within these few years, Venetian boatmen recited Tasso's 'Gierusalemme,' and why should not a merchant or a fisherman under the Khuleefut quote from the Mooullegât? I have heard the angry *vehemence* of the lower orders of my countrymen, called 'poetic.' Had the excited Irishman been an Arab, he would, thanks to his language, have delivered himself in '*rhymed prose*,' or downright poetry. I have ventured on these few observations, in anticipation of objections to the unnatural frequency of verse throughout these tales, in the mouths of people, who have not by birth and (supposed) education a patent for the poetical.

And many a tree on earth we see, some bare, some leafy green,
Of them, not one is hurt with stone, save what has fruitful been!
Think'st thou thyself all prosperous, in days which prosp'rous be,
Nor fear'st th' impending evil, which comes by Heaven's decree?"

THE THIRD NIGHT.

Now it was his custom to cast his net every day four times, and no more. So, on a day he went forth, between mid-day and four of the afternoon, and came to the sea-shore, and laid down his staff that bore his net on the ground, and tucked up his shirt, and plunged into the sea, and made a cast with his net, and waited till it settled in the water. Then he got the cords together, and hauled at it, but found it weighty; so he drew it towards the dry land, and drove a stake into the ground, and made the net fast to it. Then he stripped himself, and dived into the water, about the net, and left not off working hard until he had brought the net up. Then he rejoiced, and he drew it on shore and put on his clothes, and went to the net, and he found in it a dead ass, and the net was torn. Now when he saw it, he was grieved, and said, 'There is no strength nor power, save in God, the Mighty, the Great!' Then quoth the fisherman, 'This is strange daily bread,' and he began reciting extemporaneously;—

"Oh! thou, who forth 'mid shades of death do'st fare,
And toil'st in darkling night, thy bread to gain,
Cease, cease thy useless labour, and thy care—
Man gets his living not by might and main.
Lo! the wide sea, the hungry fisher there
Doth 'neath the stars of night his watch maintain,
Nor heeds the wavy buffets of the sea,
But on the bellying net still gazes ceaselessly.

Until perchance some fish become his prey
Whose throat the hook of destiny has torn;
Then home to rest he wends his joyful way:
This by some wight is bought, by toil unworn,
Who soft at ease has slept the night away:
Thus various lots by various men are borne,
E'en as it seems the Mighty Maker's wish,
That one should ply the net, another eat the fish."

Then said he, 'Shame to thee! there is no doubt of thy well doing if the Almighty will it;' and he commenced extemporaneously;—

"When thou art seized of evil, then put on
Patience, the noble; that is truest wisdom,
Complain not to God's servants: in that case
Thou mak'st a plaining to the merciless
Against the merciful."

So then the fisherman, when he had looked at the dead ass, got it free of his net, and wrung out the water, and when he had wrung it he spread it out, and plunged into the sea, and said, 'In the name of God,' and made a cast with it, and waited until it had sunk deep: then the net grew heavy, and settled to the bottom more firmly than the first time. Now he thought that there were fish in it, and he made the net fast, and took his clothes off and entered the water, and dived until he had got the net free, and hauled until he drew it up upon dry land. Then found he in it a large earthen pitcher, and it was full of sand and mud. Now when he saw this he was greatly vexed, and commenced saying extemporaneously;—

"Hold! Hold! Oh! mutability of Fortune,
Or if thou pausest not, spare me at least!
I hied me forth to seek my daily pittance,
And lo! the food was not that I should find.
There's many a fool exalted to the Pleiades,
And many a wise man hidden in the earth!"

So then he threw away the jar, and wrung his net, and cleaned it, and invoked the aid of the Almighty, and returned to the sea a third time, and cast his net, and waited for it till it had sunk down. Then he took a pull at it, and found in it bits of glass and broken rubbish and bones. Now he grew very wrath and wept, and began to say extemporaneously;—

"Nor our means, nor our fortunes, in common we share,
As one lea teams with pasture, another lea's bare,
For the good will Fate fail, though they own not a fault,
But in fickle injustice the worthless exalt.
Oh! how vile e'en to thee, Death, this life must we own,
When the mallard(20) flies high, while the hawk is struck down.
Is it strange to see wisdom ask alms at the gate,
And within the fool lord it, in insolent state?
One bird flew the earth round by east and by west,
While another found all, yet ne'er quitted her nest."

So then the fisherman raised his head towards the heavens, and said, 'Oh my God, thou knowest that I do not cast my net each and every day save four times, and lo! I have thrown it the third time, and have not taken any thing: give me my daily bread now this time, oh! my God.' So then he called on the Almighty, and cast his net in the water, and waited till it sunk down, and took a pull at it, and was not able to move it, for surely it was settled firmly to the bottom. And he said, 'There is neither power, nor strength save in the Almighty.' Then he commenced in extemporaneous verse;—

---

(20) 'When the mallard.'—The wild-duck is a favorite quarry for the Eastern hawker; the metaphor here is obvious.

"Foul fall thee, World, it should be so!
Naught else but toil and wail and woe,
Is doled to me.
In morning tide though life be bright,
Yet man must drain the cup e'er night,
Of misery.
And e'en with me if men asked erst,
'Who in the world of joy ranks first?'
They answered, 'He.'"

THE FOURTH NIGHT.

So when the morning broke, he rose, and went to the king, asked his orders: and the king ordered him to enter, and he went in, and kissed the earth before him, and broke out extemporaneously, and said,

"Virtue was proud when thou wert called her sire, (28)
And any else so called the name denies;
Oh! brow that beam'st with intellectual fire,
Thou smooth'st away dark mists from high emprize;
Thy face still radiates in the light of joy,
And how can then the face of fortune frown?
So works on me the grace thou dost employ,
As works the dewy clouds on barren down;
And I the summit of my wishes see,
So pours thy wealth upon my poverty."

THE FIFTH NIGHT.

So the King Yoonan said to his minister, 'Oh Minister! what must be done in this?' Then the minister replied, 'Send a messenger after him this very instant, and call for him, and when he comes strike him across the neck, and recompense his evil deeds; thus wilt thou rid thyself of him, and get the better

(28) 'Virtue was proud when thou wert called her sire.'—This was Ubool Fuzl, as shewn by the play on the ward. It is a common name among Arabs.

of him by stratagem before he can deceive thee.' Then said the King Yoonan, 'Thou hast said true, Oh! Vuzeer.' So then the King sent one to call the physician, and he presented himself, and he was glad in heart, and knew not what the Merciful had appointed for him; as certain poets say in illustration;—

"Oh! thou, who dread'st thy destiny,
Be of good cheer, and still confide
In Him, who spread so boundlessly
The earth from side to side:
For whatsoe'er was formed to be
Will surely be my friend; but still
Thou hast assurance to be free
From what is not His will."

Now when the physician entered the King's presence, he commenced saying extemporaneously;—

"Some little share of what my duty owes,
If I in thanks essay not to disclose,
What but my pearls of verse, my studied prose?
Or ere I asked a gift thou gavest me,
Bestowed off hand, and as the donor free!
How should I best return the praise thy due?
Aloud in thought, to thee I'll honor do;
See by thy favors, so thou'st graced my state,
I stand erect though bending' neath their weight."

And said he further in illustration;—

"Turn thy face away from woe,
And confide in what's forecast,
Joy in present blessing know,
And in it forget the past;
Things abound that cause our ills,
Yet the sequel gives us ease;
As the Great doth as he wills,
Challenge not what He decrees."

And further still in illustration;—

"To the All-wise, thine all confide,
From whom no secret thing can hide,
And set thy heart on all beside,
At rest;
And know that matter, will not be
According to the fantasy,
But as the Lord of Lords shall see
Is best."

And yet again in illustration;—

"Be glad in heart, and glad in mind,
Forget thy griefs of every kind;
The wisdom of the Wise alleviates woes;
Toil not to plan; can forethought save,
Or aught avail a helpless slave?
On endless mercy all thy trust repose!"

Now when the physician was well assured that the King intended to slay him without doubt, he wept, and regretted the good which he had done to other than the good; as one has said in illustration:—

'No wisdom doth the giglot grace,(34)
Though wise his sire, and wise his race;
And no one, save by subtlety,
Can sure-foot tread through wet and dry,

And after this the executioner stepped forward, and bound the physician's eyes, and drew his sword, and said 'Give the word;' And the physician wept, and said to the King, 'Spare me, spare me for the love of God, and kill me not, for God will kill thee,' and commenced extemporaneously;—

---

(34) 'No wisdom doth the giglot grace.'—I am compelled to publish this translation without I own being able to discover the drift of the application. I have consulted many excellent Arabic scholars, Native and European, who have all agreed as to the rendering of the words, but the allusion to the circumstances of the story is obscure.

'I was kindly; others cruel; they were prosperous;
I lost all;
And benevolence hath made me master of a ruined
hall.
If I live no man I'll profit: if I perish, curse for me
All the good when I'm no more, with every curse
of infamy!'

Then said the King, 'Oh! physician, there is nothing written upon this?' And the physician replied, 'Turn over yet more than that;' So he turned over three more, and there was but a short space elapsed before the drugs penetrated his system at one time, and on the instant, (for the book was poisoned) and forthwith the King began to be convulsed, and cried out, and said, 'The poison has penetrated me!' And the physician Dooban began to repeat extemporaneously;—

"They issued savage mandates, but no long time
Survived they in their cruelty; for lo! ye!
'Twas but a little, and the mandate was not.
Had they done justice, justice were done them,
But they did ill, and evil was their portion;
And fortune turned against them, strongly armed
With acts of woe and trouble; so they passed hence,
And the mute eloquence of their condition
Repeated to them, 'This is your reward,
Blame not the retribution.'"

THE SEVENTH NIGHT.

So then he sat between the doors in thought, and lo! there was a mournful voice, as from a grieved heart, and it chanted and said;—

"I let none know, yet was it known,
All I for thee had undergone,
And sleep, that erst mine eyes would bless,
Changed into weary wastefulness,

Oh! fortune, hang not thus upon me,
Cast not the dust of mourning on me!
Nor care nor trouble have foregone me,
Lo! both beset my mind.

Chiefs of the tribe are chiefs no more,
The wealthy of their race are poor,
Yet those thy pity fail to move,
Though thus they serve as slaves to love.

The wanton wind that blew on thee
Provoked else while my jealousy,
But soon as this my destiny,
Befell,—mine eyes were blind.

What can the archer's skill devise,
Who when beset in hostile guise,
Hath turned his arrow 'gainst the foe,
And faithless finds his shivered bow?

And even thus with men it fares,
Set round, and cramped with growing cares,
How can they 'scape what fate prepares.
What destiny designed?"

Now when the Sooltan heard the mournful voice, he stood up quickly, and went forward, and approached the sound; then found he a curtain, hung at the door of a chamber, and he lifted the curtain and saw behind it a young man sitting upon a chair raised about a cubit from the ground, and he was a handsome youth, of excellent stature, and eloquent of speech, and with a shining brow, and ruddy countenance, and a mole (40) upon the broad part of his cheek like to a round spot of amber, as hath said the poet;—

"That jetty hair, that glossy brow,
My slender waisted youth, of thine,
Can darkness round creation throw,
Or make it brightly shine.

(40) 'And a mole upon the broad part of his cheek.' The Arabs esteem a mole to be a singular beauty.

The dusky mole that faintly shows
Upon his cheek, ah! blame it not;
The tulip flower never blows
Undarkened by its spot."

Now when the young man heard these words, his tears ran down upon his cheeks, and he wept with exceeding weeping, until his bosom was drenched with tears; then began he to say;—

——"Say ye
To him that lies inert, the days of time
Shoot forth their arrows on thee. Oh! how many
Hath Fortune set upright,—how many hath she
Cast down! Though thou be sleeping, dull, and heedless,
Surely the eye of God is ever wakeful.
To whom hath time brought peace of mind?—who is there
The world hath e'er stood fast with?"

Then he breathed a long-fetched sigh, and began saying extemporaneously;—

"Entrust thy cares to Him that made mankind.
Lay by thy grief, cast sorrow from thy mind.
Ask not the Past, 'how was it this befell?'
All is His fate, His power, and all is well."

THE EIGHTH NIGHT.

Then found I her weeping, and saying, 'Wherefore art thou lost to me, Oh! delight of my heart? talk to me, Oh! my soul! Say something to me, Oh! my beloved.' And she began repeating verses extemporaneously;—

"Though thou art well my patient heart is worn away
For love of thee:
My whole affections, and my soul have hold and stay
On only thee;

Take there my spirit, take my bones where'er thy way
May carry thee;
And where thou restest, deep in earth, my poor corpse lay
By side of thee;
Then call my name by my cold tomb, and I'll essay
To answer thee;
A wailing cry shall from my bones sad greeting pay,
Sweet voice, to thee."

Then she began again repeating, and as she did, she wept;—

"The day that I can get near thee,
That is my blest, and blissful day.
The day of death is that to me,
On which thou turn'st away.
When terrified the livelong night
The fear of death I scarce endure,
It is more sweet with thee to meet,
Than feel my life secure."

Then spoke she and commenced extemporaneously;—

"If I could wake at morning tide
With every earthly good supplied,
If I could rule on Khosroo's throne,
And were the universe mine own.
Unless mine eyes could daily trace
That form of thine, that well-loved face,
Not these, nor all that they could bring
Were worth to me a midge's wing."

Then found I her near the sepulchre within the tomb, and she was saying, 'Oh! my lord, I hear no voice from thee, and thou speakest no word to me, not even one; Oh! my lord why dost thou return me no answer?' Then she began extemporaneously:—

"Oh, sepulchre! Oh sepulchre! why is it gone, his comeliness?
Why is thy lustre passed away that was so fair to see?

Nor heaven above, Oh, sepulchre! nor earth below dost thou appear
How then to me seem the bright sun, and silver moon both here!"

So when I heard her words and her verses, it added fury to my rage, and I said, 'Woe to thee thou mistress of sorrow!' And I commenced saying in verse;—

"Oh, sepulchre! Oh, sepulchre! why is it gone, his frightfulness?
Why is thy lustre passed away that was so foul to see?
Nor cinder pot, Oh, sepulchre, nor cesspool drain dost thou appear,
How then to me seem the black coal, and slimy swash both here!'

So then the young man wept and began to repeat in extemporaneous verse;—

"So! I am patient, Lord, beneath thy will,
Beneath thy just decree, and constant wait
Until thine end it please thee to fulfil.
They wrong my soul in many a fearful strait,
They wronged me, and were violent; but still
I have a hope my recompense to find
In Heaven for all my woes, and present ill.
I trust, amid their acts that vex my mind,
The Chosen, and Approved,(42) the refuge of their kind!"

Then went she down to the slave, and had with her a goblet of drink, and a cup filled with strong broth, and descended into the dome building, and wept, and cried, 'Well away!' and said, 'Oh! my lord, speak a word to me! oh! my master, talk with me!" and began to repeat these couplets;—

---

(42) 'The chosen and approved.'—Mustufah and Murtuzuh, i. e. Muhummud and Alee.

"How long will last these thwarting cares,
How long will my affliction be,
When shall the torrent cease that wears
These cheeks so ceaselessly?
Thou dost prolong, oh! cruel thou!
The term that keeps me from thy side;
If 'tis to give me pain, sure now
Thou must be satisfied!"

THE NINTH NIGHT.

Then looked the porter for her who opened the gate to the damsel, and lo! she was in stature just five cubits, of prominent and fleshy figure, a very queen of beauty, and of elegance, of fairness and of perfection, and she had hit the very mean of beauty; her forehead glossy, and her face of ruddy hue, and her eyes like to those of the wild cow and the ghuzul, and her eyebrows like the bow of the first day's moon of the month Shubân, and her cheeks like anemonies, and her mouth small as the ring of Sooleiman, and her lips red as coral, and her teeth like stringed pearls and the white camomile, and her throat like the antelope's, and her bosom sloping as a penthouse, and her breasts(47) like two unripe pomegranates, and her body decked in damask silk as the poet has said of her;—

---

(47) 'And her breasts.'—The passionate admiration of the Arabs for female beauty, is too well known to need comment. They do not, however, allow any figure but a very full one to possess charms. Constant allusion will be found to this beauty in the Thousand Nights and One Night; one of the quaintest that I have met with, being the sentence to which this note is appended. It alludes to the extreme size of the person. The affected gait assumed to set off the figure is frequently mentioned. The word *Ghoonj* is applied generally to this sort of blandishment, and says Burkhardt 'the women of Cairo, flatter themselves that their *Ghoonj* is superior to that of all other females in the Levant.'

"Behold the sun, and full-orbed moon
That lighten all this place!
How delicate her chiselled brow,
How cheery bright her face!
Your eyes have never yet beheld
Jet black contrast with white,
As when her forehead, and her hair
In mingled charms unite.
A name peculiar must be found
For loveliness so rare;
Alas for me! ye roseate cheeks!
I have no portion there!
She walked; and still from side to side
She swayed her gracefully;
I laughing watched those jutting hips,
So strangely fair to see!
But gazing on her slender waist
I wept in very fear,
To think so delicate a thing
Should such a burthen bear."

And there appeared at their entry a damsel of beaming countenance, and gentle cheerful beauty, and tutored manners, with moon-formed shape, and eyes fraught as with Babylonian witchcraft,(50) and the bows of the eye-brows like the bend of a river, and her stature straight as the letter Alif,(51) and the odour of her breathing as ambergris, and her lips cornelian-colored, sugar sweet, and her face fit to shame the light of the bright sun, and she was even as one of the constellations from

---

(50) 'With Babylonian witchcraft.'—This alludes to the Mussulman fables of Nimrod's supposed power, of his chariot in which he attempted to fly to heaven from the top of the tower of Babel, drawn by monstrous birds, &c.

(51) 'Straight as the letter Alif.'—This, the first letter in the Arabic alphabet, is formed by a perpendicular line.

on high, or a dome worked with gold, or a bride dressed for her bridegroom, or an Arab maiden not twenty years of age, as the poet sung of her when he said;—

"Or well-strung pearls, or frost-white hail, or blossoms of the camomile
Are what, for so indeed they seem, she shows us in her smile;
The tressed ringlets of her hair hang down her shoulders dark as night,
And the glad radiance of her charms might shame the morning light."

Then the damsel said to him, 'What ails you? why go you not? is the hire you got too little for you.' So she turned to her sister and said to her, 'Give him another deenar.' And the porter answered, 'Wallahy! the hire, oh! lady, is not too little for me; and my real hire is not more than two dirhems; but in truth my very heart and soul are occupied with you, and as to how you are single by yourselves, with not a man near you, and not a soul to bear you company, and you know that the table is not complete save only with four, and you have not a fourth, and women's merriment without a man is nothing worth, as the poet hath said;—

"Dost thou not see four things must be, where revels are afoot,
The sweet harp, and the dulcimer, the gittern, and the flute?
To them 'tis meet four odours sweet in contrast we oppose,
The myrtle flower, and violet, the lily and the rose:
Yet even these must fail to please unless four more combine,
A garden rare, a mistress fair, hard cash and heady wine!"

Now you be three, and you require a fourth, and here am I, a man, sensible, a prudent fellow, smart-witted, and one that can keep counsel.' Now when they heard his words they thought them strange, and laughed at him, and said, 'And who is there to assure us of that? Sure we be girls who fear to trust a secret to one who may not keep it, for we have read in certain chronicles what said Binoos Sumam the poet;'—

"Keep they secret to thine utmost, tell it not to any one,
For whoso shall tell his secret, sure and certain he's undone.
Can his breast retain thy secret, his to whom the secret's told,
If thine own bosom thine own secret be not large enough to hold?"

And Aboonwâs too hath spoken of this, and said well,

"Whoso reveals his secret to a soul
Deserves the blackest stamp on his brow!"

Now the porter when he heard these word's replied, 'By your lives! I am a wise fellow, a true man, one that has read books, and studied chronicles, who can distinguish good, and discover evil, and the poet in his sayings hath said'—And he commenced repeating extemporaneously;—

"None but the men of worth a secret keep;
With worthy men a secret's hidden deep;
As in a room, so secrets lie with me,
Whose door is sealed, lock shot, and lost the key.

So she set before them a flaggon of wine, and poured out the first cup, and drank it off, and a second, and a third; then she poured out and gave to her younger sister; then poured she and gave to the porter, and said,—

" Drink in joy, feel the blessings our goblets bestow,
For sure liquor like this is the medicine for woe!"

So he took the cup in his hand and did her homage, and thanked her, and began in extemporaneous verse;—

" Drain not the cup save with a brother,
One as true as true can be,
Purely born from unstained mother,
Scion of an ancient tree;
For wine is like the wind, which meeting
Sweets does of sweet odours tell,
But o'er tainted carrion fleeting
Carries poison in its smell."

Then said he:—

" Let her thou lov'st, that tender fawn,
Alone thy cup supply,
She feels with thee, as thou with her,
One common sympathy."

Now after repeating this extemporaneous verse, he kissed their hands, and drank, and was fuddled, and swayed as he sat, and commenced saying in rhyme;—

([53])" All blood is unclean save the blood of the vine;
Give me, give me to drink then, sweet spirit of mine!
But first ([54])circle the cup round those antelope eyes,
Which far more than the wealth of my fathers I prize,
And are dearer than riches I've newly possessed;
Make me drink then of this, and thy suitor is blest!"

Then the damsel poured out a cup, and gave it to her second sister, and she took it from her hand, and thanked her, and drank. Then she poured, and gave to the lady of the dais, and filled another goblet, and gave it

---

(53) 'All blood is unclean.'—'Verily he hath forbidden you to eat that which dieth of itself, and blood.'—(Qorân, chapter 2.)

(54) 'But first circle the cup.'—This has reference to some custom similar to the *wave offering* of the Jews, the wine first offered to the eyes of the mistress being supposed the sweetest tasted to the lover.

to the porter: so he kissed the earth before them, and thanked them, and drank, and began again extemporaneously;—

"Here! here! by heaven! the liquor bear
In richly mantling chalices,
And let one cup fall to my share!
The water sure of life is this!"

Then the porter stood before the lady of the dais, and said, 'Oh lady, lo! I am your slave, and your bought servant, and your household drudge,'—And he began in verse;—

"A slave among thy slaves there stands
All at thy chamber door,
And feels the gifts that from thy hands
In ceaseless shower pour.
Oh beauty's essence! may this slave
Come in my charms to see!
I, and my love no call can have
To wander e'er from thee!"

So she said to him, 'Keep quiet, and drink in peace and joy, and so much as may suit your health.' So he took the cup, and chanted a jingling metre,(55) and began extemporaneously to say;—

"Pure old wine, red and fine, like her cheeks they set by her,
Glistening bright like the light of a night-burning fire;
This she tasted, and cried, and she said with a laugh
'Do you give folks their own cheeks in beakers to quaff?'
'Drink,' I said, 'for this red wine's my blood which my sighs

(55) 'And chanted a jingling metre.'—The rules of Arabic prosody are very exact, and every species of metre and their use are defined with minute accuracy. I have attempted a sort of imitation occasionally in my translation, but am unable to convey any fit idea of the originals.

Warmed for this cup, mixed with tears from these eyes;"
Then repeated she to him in answer a verse;—

"If for my sake, fair sir, thou hast wept thy blood to form this wine,
I, by mine eyes and by my head! will drink it all for thine!"

So the damsel took off her upper clothes, and cast herself into the tank, and dived, and sported about, and bathed: then looked the porter upon her unveiled, as if she were a fragment of the moon, her face like the moon when at the full, and like the dawn when at the brightest, and he looked on her fair stature, and her shape, and that massive figure that quivered as she went, and she was unveiled, even as when her mother bore her, and she began to address her extemporaneously:

"If I thy beauteous form, my fair,
Should to the date tree bough compare,
Sure envious spite 'gainst charms so rare
Would o'er my heart prevail;
The date tree bough is fairest seen,
Enveloped in its leafy screen,
But thou art fairest far I ween,
When seen without a veil.

THE TENTH NIGHT.

Now the portress arose, and sat upon a low seat by her side, but she that was provisioner entered a store-room, and came out again, and with her she had a bag of damask silk, with green cords, and two tassel balls of gold to them, and she stood up before the damsel, the lady of the house, and untied the bag, and took out from it a lute fit to accompany singing; then she tuned the strings, and tightened the pegs, and got it into perfect tune; then began she to sing these verses:—

" My soul's whole object centred lies
In thee, beloved one:
To meet with thee is Paradise,
But oh! eternal agonies
Are mine when thou art gone.
The madness of my love shall last
Till all the days of time be past;
Ne'er will I shame to say,
How love the curtain rent apart
That o'er my maiden face was cast,
How, when affection warmed my heart
He tore my veil away.

When wilder still my longing grew,
And passion filled my breast,
Care round my form her mantle threw,
And then I pined, and then I knew
The reason stood confessed.
When down my cheeks streamed many a tear
My love was told, my secret clear
By evidence of these;
Oh! heal the pangs that I endure!
In thee the bane, and bliss appease,
For whoso trusts to thee for cure
Can never hope for ease.

Those bright-lashed eyes have caused my pain,
And I must yield my breath
By the cold edge of absence slain:
How many a prince, like simple swain,
That blade has done to death!
Yet ne'er will I my love forego;
Love is the only law I know,
My hope! my comfort still!
Ah! prosperous day, when on thee first
These eyes their glances chanced to throw:
Henceforth my heart in love immersed
Was bondsworn to his will."

Now the damsel said, 'As God is with thee, oh! my sister, complete this for me, and grant my wish.' Then replied she that was provisioner, 'With pleasure and all willingness;' So she took the lute, and leaned it against her bosom, and touched the strings with her fingers, and began to sing;—

"Would I describe the ills of absence
How shall I the plaint essay?
Should I desire to speak my passion
How, and where to find the way?
If I perchance should through another
Send the tale of my distress,
How could another's tongue my sorrows
To my best beloved express?
If I hang back, my love is lost me,
(Love in absence soon grows weak)
Thus naught but sighs, and groans, are left me,
Grieving heart and streaming cheek:
Oh, absent from mine eyes! thy spirit
To my mind's eye is present still:
Know'st not my truth?—unlike the river
Sudden flow, and sudden fill.
Hast thou forgot me, pale and weeping,
Fast in the bond of passion tied?
Could our loves meet, how much, false lover,
Have I to blame, how long to chide!"

Now when she heard the second ballad she shrieked, and said, 'Wallahy! good, good,' and laid hands on her garments and tore them, as she did the first time: then fell she to the ground swooning there. So she that was provisioner arose, and put another change of clothes on her after she had thrown water on her. Then arose she, and sat upright, and said to her sister that was provisioner, 'Continue, and fulfil my duty for me; there remains but this one song.' So she that

was provisioner brought forward the lute, and began to sing these stanzas;—

"How long will last these thwarting cares,
How long will my affliction be,
When shall the torrent stop that wears
These cheeks so ceaselessly?
Thou dost prolong, Oh! cruel thou,
The term that keeps me from thy side;
If 'tis to give me pain, sure now
Thou must be satisfied!
If to the mourning heartsick maid
Were fickle fortune just, no more
Would she in sleepless torment laid
Her hapless love deplore?
Oh! pity me, my love, my lord;
Whom care has tortured to excess;
And can'st thou not e'en now afford
Some show of kindliness?
To whom then, cruel, in the pain
Of absence shall I make my plaint?
Ah, fond despair! Ah, grief how vain!
Ah! hope of ease how faint!
While my wild love, and inward woe
Each hour a higher phrenzy reach,
My adverse days creep dull, and slow,
Succeeding each to each.
Take life for life, ye Mooslim true,
For one grief slain, whose power to bear
Lies like a ruin crushed, who knew
No friend, but wakeful care!
Could love's own law thine act approve,
Thou vainly loved for many a day?
What! bless another with thy love
When I am far away!
Now could I place me by thy side,
No comfort should I find e'en there,
For he I love has only tried
To drive me to despair."

THE ELEVENTH NIGHT.

So the swordman went forth with me, and kept on until he got out of the city into the midst of the desert, and he took me out of the box, and I with both my hands pinioned, both my feet fettered, and he sought to bind my eye, and after that slay me; but I wept with exceeding weeping, until I made him weep, and began repeating extemporaneously these verses;—

"A hauberk strong to ward my foeman's shot
I thought thee, but the arrow's point thou art.
In straits I trusted thee, when hard my lot,
With both hands powerless, weak in every part.
Leave me to railer's gibes, and aid me not!
Let my foes shoot, and let me bear the smart!
No help art thou! yet thine inaction still
Nor acts on them, nor me, save by His will."

And I also said in verse;—

"I thought my brethren very helps in trouble,
And so they were;—but to mine enemies!
I thought them arrows sure of what they aimed at,
And so they were;—but it was at my heart!"

Now when the swordman heard my verse, and he was my father's swordman, and I had done him kindness, he said, 'Oh! my master, how can I act, and I a slave under orders?' So he said to me, 'fly with thy life, and return not to this land, or they will slay thee, and slay me with thee, as a certain poet said;'—

"Fly, fly with thy life if by ill overtaken!
Let thy house speak thy death, by its builder forsaken;
For a land else than this land thou may'st reach, my brother,
But thy life lost, thou'lt ne'er find in this world another.
How! who'd live with the roof of his wretchedness o'er him,
And the great earth of God, broad outspreading before him!

When the theme's life and death, to no agent confide it,
For life cares for itself as none else does beside it;
Ne'er could prowl the grown lion with mane roughly sweeping,
Did he trust in his need save himself for safe keeping."

THE TWELFTH NIGHT.

Now I journeyed until I came to the crest of a hill, and made my abode in a cave, until the day should rise, and ceased not to do after this manner until I arrived at an inhabited city, fortified with walls, just when winter was turning from it with her frosts, and spring was come to greet it with her flowers, and the blossoms were springing, and its streams were flowing, and its birds were singing, as the poet said of the city when he described it;—

"A city free from every cause of terror
To indwellers, for peace presided there.
So strange the beauty of the town, it seemed
A place expressly decked to glad its people,
As 'twere a Paradise."

Now I went down to the bottom of the stair, and saw a door, and I entered, and saw a mansion fair in its structure, massive with pillars, and found in it a damsel, as it were the averting power against anguish, able to counteract in the heart all grief, and woe, and evil; her words able to heal a broken spirit, and to drive the wise man, the prudent one, into error;—five measures in stature, her bosom firm as a pillar, her cheek a very garden, her color bright, her figure excellent, and her face glanced brilliantly through the night of her hanging locks, and the dazzling white of her teeth glanced down to the surface of her bosom, as the poet said of her;—

"The murkiest night, her locks twin-tied,
Her hips, the sandhill's cumbrous side,
Her middle, fashioned slenderly,
Her graceful form, the benzoin tree!"

And also;—

"Four things I cite
Which ne'er unite,
But that my heart's best blood is shed,
My very life effaced,
The forehead's light,
The tress's night,
The rose that lends the cheek her red.
The graceful slender waist."

Then said she, 'Oh! youth, what! wouldst thou drink wine!' And I replied, 'Do as thou wilt.' So she went to a storehouse, and took out wine, sealed up, and set out the nosegay: then she took old wine, and began extemporaneously to say in verse;—

"Had I wist of thy coming thy way had been strewn,
With the blood of my heart, and the balls of my sight,
And these cheeks as a carpet to greet thee been thrown,
That thy feet on mine eyelids might softly alight!"

I replied, and drunkenness had utterly got the better of me, 'I this instant will break down the vault that has the letters written on it, and let the Ufreet come that I slay him, for surely I am used to slay Ufreets.' Now when she heard my words, her color paled, and she said to me, 'Wullahy! do not this,' And began extemporaneously;—

"If aught there be, may hold thy life in jeopardy,
'Tis fit thou guard thy life from it with caution."

Then too she broke out spontaneously repeating;—

"Hold! stay thy steed of ancient race,
Oh! thou who seek'st to flee a pace,
And absent rove:
For the world's nature is e'en this—
Mere faithlessness;—and absence is
The end of love."

THE THIRTEENTH NIGHT.

So said the Ufreet to her, 'If indeed thou dost not know him take this sword, and strike his neck:' So she took the sword, and came to me, and stood by my head, and I made a sign to her with my brow, and my tears were flowing down my cheeks. Then she understood my signal, and said, 'Did'st thou do to me all this?' but I signed to her that this was the time for clemency, and(73) the mute tongues of my condition began to say within me;—

"Mine eyes speak meaning language; they 're avised,'
And love explains what's hidden in my breast.
When last we met, and tears were falling fast,
Though I was dumb, mine eyes were eloquent.
She looks, and I interpret what her look says,
And move my finger tip; she comprehends me.
Our eyebrows e'en can tell our mutual wishes;
Love speaks, though we be silent."

Now I understood what she said, and signed to her with my eye, 'Surely I will sacrifice my soul for thee.' And the mute eloquence of my condition wrote in our hearts as if it would say;—

(73) 'The mute tongues of my condition.'—This idea is highly poetical; it is frequently alluded to in these tales. 'The tongue of the condition' beautifully expresses the involuntary train of reflection into which the mind is led by the influence of peculiar circumstances and which speaks, as it were, inwardly to the senses.

"Full many a mistress in her speaking gaze
Tells him she loves the story of her heart:
My half-closed lid an answering sign conveys,
And speaks my sense of what her eyes impart.
The meaning looks beam lovely on her face,
With drowsy flight her warming glances speed;
One with her eyelid can a writing trace,
Which with the eye the other skills to read."

Now I wept, oh lady, before him with exceeding weeping, than which never was there greater, and broke out extemporaneously;—

"Pass o'er my fault, for 'tis the wise man's wont
Of others' sins to take no harsh account;
And as all crimes have made my breast their site,
So thine all shapes of mercy should unite.
Who from above would mercy seek to know,
Should first be merciful to those below."

So the merchants took the scroll, a single sheet, its length five yards to a breath of one, and each one that knew how to write, wrote, even to the last of them; and I stood up, and I in the shape of a monkey, and snatched the scroll under my arm, out of their hands: then they feared lest I should tear it, so they tried to prevent me; but I made signs to them that I could write, and the captain said to them, 'Let him write, and if he scribbles I will drive him from us, but if he makes fair writing I will take him as my son; for surely I have never seen a monkey wiser than he.' Now I laid hold of the pen and stretched out for ink from the inkstandish, and wrote in the character(76) Rooqua'ut (used for letters) these couplets;—

---

(76) 'And wrote in the character Roqua'ut.'—The art of penmanship is held in very high estimation among Mussulmans, and the Arabic and Persian character afford great scope for variety and skilful exercise of the pen.

44800

"All heroes' virtues on Time's record be,
Save thine; unwritten yet thy worth, thy sense,
Long may mankind unorphaned live in thee,
Who own'st the parentage of excellence!"

And I wrote in the character, Reyhân (curved like the basil leaf),—

"He has a pen beloved by men of lore,
Useful in every clime, and distant lands.
Not her black stream can Egypt profit more,
Than that flows through thy cities from thy hands."

And I wrote in the character, Sools (used for engrossing),—

"None is there 'mongst fair penmen, but must perish;
Though all Time's chronicle stands sure and fast;
Write nothing then but what thy heart may cherish;
When the great Day shall come and time be past."

And I wrote in the character, Nuskh (used by copyists),—

"When thoughts of absence, and our memory rose,
Absence for us by wordly chance decreed,
We caused the inkhorn mouth to tell our woes,
And tongue her utterance with the speaking reed."

And I wrote in the character, Toomar (a running hand),—

"Power lasts with none; if thou deny'st it say
Where be the early monarchs of the earth?
Sow seeds of goodly actions in thy day;
They shall be when thou'rt not, and tell thy worth."

And I wrote in the character, Moohuk Kik (the large copy hand),—

"When thou the standish seekest to unclose
Of prosperous fortune, and high dignity,
Let the ingredients that thine ink compose,
Be liberal acts, and kindly courtesy.
Then mark with these in goodly character,
While yet thou hast the power, thy lifetime's page;
Like stamp of worth will men on thee confer,
And make like mention of thy lineage."

Then the king ordered the people to retire, and they retired, and there remained not any save I: so the king called in the eunuchs, and little slaves, and ordered them to bring before me the cloth for eating, and on it was of whatever moves and flies, and couples in nests of the crane kind, and the quail, and all sorts of flying things. Then the king signed that I should eat with him; so I arose and kissed the earth before him, and sat and ate with him, and when the cloth had been lifted, I washed my hands seven times, and took the inkstandish and the pen; and wrote, as I would speak these verses;—

"On these which once were chicks,
Your mourning glances fix,
Late dwellers in the mansion of the cup,
Now nearly eaten up!
Let tears bedew
The memory of that stew,
Thou partridges, once roast,
Now lost!

The daughters of the grouse in plaintive strain
Bemourn, and still bemourn, and mourn again!
The children of the fry,
We lately saw
Half smothered in pilau,
With buttery mutton fritters smoking by!
Alas! my heart, the fish!
Who filled his dish,

With flaky form in varying colors spread.
On the round pasty cake of household bread!
Heaven sent us that kabob!
For no one could
(Save heaven he should rob)
Produce a thing so excellently good,
Or give us roasted meat
With basting oil so savourily replete!

But, oh! mine appetite, alas! for thee!
Who on that furmeaty
So sharpset wast a little while ago——
That furmeaty, which maslied by hands of snow,
A light reflection bore,
Of the bright bracelets that those fair hands wore!
Again remembrance glads my sense
With visions of its excellence!

Again I see the cloth unrolled
Rich worked in many a varied fold!
Be patient, Oh! my soul! they say
Fortune rules all that's new and strange,
And though she pinches us to-day,
To-morrow brings full rations, and a change!"

Then I arose and sat afar off, and the king looked upon what I had written, and read it, and he marvelled, and said, 'Oh! wonderful monkey! and is he possessed of this clever style, and this power of penmanship! Wallahy, sure this is a wonder of wonders!' So the king placed before him wine, a goblet of crystal glass, and the king drank: then gave he to me, and I kissed the earth, and drank and wrote upon it;—

"My truth to try,
And constancy,
They cast me in the burning flame,
But found that still
Not e'en this ill
My patient fortitude o'ercame:

Hence falls it out
I'm borne about
Upon their hands with jealous care,
And get for this
The frequent kiss
From the ripe lips of many a fair!"

And also;—

"Morn heralds her coming!
Then give me to drink.
Wine, shall make the grave gamesome,
Nor let him once think!
Sure so clear is the liquor,
The goblet so fine,
Who can tell which holds which,
Is't the glass? is't the wine?"

Now the king read the verse, and he sighed and said, 'If this talent were in a man, he would surpass the people of his time, and of his age.' So the king placed before him the chess board, and said, 'Art thou able to play with me?' So I signed with head 'Even so,' And went opposite to him, and set the chess-men, and played with him two games, and I got the better of him. Now the king's understanding was all abroad; so I took the inkstandish, and the pen, and wrote on the board these two stanzas;—

"Two armies fought the whole day long
With deeds of desperate might,
And every hour their ranks among
More deadly grew the fight;
Till lo! when night with darkling shade
'Gan o'er their files to sweep,
Both snugly on one carpet laid,
Together sank to sleep;"

THE FOURTEENTH NIGHT.

Then I gave thanks to God, and said, 'My eye is gone, yet not my soul.' So I entered a bath before I went forth from the city, and shaved my beard, and put on a coarse black woollen garment, and strewed dust on my head, oh! lady, and every day I wept, and revolved the sorrows that had befallen me, and the tearing out mine eye, and every while I pondered what had befallen me I wept, and broke out, and repeated these verses;—

"Although the Merciful be doubtless with me,
Yet am I sore bewildered, for new griefs
Have compassed me about, or ere I knew it.
I have endured till Patience self became
Impatient of my patience—I have endured
Waiting till heaven fulfil my destiny——
I have endured till nearly overcome,
Yet as endures the thirsty wayfarer
In the parched sands have ne'er called out for agony—
I have endured till e'en endurance owned
How I bore up with her; (a thing more bitter
Than bitter aloes) yet though a bitterer thing
Is not, than is that drug, it were more bitter
To me should Patience leave me unsustained.
The wrinkles of my brow bespeak my troubles,
When in my secret soul, secret of secrets,
Thy secret thoughts are laid. Oh! had the mountains
To bear what I do, they would crumble 'neath it,
'Twould quench the fire, and stop the rushing winds.
Whoso hath said, 'The world is full of sweet things,'
There is no help for it but he must taste
One day in weary tedium of endurance
More bitter things than aloes are."

THE FIFTEENTH NIGHT.

Now after this the slaves went up, and brought with them garments as rich as may be, and in the midst of them was a very old man; there was left of him just what there was, for time had wrestled hardly with him, and what there remained was as it were a decrepit being, wrapped in a blue rag that the winds might pass through west and east, as the poet said of him;—

"Time hath shattered all my frame;
Oh! how Time hath shattered me!
Time with lordly might can tame
Manly strength and vigor free.
Time was in my youth that none
Sped their way more fleet and fast:
Time is, and my strength is gone,
Youth is sped, and speed is past."

And the hand of the old man was in the hand of a young lad, and he was cast in the mould of comeliness, and elegance, and perfection, even so that models might be struck from his beauty, and he was as a fresh branch, able to enchant every heart with his loveliness, and to subdue every soul with his blandishments, even as the poet spoke of him when he said;—

"To vie with Beauty when he came,
Poor Beauty hung her head for shame;
And when they asked her, 'Hast thou seen
Fairer than he in shape and mien?'
'Have I seen such!' she cried, 'No—none;—
'Not e'en myself am such a one.'"

THE SIXTEENTH NIGHT.

Then cried they out with wailings, and imprecations, and a swoon came on the old man for a very long time. So the slaves supposed the old man could not live after his son lived not, and they wrapped the

young lad in his clothes, and spread over him an outer covering of silken stuff, and went up to the ship, and the old man went up after them. So he gazed on his son stretched out, and he fell on the ground, and took dust on his head, and smote his face and plucked at his beard, and thought upon his son, and his weeping increased and he swooned. So a slave went up from among them, and came with a narrow cloth of silk, and they stretched out the old man upon his carpet, and sat by his head. All this now took place, and I upon the tree over their heads looking on what came to pass, and my heart whitened or ere my beard was grey, by what hard lot I had endured in distress, and in woes, and I began to say extemporaneously;—

"How many of God's mercies be hid from us,
Though slight the veil that hides them from the sense
Of the intelligent! How many matters
Seem fraught with sorrow in the morning tide,
Which ere 'tis even make us sing with joy!
Much ease hath often come after much ill,
And from the labouring and o'erburdened heart
Hath cleared away all sorrow."

Oh! my mistress, sure the old man ceased not from his sorrowing till near sunset. Then he recovered, and looked upon his son, and what had happened to him, and how, what he dreaded had befallen him, and he beat his face and his head, and broke out in these verses;—

"The soul is racked when dearest friends must part;
This from mine eyes these constant currents drew,
With them my hopes, my all, I saw depart:
Ah! well-away, can any teach the art
To win them back, what should I say, what do?

'Twere best we ne'er had met, for what resource
To mine, now straightened in my way of life!
When fond affection's fire shall madly course,
And riot through me, say, what philtres' force
Could calm my pangs, and quench the raging strife?

Happy were we when 'neath one roof we dwelt,
Our lives as one in joy, and blessed content;
Till her fell arrows Absence on us dealt;
Then were we forced apart, and then we felt,
None could bear up 'gainst whom her bow was bent.

First of his age, the loved one of his clan,
Strong, beauteous but last eve; he's fallen to-day!
'Oh! could'st thou scape my son,'—as I began,
Nature's still voice, a father's tongue outran,
'Oh! could he scape,' she said, 'his destined day!'

'Well might I call thee Sun—in the far west
That sets, or pale-eyed Moon, that wanes and dies!
Ah! whither shall I wend to be at rest
At once with thee? had'st thou, my son expressed
The wish, thy father's life were made the sacrifice.

Oh! for the chance of days! for this my wail
And mournful well-away is made o'er thee;
Thou'rt now whence none return,—where none avail
To give thee aid!—thy father's senses fail
Scorched, and burnt up in longing after thee!

Why died I not with thee? Now all my power
Is withered up, and narrowed into naught.
Sure envious eyes with evil omened lour
Have fallen on us this day.—May Heaven shower
Like fate on them, with equal evil fraught!"

So he breathed hard with the death ruckle—his soul separated from his body. Then the slaves shrieked out, and took earth on their heads, and grew violent in their wailing, and took up their master upon the vessel by the side of his son, and spread the sails of the vessel; so they disappeared from mine

eyes; and I went down from the tree, and went down by the slab, and thought upon the youth: then saw I some of his clothes and necessaries, and began to repeat this verse extemporaneously;—

"The tracts that they have left I trace,
And pine for those are far away,
And water with my tears the place,
Where late they made their stay:
And to that power whose mandate stern
Has doomed their absence hence, I pray,
To make me blessed in their return
An't were but for a day."

Now when the month was fully out the sea was quite dried up on that quarter: so I rejoiced, and made certain of my preservation, and arose, and waded through what was left of the sea, and got up to the main land. There fell I in with a wide hillock of sand, such as that the foot of a camel even would sink in it in going up it: but I made my soul resolute, and passed through the sand. And behold! I perceived a fire which shone from afar, and it was blazing with a burning light, so I made for it in search of assistance, and broke out into verse saying;—

"'Tis a chance that my fortune may yet rein her steed,
The world change it's aspect, and aid me at last;
That my hope may be furthered, and favoured my need,
And new blessings spring forth, now old evils be past."

So they said, 'Take to thee her whom thou preferest among the whole of us;' And I chose one among them, lovely in countenance, with eyes edged with kohl, her locks long, and dark black, with pouting moist lips, perfect in her shape, her eyebrows joined in one, as if she were some limber graceful branchlet, or the slender stalk of a sweet plant, to

maze and to bewilder the imagination,—as the poet said of her;—

"'Twas folly sure in me
Her erstwhile to compare
To the fresh verdure of the date tree bough;
Then let it never be,
That I her shape and air
With the Ghuzel should seek to liken now.
For how could the Ghuzel
Dare with her to compete
In winning graces, and proportions true;
Or her ripe lips excel,
Her lips so luscious sweet,
Her lips whence one might sip the honey dew;
Her wide, and piercing eye
Hath privilege to slay
With love, or by a glance him fast to bind,
'Gainst whom its arrows fly;
He smitten wastes away
In torment dire, and agony of mind.
I doated upon her
With more than love's excess,
Fond e'en to foolishness; yet who could say
That any wonder 'twere
The love-sick should love thus,
When love assails his life, and wears his sense away?"

And I broke out spontaneously to her;—

"On other charms mine eyes can never rove,
None else but thou a thought from me could gain;
My only care, sweet friend, is for thy love,—
In that I'll die, in that I'll rise again."

So I arose, and went with her; none fairer than her did I ever see. Now when it was morning, they entered the bath with me, and they bathed me, and clothed me in fairest apparel, and they set food before us, and we ate, and we drank, and the cup went round among us until night. Then took I from among

them one, fair in every attribute, soft shaped in true proportions, as the poet said of her, when he said;—

"Two rounded urns are on her breast,
Each with a seal of musk impressed,
To keep them sure lest they be pressed,
By lovers hand profane;
These with the arrows of her eyes
The wards and watches from surprise,
Who daring ventures, surely dies
By arrowy glances slain."

Then one among them stood forth and fell on my neck, and wept, and repeated a verse;—

"Whene'er the time be near
That after absence we shall meet;
Smiles shall on fortune's brow appear
Where frowns had late their seat.
Then if my longing eyes
Be brightened with a sight of thee,
All Fortune's former injuries
Shall fly my memory."

Then broke I out into a similar strain;—

"When the parting drew near, and our hearts were nigh broken,
In transports of love as our last vows were spoken,
A thick shower of pure pearls in her weeping she shed,
While my tears like cornelians, flowed blood-like, and red;
The two streams trickled down in continuous flow,
And hung round her fair bosom a necklace of woe."

So my mind was all astonished with it, and I walked among the trees, and I smelt the airy breathings of the flowers, and heard the song of the birds, and looked on the color of the apples excelling all things of ruddy hue, and all of paler green, as said the poet;—

"United in the apple's growth
Two different tints appear,—
The shining cheeks of my beloved,
The hue of dastard fear."

And I gazed too upon the quince, and went to smell its odour which puts to shame the scent of musk, and of ambergris, and it is indeed as the poet has said, and the couplets tell us;—

"The quince hath gathered to herself
The best delights of earth,
Hence stands she first among all fruits
In honor and in worth.
Her taste is like to luscious wine,
Her smell to musk when new,
Round is she as the full-horned moon,
And gold-like in her hue."

THE SEVENTEENTH NIGHT.

And I told him my story, and he wondered at that; and then I questioned him as to the story of the people of this city; So he answered, 'Wait for me awhile, my sister,' and he smoothed down and closed the Qorân, and lifted it into a bag of satin, and seated me by his side. Then looked I upon him, and lo! he was as the full moon when at the fullest, beauteous in his shape, softly moulded in his proportions, fair to look upon, as it were a model of just form, of medium height in stature, like as these verses have been spoken of him;—

"As the sage watched the stars, the semblance clear
Of a fair youth on a scroll he saw appear.
Those jetty locks Canopus o'er him threw,
And tinged his temple curls a musky hue;
Mars dyed his ruddy cheek; and from his eyes
The Archer star his glittering arrow flies;
His wit from Hermes came; and Soha's care,

(The half-seen star that dimly haunts the Bear;) (84)
Kept off all evil eyes that threaten and ensnare.
The sage stood mazed to see such fortunes meet,
And Luna kissed the earth beneath his feet."

And sure the Almighty had clothed him with the perfection of external form, and had fashioned it after his likeness in loveliness, and beauty, as the poet said of him;—

"By his eyelash tendril curled, by his slender waist I swear,
By the dart his witchery feathers, fatal hurtling through the air;
By the just roundness of his shape, by his glances bright and keen,
By the swart limning of his locks, and his fair forehead shining sheen;
By his eyebrows which deny that she who looks on them should sleep,
Which now commanding, now forbidding, o'er me high dominion keep;
By the roses of his cheek, his face as fresh as myrtle wreath,
His tulip lips, and those pure pearls that hold the places of his teeth;
By his noble form, which rises featly turned in even swell
To where upon his jutting chest two young pomegranates seem to dwell:
By his supple moving hips, his taper waist, and silky skin,
By all he robbed Perfection of, and holds enchained his form within;

(84) 'The half-seen star that dimly, &c.'—This line is interpolated to explain the position and nature of the star about which the Sanscrit astrologers as well as the Arabs, have some singular superstitions. The Arabs believe this star to be an averter of evil; the Sanscrit astrologers assert that a man sees it but once in his lifetime, and that on that occasion it is a prognostic of his death.

By his tongue of steadfastness, his nature true, and excellent,
By the greatness of his rank, his noble birth, and high descent,
Musk from my love her savour steals, who musk exhales from every limb
And all the airs ambergris breathes are but the zephyr's blow o'er him.
The sun methinks, the broad bright sun, as low before my love should quail
As would my love himself transcend the paltry paring of his nail!"

THE EIGHTEENTH NIGHT.

And she wept, and kissed my feet, and commenced repeating this verse;—

"To have thee present is our pride,
And well we know thou dost us grace,
For wert thou absent who beside
Could stand for thee, or take thy place?"

So we came before a gate, arched over with a dome of marble, a very large one: the walls by the gate of the mansion stood firm on the ground, and touched the clouds, and there was written on the gate these verses;

"I am the dwelling place of joy,
Where gay delights that never cloy,
Heart-opening pleasures, still employ,
Time's even rolling tide.
'Neath where my structure stateliest shows
With limpid gush a fountain flows
Can wash away all cankered woes
That in the heart abide.
The saffron-hued anemone,
Narcissus, rose, and myrtle tree,
And all sweet flowers that freshest be,
Bloom by that fountain side."

Now we had hardly taken note of this, ere a young girl came out from the alcove, and I looked upon her, Oh! Lord of the Faithful, and lo! she was more perfect than the moon when she is fullest, with her face more bright than the dawn when it gleams saffron-hued, even as the poet sang when he said;—

" Chaste daughter of Khosroo, that dwellest alone,
'Mid the halls of proud nansions a kaisar might own!
What witchery of charms on thy fair cheek repose,
Than tragacanth ruddier, more fresh than the rose!
The essence of all that is lovely she took,
Whence to cull the soft languor that sleeps in her look;
And her tresses hang low on her forehead's pure white,
As the evening of gloomshades the morn of delight."

So the young girl came down from the alcove, and said to me, 'Welcome, and peace and rest to the sister, the well-beloved, the noble, and a thousand welcomes!' and she commenced extemporaneously saying these verses;—

" Could my house know that thou would'st visit her,
The joyful news had made the dull walls stir
To kiss the place thy footsteps had impressed;
And by occasion rendered eloquent,
They'd cried in their rude tongue, 'Joy and content
To her that's great, and good! and Peace, and Rest!'"

Then was she glad and clapped her hands, and opened a door, and there came out from it a young man blooming in the prime of life, exquisite in the style of his stature, and in exact proportion, and beauty, and perfect shape, and loveliness, and perfection, and gentle in the winning manners, with an eyebrow like a bow when bent with the arrow, and his eyes would captivate all hearts with the sorcery no law forbids, as some one said of him, and the verse describes him;—

"His face was as the face of the new moon,
And like the glistening stars, so shone upon him
The emblems of his high prosperity."

And also, Heaven bless the one that said it of him, the verse;—

"Blessed be His power, creative of such beauty,
Oh blessed be he that fashioned thee so fair,
So faultless; for all species of perfection
Conjoined make up this one; so the world
So witched to doatage by his loveliness,
Beauty was written for his destiny,
And his birth witnessed none indeed were fair,
But he."

And his wrath broke out, and he burst forth repeating these lines;—

"If that there should be one who shared with me
In that I love, I would deny my soul
All tenderness, e'en if to quell my love
Should quell my life; and I would say to it,
'Death were to me a blessing, oh! my soul
For love is nothing good, when it be spent
On what gives no return.'"

Then said he to the slave, 'Smite here oh! Seedee.' Now when the slave was sure of the order, (he who was sitting by me,) he said, 'Oh! my mistress, repeat to me the confession of faith, and whatsoever needful thing thou hast to care for, tell me it, for surely this is the end of thy life.' So I answered him, 'Oh! good slave, wait but a little while till I tell thee my last will.' Then lifted I my head, and saw the state I was in, and how I was fallen into misery after enjoying high dignity, and how I drew my punishment on myself; and I wept with exceeding weeping, and he looked on me with eyes of wrath, and commenced saying extemporaneously;'—

"Go, say to her who fain would be
Your comfort, and your torment too,
Who choses for her luxury
Another paramour than you;
'Sure I was spurned from forth thy heart,
Or ever thou wast spurned from mine;
I tear the common bond apart,
And keep me free from love like thine.'"

Now when I heard him, Oh! Lord of the Faithful, I wept, and I looked upon him and began repeating these verses;—

"You doom my banishment from love,
And all unmoved yourself remain;
My weary lids you sleepless make,
And slumber on while I complain;
You turn my nights to watchfulness,
And coldly mark my altered cheer;
Nor yield your heart to melting thoughts,
Nor raise your hand to hide a tear.
You made me swear by many an oath
By plighted troth to hold, and stay,
But when you had lorded o'er my heart,
You broke your faith, and fled away.
I loved you like a foolish child,
That wists not well what love may be;
Then slay me not that only am
A learner in it's mystery.
I pray you as you hope for Heaven
To grave for me, when I am dead,
'*She died for love*' upon the slab
That covers in my stony bed;
Then one who has learned what passion is,
Poor sorrowing wight, by this may know,
He treads upon a lover's heart,
And pity her that lies below."

Now when I ceased speaking my verse I wept; but when he heard the poetry, and looked upon my weep-

ing, fury was added to his fury, and he burst out saying;—

"'Twas not satiety that bade me leave
The once loved of my heart,
But that her sinning grew, and gathered head,
And urged me to depart.
She sought to let another share our love,
So sacred once, and pure;
But my true heart had long ere this made oath
No rival to endure.

So when he stopped reciting his verse, I wept again, and was very humble to him, but I said in my heart, 'I will deal cunningly with him in my words, that he may let me escape the pain of slaying, even though he should take from me, the whole of what I am mistress of; then I reproached him with the treatment I met from him, and began to repeat these verses;'—

"Now by the sense of what is right!
If thou wert just thou would'st not kill,
Nor e'en thy harsh intent fulfil
To drive me hence; though 'tis thy will.
Yet will'st thou what is just?
Strong, and oh! cruel in thy might,
A weight of grief thou mak'st me bear,
Poor wretch, that racked by fear and care,
Am crushed by e'en the dress I wear,
And tremble in the dust!
Why should I marvel at the plight,
To which thou has driven my poor brain,
When I my very form in vain
Attempt to recognise again,
When from thy side 'tis thrust!"

Now when I ceased my verse, I wept again; and he looked upon me and chided me, and treated me with contumely, and broke out repeating these lines;—

"Thou wast all taken up with other love
Than mine; thou did'st bring on (for 'twas not I
Would have done so) the cause of separation.
I leave thee, for thou has abandoned me;
I keep from thee, as thou has kept thyself
From me. 'Tis thus I look on other loves,
Because thou hast,—thus when our unions parted,
Not mine the deed, but thine."

THE NINETEENTH NIGHT.

Now then the Khuleef went down, and Jafur, and Musroor, and penetrated into the city, and went into the market squares, and streets, and they were going through an alley, and they saw an old man, even very old, on his head a fishing net, and a dry gourd to carry small fish and in his hand a staff, and he, as he was going to his home, broke out in verse and said;—

"'Like as the moon,' they say, 'showeth by night'
'So men the light of thy learning espy:'
'Cease such vain babbling, ye triflers,' I cry,
'None look to science, who see not the light
Of wealth shiningly.'
And I should pain both myself, and my learning,
All of my books for a single day's diet——
E'en to my inkstands—the broker'd deny it,
Or with low jest at the paltry pledge spurning
Would trouble my quiet.
Bankrupt, poor, beggared, no worse fate can offer!
He pinched for food must in summer go fast,
And scorch by the bath stove while wintry days last:
Street curs will bay him, and every low scoffer
Vile gibes at him cast.
Lo! when he plains to the rich, not a soul
Pities, or heeds him, howe'er he may crave:
If this be life, and such life we must brave,
Sure we might meet with a happier dole
Down deep in the grave."

THE TWENTIETH NIGHT.

Now when the morning dawned, he arose, and said his morning prayer, and betook himself to his treasury: and he took thence a small sack, and filled it with gold, and he repeated the sayings of his brother, and thought on the affront he offered him, and commenced reciting these lines;—

"Go, mourn not those thou leav'st—thou'lt find fresh substitutes for these,
Fare forth, for sure the sweet of life's to wander at one's ease.
No light heart's won in fixed abodes; naught winn'st thou there but woe,
Then quit the town, and hie thee out where chance may bid thee go.
All foul I see those waters be that stagnate, and stand still:
Sweet's the swift stream; yet sweet 'tis not, if checked its constant rill.
If the full moon should never set, would eager longing eyes
From month to month gaze on, as now, to see the bright orb rise!
Did not the lion leave his den, he ne'er could take the game;
Did not the arrow leave the bow, how fruitless were its aim!
A sort of tree is ebony while clinging to its earth,
And gold while sweltering in the mine, is dust of little worth;
Dig this one out, dig that one up, and, wondrous to behold,
Dust makes its digger rich, and wood more precious is than gold!"

THE TWENTY-FIRST NIGHT.

And the wife of Shums ood Deen the vuzeer of Ægypt, bore a daughter to him, one could not see in Ægypt beauty like her's, and the wife of Noor ood Deen, a male child, one could not find a fairer, in the whole world, as the poets said of him in verse;—

"Transparently as shine
Through his dark hair
His brows so fair,
Darkness, and light combine
To maze the world around.
Against the dusky mole
That decks his cheek
No treason speak;
Mid'st tulips not one sole
Without its spot is found."

And another also said in verse; —

"To vie with Beauty, when he came
Poor Beauty, hung her head for shame;
And when they asked her, 'Hast thou seen,
Fairer than he, in shape and mien?'
'Have I seen such?' she cried,—'no—none—
Not e'en myself am such a one.'"—

And his beauty ceased not to augment in perfect growth, and stature, and just proportion as said the poet;—

"Amid the heaven of his face
The moon shines bright and clear,
And in his cheeks like tulips fresh,
The sun's bright rays appear;
Beauty he hath so captive made,
Absorbed in him alone,
That all the fairness of all men
Is borrowed from his own."

But for the people of the kingdom when he passed before them for the first time, and he going up with his father to the king, surely they were surprised at his beauty, and sat in his way to look for his return among them that they might take pleasure to look on him, and on his loveliness, and his perfect shape, and his stature, and true proportion, as were said of him in these couplets of verse;—

"As the sage watched the stars, the semblance clear
Of a fair youth on's scroll, he saw appear!
Those jetty locks, Canopus o'er him threw,
And tinged his temple locks a musky hue;
Mars died his ruddy cheeks, and from his eyes
The Archer star, his lightning arrow plies;
His wit from Hermes came; and Soha's care
(The half-seen star, that dimly haunts the Bear)
Kept off all evil eyes that threaten and ensnare.
The sage stood, mazed to see such fortunes meet
And Luna kissed the earth beneath his feet."

So then he set to give him his last instructions as to fair conduct among men, and prudence, and afterwards Noor ood Deen spoke of his brother, and his home, and his native town; then wept he over his separation from those he loved, and wiped away his tears, and began to repeat the verse;—

"Would I describe the ills of absence ([101])
How shall I the plaint essay?—
Should I desire to speak my passion,
How and where to find the way?—
If I perchance should thro' another,
Send the tale of my distress,

([101]) 'Would I describe, &c.'—This piece of verse has already appeared as the lament of a woman in the absence of her lover. The violent affections of the Arabs do not render the expressions extravagant as applied in this case to the attachment of brothers, and their love-verses being also addressed to the object in the masculine gender facilitates the license of quotation to a great degree.

How could another's tongue my sorrows
To my best beloved express?—
If I hang back my love is lost me,
(Love in absence soon grows weak,)
Thus nought but sighs and groans are left me
Grieving heart, and streaming cheek.
Oh! absent from mine eyes! thy spirit
To my mind's eye is present still:
Know'st not my truth! unlike the river
I sudden flow, and sudden fill?
Hast thou forgot me, pale and weeping
Fast in the bond of passion tied?
Could our loves meet, how much, false lover,
Have I to blame, how long to chide!"

So Noor ood Deen said to him, 'Surely now will I leave thee five last behests: The FIRST, Be intimate with no one. Then art thou safe from his malignity, for safety lieth in seclusion, and in not mingling with men, and not learning commerce with them;' for surely thou hast heard the verse which says;—

"In thy whole world there is not one,
Whose friendship thou may'st count upon,
Nor plighted faith that will stand true,
When times go hard, and hopes are few.
Then live apart, and dwell alone,
Nor make a prop of any one.
I've given a gift in that I've said,
Will stand thy friend in every stead."

The SECOND, oh! my son, is, 'Deal hardly with no one lest fortune deal hardly with thee; for fortune one day is with thee, and another day against thee; the worldly good is but a debt to be repaid;' and sure thou hast heard the verse which says;—

"Act on sure grounds, nor hurry fast
To gain the purpose that thou hast;
And be thou kindly to all men;
So kindly thou'lt be called again.

For not a deed the hand can try
Save 'neath the hand of God on high,
Nor tyrant harsh work tyranny
Uncrushed by tyrant harsh as he."

The THIRD BEHEST, is, 'See the propriety of reserve, and be rather occupied with thine own fault than the faults of others.' For it has been said, 'Who maintains reserve escapes evil,' and thou has heard the lines that say;—

"Reserve's an ornament, and silence safety.
Whene'er thou speakest, prate not in thy talking;
For if perchance it may some once repent thee
Of silence kept, be sure thou wilt repent
Of words that thou hast said some thousand times."

The FOURTH, oh! my son, is, 'Keep thyself from drinking wine;'(103) for wine is the head of all wickedness, and wine maketh the sense to flee away; abstain from drinking wine, for surely thou hast heard the verse which sayeth;—

"The grape juice have I set aside,
And ceased to quaff its luscious tide,
And converse seek with him that knows,
How best its evils to expose.
Wine causes man to walk astray,
And leave the true, and righteous way;
Wine opens wide the door to sin
And lets all evil enter in."

---

(103) 'Keep from drinking wine.'—The sin of wine drinking is classed with that of divination or 'lots,' as it is translated by Sale (*vide* Pocock. Sortes-Ul-Meisur). 'Satan sought to cause hatred and enmity among you through wine and lots, and turn you from the praise of God and prayer.' (Qorân chap. 5. *Vide* also chap. 2.) Wine, it is to be remembered, has a much more exciting effect upon the inhabitants of eastern nations, particularly the Arabs, than upon Europeans, and as the object of wine-drinking in the East, is intoxication rather than a temperate merriment, the repeated injunctions of Muhummud for its total disuse are fully justified. (*Vide* Pocock. Hist. Arabum notæ. p. 136. V. E.)

The FIFTH, oh! my son, is, 'Guard well thy wealth, and it will well guard thee; Preserve thy money, and thee it will preserve, and be not careless of thy coin, lest thou go begging from the least of mankind, keep close the dirhems, for these are the dearest gifts thou hast!' And thou hast heard how one of the poets said;—

"If small my means, then poor am I in friends,
If great, then all men are my intimates.
Most true it is, wealth purveys me companions,
That slink away upon that wealth's decline."

So the servant came to him on foot, and kissed his hand, and said, 'Oh! my master, and son of my master, haste, haste ere evil light on thee!' And Hussun trembled, and said, 'What news is there?' He replied, 'The Sooltan, is angered with thee, and hath issued warrants against thee, and evil cometh even in my track upon thee; flee then with thy life.' So he answered him, 'What is in the matter to prevent my going into my house to get some such chattels as may stand me in stead during absence?' And the servant said, 'Arise even now, and leave the door behind thee.' So he departed and said as he went;—

"Fly, fly with thy life, if by ill overtaken
Let thy house speak thy death, by its builder forsaken,
For a land else than this land, thou mayest reach, my brother,
But thy life lost, thou'lt ne'er find, in this world another,
How! who live with the roof of his wretchedness o'er him,
And the great Earth of God broad outspreading before him,
When the theme's life and death, to no agent confide it,
For life cares for itself, as none else does beside it:

Ne'er could prowl the grown lion, with mane roughly sweeping
Did he trust in his need, save himself for safe keeping."

So Hussun, the vuzeer's son, took a letter sheet, and wrote on it this writing, 'Hussun, son of the vuzeer has sold to Isshâk the Jew, the whole of the lading of the first of his father's ships that may come in for a thousand deenars, and has taken the price by way of advance.' And the Jew took the letter of sale; but Hussun was weeping, and pondering on the greatness that had been his, and he broke out, and he said;—

"The house is now no house to me,
Nor neighbours now seem neighbourly,
Since thou art far away:
The mutual friend we used to meet
As friend no longer can I greet;
Nor does the very moon appear
To shine as fair as when thou'rt here,
With half so bright a ray.
Thy absence cast a murky veil
On every side o'er hill and dale,
The world grew desolate;
Oh! raven, that with boding cry
Foretold our day of parting nigh,
May'st thou, when thou would'st take thy rest,
Ne'er find a feather for the nest
Thou buildest for thy mate!
My patience waxes less and less,
And far from thee in weariness
My body pines away;
The veil was wont our lives to hide
How rudely was that rent aside,
Upon our parting day!
And yet thou once again mays't see
Times like times past return, when we
Could nightly plight our troth:

Time may our wonted joys renew,
And make the dwellings of the two
A common home for both."

THE TWENTY-SECOND NIGHT.

So the tirewoman displayed her in the first bridal dress, and Hussun took a glimpse of her: and she amazed him, and she walked swimmingly with captivating grace, and caused the very senses of the women, and the men to forsake them, for she was even as the poet Mifzal, said of her in verse;—

"In kirtle coloured of the grenadine
She showed, a sun mid'st branches like her figure,
Mid sand hills like her hips. She made me drink
The winy dew that mantled on her cheek,
And thus my fiercely burning flame was quenched."

And they changed that dress, and apparelled her in a robe of blue; then rose she like the full moon when it shines brightest, with her coal black hair, and cheeks of the anemone, and teeth still shown in smiles and bosom firmly rounded, and taper was she of hand and foot and of where the bracelet sits. And they displayed her in the second bridal dress, and she was as the masters of sublime conceptions said of her;—

"She came apparelled in a vest of blue,
That mocked the skies, and shamed their azure hue:
I thought thus clad she burst upon my sight,
Like summer moonshine on a wintry night."

(So goes the tale.) Then altered they that suit for a suit other than it, and veiled her in the luxuriance of her hair, and drew across her face her forelocks, dark and long; and their blackness, and their length made one despise the thickest murkiness of darkest nights, and she shot through all hearts with the darts of her bewitching eye. And they displayed her in the third bridal dress, as said of her he that spoke the verse;—

" Her cheek concealed,
But half revealed
Beneath the coal black hair,
Might teem the while
With many a wile,
But all hid darkling there.

'Is't thus' said I,
'The morning sky
In night thou seek'st to shroud?
'Nay,' she replied,
'I do but hide,
The moon behind a cloud.'"

Then displayed they her in the fourth bridal dress, and she came forward like the rising sun, and walked swimmingly with captivating grace, and moved with supple ease like the fawns of the antelope, and smote all hearts with arrows from the corner of her eyelids, as the describer of her graces said of her in verse;—

" The sun of beauty midst man's race
In her was seen confessed;
Shame decked those charms with modest grace
To which art gave a zest.
And e'en the golden orb of day
Curtained by clouds hath hid away,
E'er since he saw the sunny ray
In which her face is dressed."

(So goes the tale.) And she came up in the fifth bridal dress, even like the girl that is our dearest friend; she was like a rod of the benzoin tree, or an antelope of the thirsty desert, and she let down her snaky locks, and called up her wondrous powers to charm, and made her figure quiver as she went, as was said of her, and as one described her in verse;—

" In figure featly formed, with taper waist
As on the fourteenth night the full-horned moon,
Beams she in ripe perfection.
A beauty centered in her eye's dark orb
Could do mankind to death—the ruby stone
Has lent her cheek it's redness.
Below her hip hang down her swart thick locks:
But ah! beware the serpent when thou gazest
Upon those snake-like tresses:
For kindness hath she wholly put away,

And 'neath her seeming softness lies a heart
More hard than granite boulders.
From the fringed curtain of her half closed eye
She speeds the dart that hits, and misses not,
E'en though it were far distant.
So! when embracing her I seek to circle
My hand about her neck, her bust repels me
Firm in its rich redundance.
Oh! sure her loveliness outdoes the beauty
Of every fair! her graces put to shame
The waving bough wind-shaken!"

(So goes the tale.) Then displayed they her in the sixth bridal dress in a dress of green, and she shamed in her straightness the blade of standing wheat, and she surpassed in her loveliness the beauteous of all earth's quarters, and was fairer in the radiance of her face than the bright beams of a full moon, and she obtained of comeliness all she desired in the way of beauty, and she outdid the bending branches in her gentle motion, and her flexile grace, and she broke men's hearts by the loveliness of her whole appearance, as some one said of her, and eulogised her in the verse;—

"A maiden 'twas, the dresser's art had decked with cunning sleight;
The sun thou'd'st say had robbed her cheek, and shone with borrowed light.
She came to us apparelled fair in under-vest of green,
Like as the ripe pomegranate hides beneath its leafy screen:
And when we asked her what might be the name of that she wore,
She answered in a quaint reply that double meaning bore:
'The desert's heart we penetrate in such apparel dressed,
And *Pierce-heart* therefore is the name by which we call the vest.'"

Then they displayed her in the seventh bridal dress, a color between saffron and dark yellow, as some one said of her, and praised her;—

"In saffron tint she walked bedight,
In sandal red, and yellow bright,
Pale amber, musky grey:
'Up, up in haste!' the young man cries;
Ah! slender waist! she cannot rise,
Nor skills to get away
With heavy hips that say, 'Sit still,'
And make her linger 'gainst her will.
Thus when I would our union press,
'Come quickly,' says her loveliness,
Her coyness mutters, 'Nay.'"

And he laid his hand beneath her head, and even thus did she, and these two embracing slept each clasping the other, as said of them the poet in these lines;—

"Go, visit her thou lovest, and regard not
The words detractors utter; envious churls
Can never favour love. Oh! sure the merciful
Ne'er made a thing more fair to look upon,
Than two fond lovers in each others arms,
Speaking their passion in a mute embrace.
When heart is turned to heart, the fools would part them
Strike idly on cold steel. So when thou'st found
One purely, wholly thine, accept her true heart,
And live for her alone. Oh! thou that blamest
The love-struck for their love, give o'er thy talk,
How can'st thou minister to a mind diseased?" ([112])

([112]) 'How can'st thou minister to a mind diseased?'—Literal.

THE TWENTY-THIRD NIGHT.

Now when he saw the hand-writing of his brother, he broke out, and repeated this verse;—

"The tracks that they have left I trace,
And pine for those are far away,
And water with my tears the place
Where late they made their stay.
And to that power, whose mandate stern
Hath doomed their absence hence I pray
To make me blessed in their return,
An 't were but for a day!"

Now when his mother heard a mention of his father, she wept at the mention of the son of her uncle, and she remembered her of her bridal with Budur|ood Deen Hussun, the Bussorite, and what came to pass with him, and she broke out repeating these verses;—

"They grafted in my heart love's worst excess,
Then placed wide lands 'twixt me and that I loved;
And since they bouned to part my wild distress
Showed clearer still as less my patience proved.
Fast as they fled, so fled my joyousness;
Rest they foreswore, and could I rest unmoved?
Tears of mine eyes to part but bade ye flow,
While absence feeds the rivulet of woe!

How have I longed to see them but once more!
How toiled with grief, and bootless hope o'er wrought;
Their form lies pictured in my bosom's core
With love, desire, and dreamy passion fraught.
Close as a vest their memory still I wore,
While love enwrapped me in a robe of thought.
Long as they linger hence, so lastingly
Endures our love, past mortal constancy!"

Then wept he before the Sooltan, so that his heart was melted, and he wrote mandates for him for all countries, and all towns: so the vuzeer rejoiced at that

and prayed for blessings on the Sooltan, and took leave of him: and on the instant went down and equipped him for the journey and took whatsoever was requisite for it, and his daughter and her child Ujeeb and travelled the first day, and the second day, and the third day, until he arrived at the city Damascus; and he found her rich in trees, and streams, as said of her the poet;—

"When I had passed my day, and night
Within Damascus boundaries,
Old Time 'gan swear that he could ne'er
Forget a day, and night like this!
We slept; while watched night's guardian wing
Our lazy hours of deep repose,
And infant day in mantle grey
With smiling aspect cheerly rose.
Like orient pearls upon those boughs
Was deftly hung the morning dew,
That fell away in tiny spray,
Whene'er the gentle zephyr blew.
The small birds chaunted songs of praise,
Their psalter was the lake's broad tide,
The wind each note in ripples wrote,
And dappled clouds the points supplied."

So he went to his shop, and sold his meats, and still was longing to see his mother which was in Bussorah, and he wept for her, and broke out repeating;—

"Ask not fortune to be just,
And then upbraid her as unkind,
Spare to blame her, spare to trust
She comes not of an honest kind.
Take whate'er for thee's designed,
And give unseen thy God his due;
No doubt but there thou'lt truly find,
All justice, and all mercy too!"

Then he cast a glance on all around about it, and kissed the door steps, and thought upon his brother Noor ood Deen Ullee and how he died in a strange land; then wept he, and broke out saying;—

"I travelled through the land, my Leila's land,
And kissed the mute walls there on every hand.
'Twas not the land my fond heart loved so well,
But her who in that land was wont to dwell."

Then he entered through the gate into a very spacious vestibule, and a doorway strongly defended, built in with hard squared stone, inlaid with bits of sundry sorts of marble of all colors. Then went he round about the house, and looked upon it, and threw many a glance upon it, and he found the name of his brother Noor ood Deen written upon it in gold wash; then went he towards the name, and kissed it, and wept, and thought upon his separation, and burst out repeating these lines;—

"I prayed the sun to give me tidings of ye
Each time he rose, and when the lightning flashed
Asked of your whereabouts.
I lay me down, and in my restless sleep
Love made me turn, and toss, but 'mid my suffering
I plained me not of it.
Oh! my beloved! if time indeed be tedious,
What share of tediousness was doled to me
When I am absent from thee!
And though thou should'st consent to glad mine eyes
With sight of thee, how much more gladsome were it
To meet thee face to face?
Think not another could engage my thoughts;
E'en if my heart should try to love another,
The effort were in vain."

So then he went forward until he came to the apartment of the wife of his brother, mother of Budur ood Deen Hussun, the Ægyptian; and she from the time

of disappearance of her son had been continually employed in weeping and in wailing night and day. Now as years increased with her, she made for her son a tomb of marble in the midst of the courtyard, and used to weep for him night and day, sleeping not save in that tomb. So when the vuzeer arrived at her abiding place, he heard her low moaning, and stood behind the door; then heard he her address the sepulchre in verse, and say;—

"Tell me, by Heaven, thou sepulchre,
Why hath his beauty ceased to be,
And why is changed his fair aspect,
That was so sweet to see?
Thou art not Earth, thou sepulchre,
Nor art thou sky that I see here,
How then in thee do both bright moon,
And fresh green tree appear?"

Now when she heard the tidings of her son, and that he was living, and saw her brother-in-law, thereupon she stood up to him, and fell at his feet, and kissed them, and began reciting extemporaneously the verse;—

"Oh! Heaven! glad tidings greet me from his footsteps,
And he is come with news right sweet to list to!
If he were satisfied to take a gift,
Token of honour, I would cut in pieces
My heart, and give it him when he departs."

Now when these two came near to him, and Ujeeb saw him he went close to him, and perceived the mark of the blow with the stone upon his forehead; and he said to him, 'Peace be to thee. Oh! man of this house, know that my heart is with thee.' Now when Budur ood Deen looked upon him, his bowels yearned, and his heart beat fast, and he hung his head towards the

ground, and sought to make his tongue give utterance to his mouth, but he could not. Then raised he his head towards his son humbly, like a suppliant, and began to speak in these verses;—

"Though longing for my love I be,
Nor o'er my looks when her I see,
Nor o'er my tongue, I've mastery,
My wit's forgot.
In awe of her, and very dread
I stand abashed, and hang my head,
And whatsoe'er I would have said
I say it not.
E'en though whole records I might write
Telling the story of my slight,
I could not make, when she's in sight,
One letter dot."

Now when Budur ood Deen Hussun heard the words of his son he broke out saying:—

"Oh! thou, that hast some art men's hearts to tame,
Close veiled, deep hidden, noteless, and unseen,
Whose bright brow puts the lustrous moon to shame,
And speaks the radiance of morn's saffron sheen!
Thy beauty is a shrine (123) can ne'er decay,
In memory rarer still from age to age;
In thy cheek's fire, my heaven, I melt away,
And die of thirst thy nectar must assuage."

And Ujeeb went in to his grandam, mother of his father, Budur ood Deen Hussun; so she kissed him and thought of her son, Budur ood Deen Hussun, and burst out and wept; then said she;

"I still had hoped, I still had hoped
That we again might be united:

---

(123) 'Thy beauty is a shrine.'—The metaphor alludes to the practice of pilgrimage to the shrines of saints, to which Mooslims in all countries are much given.

For life was tasteless grown to me,
When thou wert gone, and I was slighted.
By him who probes one's secret thought!
By him, who made us as he listed!
I swear an oath, no love but thine,
Hath ever in this heart existed?"

THE TWENTY-FOURTH NIGHT.

Now when his father saw him, he said 'And this is he that smote me with the stone.' And the vuzeer replied, 'This is thy son.' So upon that he threw himself upon him, and broke out repeating;—

"I long had wept for grief that we were parted,
Till tears coursed plenteously down my cheek;
And vowed this vow, If I no more were thwarted
By Fortune, that my tongue I would restrain,
Nor e'er the phrase 'To part' would dare to speak.
Joys now crowd on me so that with that strain,
Of very joy, I weep beneath such pleasant pain!"

Now when he closed his verse, lo! his mother met him; and threw herself upon him, and burst out saying;—

"When we meet, myself I'll chide him,
Sorely chide him for his wrong:
Words of chiding sound least fairly
Spoken by a stranger tongue."

So when he came in presence before him he did him reverence, with the most perfect of obeisances, and the deepest, and began to say extemporaneously;—

"The first in state shall kiss the earth
To thee, and find his end obtained:
Thou, Lord of Glory, and of worth!
Pourest more blessings freely forth,
Than e'er in hope thy client gained!"

Then the Sooltan smiled, and made a sign to him to sit; so he sat near his uncle, Shums ood Deen; then the King asked him his name, and he replied, 'The least of thy slaves is he who is known as Hussun the Bussorite, who prays for thee night and day.' Now the Sooltan marvelled at his words, and desired to test him in what he might show in him some evidence of what he knew, and of his breeding. So he said to him, 'Dost thou keep in mind aught in encomium of the mole?' he answered 'Even so,' and he broke out with the verse;—

"Whene'er in thought I bring my love to view
Affection quickens, and my sorrow flies:
She has a mole unmatched in shape, and hue,
Snare of all hearts, and cynosure of eyes!"

Then the king praised the couplets for their beauty, and said to him, 'Quote something else; may Heaven bless thy sire, and thy mouth never tire:' So he began the verse;—

"And when forsooth a mole spot dusk
They likened to a grain of musk,
Deem not the fancy strange to be
In him that made such simile;
For strange 'twas to view that face,
Give beauty's every charm a place
The whole so joined to make it fair
Not e'en one grain was wanting there."

And the king was moved, being greatly pleased, and said to him, 'Say more for me, God bless thy life!' So he broke out in verse;—

"Oh! thou with mole upon thy cheek
Like musk spot o'er a ruby stone,
Consent to me, and be mine own,
Oh! heart's desire and sustenance!
Nor thus so harshly frown."

Then said the king, 'Thou speakest most fairly, fair Hussun, and sayest well all goodly things! tell me clearly how many meanings be there in the dictionary for the word mole?' And he answered 'God keep the king! Seven and fifty, and as by some it is said fifty.'(127) So he replied to him, 'Thou sayest truly.' Then quoth he, 'Hast thou knowledge as to the description of beauty?' He answered, 'Even so; loveliness in the face, cleanliness in the skin, comeliness in the nose, gentleness in the eyes, shapeliness in the mouth, cleverness on the tongue, gracefulness in form, seemliness in all attributes; perfection of beauty is in the hair, and this, even the whole, has Shihab the Hijazee, brought together, in verses of the Rujuz(128) metre, and it is this;—

"Say that the face be lovely, and the skin
Be pure, and clear, then gaze on it admiringly,
The nose may well be lauded for its beauty,
And praise be given to the gentle eye:

(127) 'And he answered 'Seven and fifty.''—An accurate knowledge of the force, and power of their own language is much esteemed among Arabs, and no man can pass for well educated in any Mooslim country, who has not some knowledge of the noble tongue in which his scripture is written. The Mussulmans connect the idea of religion inseparably with the study of the Arabic of the Quorân, a purer dialect than the modern language, and he who would wish to win their affection and respect, should in the first instance respect their feelings with regard to their literature. In Hindoostan the Persian language is almost equally esteemed, being that in which with the Arabic, the whole of the Mooslim classics are written. Pocock has a learned note which I will not injure by garbling, on Arabic and its dialects. (Hist. Arab. p. 150, v. ed.)

(128) 'The Rujuz metre.'—This is the seventh metre of the sixteen which compose the system of Arabic prosody, and is reckoned the easiest of all, in consequence of the license it allows in its rythm. It is called (De Sacy, Pros. Ar.) 'the poet's ass' owing to its patient facility, and is the ordinary metre used for didactic forms. I have already observed that any attempt to imitate the versification of the Arabic, is in English next to impossible. This metre is particularly noted because being mentioned in the tale, it gives an opportunity of showing the extent of arrangement and system which obtains throughout the language and its uses.

Yes they did well to mark the shapely mouth,
For know 'twas that which robbed me of my rest;
It, and the winning tongue, the graceful stature,
And seemly unison of every part;
But Beauty's prime they noted in the hair;
List to the strain, but be 'mongst those excuse it,
Listening forgivingly;"—

Then Hussun, the Bussorite, went alone in privacy, and wrote down a set of verses, lightly constructed, elegant of purport, and it was this;—

"Mine is a chief has reached to grandure's acme
He treads the pathway of the good, and great.
His justice has done right in every quarter,
And 'gainst his froward foes hath closed the gate.
Oh! lion bold! at once you fain would call him,
Angel, and king whom both assimilate!
Who goes poor, leaves him rich; if you'd extol him,
Words are too weak, and speech inadequate,
He to the day of peace is the bright morning,
But mirky night in warfare's fierce debate.
Men's necks bend 'neath his gifts, and by his good deeds
As monarch of the free he takes his state.
God send us grace in adding to his lifetime,
And long avert his day of evil fate!"

THE TWENTY-FIFTH NIGHT.

And the woman answered, 'And what is this delay? hast not heard the saying of him that said;'—

"I had no refuge for my soul in trouble,
Until I met a friend to bear my sorrows.
How sleep upon a fire, and it not quenched?
Upon the flames to rest were there perdition."

Now after a month he came mounted on a mule, and on him a suit of sumptuous raiment, and he was as the moon on the night of the full moon in its fullest, and he was as it were just out of the baths, and his face like the moon itself, and he had a ruddy cheek, and a brilliant forehead, and a mole spot like a pellet of ambergris, as was said upon him;—

"In one fair visage with excess of beauty
Phœbus, and Luna are commingled, raising
Good fortune to it's highest and have displayed
The essence of their loveliness in it.
Oh! how that face invites to love, and pleasure—
Invites with looks of beauty: for its charms
Are all complete; sense speaks her presence there,
And excellence is shown in every feature.
Heaven bless the creature formed thus wondrously!
As wills the Great Creator with his creatures,
So doth He."

Then said I, 'Oh! master, relieve me of anxiety; why eatest thou with thy left hand? perchance there is somewhat ails thee in thy other hand?' So when he heard my words, he broke out repeating the verse;—

"Ask not, my friend, what burning there
Disturbs my life—thou mak'st me show
All mine infirmity:
Not Leila I in Sulma's stead
Took of myself,—the order sped
From stern necessity."

Then put he out his arm from his sleeve, and lo! the hand was cut off, a wrist without a fist! So I marvelled at it. Then said he to me, 'Marvel not, and think not in thy heart that I ate with thee with my left hand out of insolence, but for the cutting of the right hand the reason is indeed of the strangest.' So I answered

'And what was the reason of that?' And he replied, 'Know that I am of the sons of Bughdâd, and my father of her great ones. So when I reached man's estate I heard the way-farers, and travellers, and merchants talking of the Ægyptian countries, and this remained in my thoughts until my father died. Then took I very large sums, and furnished myself for trade with stuffs of Bughdâd, and Moussul, and all the needful retinue, and journeyed from Bughdâd. And God decreed my safety until I entered this your city.' Then wept he, and broke out repeating;—

"The blind hath 'scaped a gaping pit,
In which the broad-eyed see'er hath stumbled;
The dolt hath 'scaped a quirk of wit
By which the skilful sage was humbled:
The faithful pines for daily bread,
The heathen, and the sot is fed:
What are man's arts? what is man's deed?
This, that the mighty had decreed."

THE TWENTY-SIXTH NIGHT.

So I ate, and she also, and we were satisfied; then set they before me the bason, and the ewer, and I washed my hand, and then we refreshed us with rose-water, scented with musk, and sat down to converse; then broke she out repeating these lines;—

"Had we wist of thy coming, thy way had been strewn,
With the blood of our heart and the balls of our sight,
Our cheek as a footcloth to greet thee been thrown,
That thy step on our eyelids should softly alight."

Then said I in my soul, 'All this cometh of doing Satan's work;' and I broke out extemporaneously in these lines:—

"The rich grows poor! his glory fades away,
As pale's the bright sun at the close of day;
If distant, all unmarked men let him be,

If present, in the tribe no part hath he.
He, slinking thro' the streets, by stealth appears,
Or sheds, in desert haunts his gushing tears:
God knows, a man at his own kinsman's door
Is but a stranger, if he be but poor!"

So the governor gave the order to the link bearer, and he cut off my right hand; then was the heart of the soldier softened, and he took pity on me, but the governor left me, and went away, and the people remained round about me, and they gave me a cup of wine to drink; but for the soldier,—truly he gave me the purse, and said, 'Thou art a fair youth, and it is not fitting thou should'st be a thief.' So I broke out extemporaneously in verse;—

"Brother, no thief am I in very deed!
No rogue, I swear by Heaven, oh! best of men!
But fortune cast me down with cruel speed;
Care, grief, and poverty beset me then.
'Twas Heaven, not thou the fated arrow sped,
And snatched the crown of honour from my head."

So I said, 'If it be even so, and that there be no help, then give me to drink with thine own hand.' And she filled the cup, and drank it off, and filled again, and gave it me, and I took it from her with my left hand, and wiped the tears from my eyelids, and broke out repeating;—

"When ere the Lord 'gainst any man,
Would fulminate some harsh decree,
And he be wise, and skill'd to hear,
And used to see;
He stops his ears, and blinds his heart,
And from his brains all judgment tears,
And makes it bald as 'twere a scalp,
Reft of it's hairs;

Until the time when the whole man
Be pierced by this divine command;
Then he restores him intellect
To understand."

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH NIGHT.

Then she displayed her face, and I saw it was like the moon, and I saw in her a sight that cast back on me a thousand fond disquietudes, and my heart was all possessed with love of her; and I kept looking again and again upon her face, and burst out repeating the verse;—

"Say to the lovely one
On the fawn coloured ass,—Death's sure and certain,
My comfort's in thy sweetness; let me come to thee
And it may be that this will give me life!
Thus have I stretached my every hope of comfort.
Upon thy bounties."

Now when she heard this verse of mine she answered me, and said;—

"Mazed with thy love no more I can feign patience,
This heart of mine has held none dear but thee!
And if mine eye hath gazed on other's beauty,
Ne'er be it joyed again with sight of thee!
I've sworn an oath I'll ne'er forget to love thee,
And sad's this breast that pines to meet with thee!
Thou'st made me drink a love-cup full with passion;
Blest time! when I may give like draught to thee!
Take with thee this my form where'er thou goest,
And when thou'rt dead let me be laid near thee!
Call on me in my tomb my bones shall answer,
And sigh responses to a call from thee!
If it were asked, 'What would'st thou Heaven should order?'
'His will' I answer, 'First, and then what pleases thee.'"

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH NIGHT.

Then said my father, 'Who has not seen Ægypt has not seen the world, her soil is gold, and her Nile is wondrous, and her women hoorees, and her houses palaces, and her winds gentle, their scent surpasses frankincense, and puts it to shame; and how should it not be so? for she is herself the world;' now God favor him that said;'—

" Could I quit Ægypt, and her pleasant ways,
What place could e'er I covet after it?
Or leave a home all foreign lands admit
Most sweet,—whose very perfume speaks her praise.
How! while her loveliness a heaven displays;
With pillowy banks wide spread, and gardens exquisite;
She satiates heart and eye for joys most fit,
Are centred there for grave alike or gay,
Or brethren true, united neath His sway.
Biding in bowers where all delights conjoin.
Oh! men of Cairo, if I must away
Confirm our bonds of love, our ties of union join,
But speak not of her to the winds, lest they
The odours of her groves for lands like her purloin."

Now when it was the fourth day I prepared the house and when it was after sunset, behold! she came, and with her a woman alone wrapped in a veil: so they entered, and sat down; and when I saw her, I burst out repeating the verse;—

" How sweet our day,
And oh! how grateful is our lot,
When the harsh cynic's far away,
And heeds us not!
When love and joy
Are ours, and wine with madding sway;
Let part of these their power employ,
Sense needs gives way!

When the moon-beam
Strikes bright upon the sand hill brow;
When wantons o'er some shaded stream
The wavy bough.
When the red rose
So mantling freshly on the cheek,
And as the limber narjess blows
Our dark eyes speak.
When I can prove
The world of pleasure purely sweet,
And my delights with her I love
Are all complete!"

THE TWENTY-NINTH NIGHT.

Then they lifted the chain from my neck by his command, and loosed my arms, and the chief looked upon me, and said, 'Oh my son, be true with me, and tell me how this collar came to thee. And he spoke the verse;—

"Truth best befits thee, even though that truth
Should make thee smoulder on the threatened fire."

So I said, 'Oh! my lord, I will tell thee the truth.' So then I related to him what happened to me with the first damsel, and how she came to me with the second, and how she cut her throat owing to jealousy and detailed him the story to the full. Now when he heard my words, he shook his head, and struck his right hand upon the left, and set his kerchief to his face, and wept awhile, and then burst out repeating;—

"I've known the sorrows of the world in all
Extremity;
By her, poor caitiff! must I mastered be
E'en till I die!
Absence on every union 'twixt two friends
Comes soon, or late,
And few are they that have not known the doom
To separate!"

So one day your father sent after me, as it might be this blessed day, and I went unto him, and there was a party of his intimates about him, and quoth he to me 'Let me some blood.' But I took out the astrolabe, and took the sun's altitude, and found the ascendant was unfavourable to him, and to let blood during it was bad: so I let him know that, and he did according to my order, and waited; then burst I out extemporaneously in his commendation;—

"I went to my patron to let him some blood,
But saw that the moment for's health was n't good;
I sat, and discoursed of all sorts of strange matters,
And spread widely before him the lore my wit scatters:
The audience admired me! 'You've passed in defiance,'
Quoth he, 'E'en wit's bound'ries, your storehouse of science!'
'If you didn't,' quoth I, 'Give me wit when I want it, I
Could'nt, great Sir, possess wit in such quantity!
You're sole author as 'twere, of grace, bounty, and suavity;
I treasure the world with wit, wisdom, and gravity!'"

Now when he saw me do this he took the razor, and sharpened it, and gave not over sharpening it, until my sense was nigh leaving me. Then stept he up to my head, and shaved some of it; then lifted he his hand, and said, 'Oh! my lord, hastiness is of Satan, but patience of the merciful, and then began repeating;'—

"Act on sure grounds, nor hurry fast,
To gain the purpose that thou hast;
And be thou kindly to all men
So kindly thou'lt be called again;

For not a deed the hand can try,
Save 'neath the hand of God on high,
Nor tyrant harsh work tyranny,
Uncrushed by tyrant harsh as he!"

Then said he, 'Oh! my lord, I do not think you are aware of my rank; surely my hand presses the heads of kings, and men of power, and ministers, and men in command, and learned men, and the poet said on me the verse;—

"Like knots in the way other callings appear,
But this fellow's the shaver that pares the path clear;
Above every craftsman he takes his stand,
And the heads of kings are under his hand!"

THE THIRTY-THIRD NIGHT.

So I took her, and went forth with her, and we amused ourselves till evening. Then we returned, and fell in with this Hunchback, and he drunken, brimful of drink, and he was bawling out these rhymes;—

"Clear's the glass, clear's the wine,
Like to like they combine,
Till the matter becomes a pure puzzle;
Wine we have, 'twould appear,
And no bowl,—or else here
We've a bowl, and no liquor to guzzle!"

THE THIRTY-FOURTH NIGHT.

They relate, oh! mighty King, that there was in Bussorah a king among its kings that loved the poor, and the destitute, and cared for the peasants, and gave of his wealth to whoso believed in Muhummud, the grace of God be on him and peace! And he was as one said of him, and praised him in verse;—

"A king whose troops be famed,
So works upon his foe,

That he disparts them, half from half,
At each and every blow;
That day thou see'st him flag
Upon the horsemen's track,
He's drawn a cut deep through their breast
When in his fierce attack."

And the vuzeer Mu'een Bin Sawa used to oppress the people, and loved not the right, and was thoroughly evil, as was said of him;—

"Hold to noble, nobly bred, for it is sure decreed
That nobles, born of noble's blood, beget still noble deed;
And shun the miser, miser bred, for 'tis as true indeed,
Right miser acts the miser 'll do that comes of miser breed."

Now on a day among days, behold! the broker came to the house of the vuzeer Ul Fuzl Bin Khagan, and found him mounted intending to take the way to the king's palace. So he touched his stirrup, and broke out saying;—

"Oh! thou that spread'st the mandates of the king
Abroad, thou'rt the vuzeer that still art fortunate!
Thou bring'st to life with graciousness the people
Dead with their cares,—thy efforts never cease
To be acknowledged in the sight of god!"

So he disappeared awhile, and presented himself, and with him a maiden, elegant of stature, prominent of bosom, with eyes darkened with kohl, and cheeks shapely smooth, and slender waist, and massive hips, and garments fairest of what garments may be, and dewy lips more sweet than syrup, and shape more graceful than the waving branchlet, and words more gentle than the breezes of the morning, as some one said of her, and praised her;—

"Strange is the beauty of her brows like Luna's disk that shine,
Of sweeter sort, than juicy rob, or crushed fruit of the vine:
A seat hath heaven appointed her of high, and glorious state;
And wit, and sense, and wandlike form, as shapely, and as straight.
She in the Heaven of her face the seven chief stars doth bear,
That guard her cheeks as satellites, 'gainst all with jealous care;
If man should throw a furtive glance, or steal or look afar,
The fallen angels(171) cast him out, burned in a falling star."

Then said the vuzeer, 'Bring me her master!' So they brought him into his presence on the instant, and immediately; and lo! he was a man of a foreign country, there was left of him what there was, for time had buffetted him sore, and yet he wished to stay: as said the poet;—

"Time hath shattered all my frame,
Oh! how Time hath shattered me!
Time with lordly might can tame,
Manly strength, and vigour free.
Time was in my youth, that none
Sped their way more fleet, and fast:
Time is and my strength is gone,
Youth is sped, and speed is past."

Now the vuzeer Ul Fuzl Bin Khagan had a son like the moon when it is fullest, his face round, and

---

(171) 'The fallen angels.'—The superstition metaphorically applied here, has been already noted.

radiant, his cheek ruddy, upon it a mole like a spot of ambergris with mark but freshly made, as said of him the poet, and erred not in that he said;—

"A moon that blights you if you dare behold,
A branch that cramps you in its graceful fold,
Locks of the Negro, and a tint of gold,
Sweet gait, and form, that minds one of the spear!
Ah! hard of heart with softly slender waist,
Why dost not change this thither and that here?
Were thy form's softness in thy bosom placed,
Ne'er to thy lover would'st thou harsh appear.
Bear with my love, thou chider! when disease
Lords o'er my frame, say who can give me ease?
Mine eyes err, and my heart, and none but these;
Then spare to blame—leave me to sorrow here."

THE THIRTY-FIFTH NIGHT.

So upon that he called for his son, Noor ood deen Ullee; and he came, Then said he, 'Oh! my son, know that the lot is portioned, and the end inevitable: and there is no help but that every soul must drink of the cup of death.' Then truly began he to say extemporaneously;—

"I am a corpse,
But He alone is great that dieth not,
And well I know
That I in very deed must surely die.
There's not a king,
That dies, and holds his kingdom in his hand,
For sovereignty
A kingdom is of him that dieth not."

So his son Noor ood deen Ullee arose in haste, and made him ready, and the princes were present, and the ministers, and lords of dignity, and the people of the

city, and there was as one present, at the funeral the vuzeer Ul Mu'een Bin Sawa, and some one among them began to chant as the bier went forth from the house;—

"On the fifth day(179) I parted from those I loved;
And they washed me on a plank from out the door,
They stripped me of the clothes I erst was dressed in;
And clad me in raiment was other than mine own,
And they bore me away on four men's necks,
To a place of prayer, and some of the people prayed for me.
They prayed for me a prayer in it were no prostrations;

---

(179) 'On the 5th day.'—I need add little to the description given in the tale, of the Mussulman funeral rites, which are simple and decent; the verses I have pointed off by their lines in the manner of the psalms, as arranged for the chaunt of the Cathedral service. The washing 'on a plank from out the door,' would in a country where wood is scarce, and there was no regular washer of the dead, (who provides a board for the purpose) perhaps be inconvenient, but here it is a natural proceeding. I cannot find that it is a part of any rite or superstition. A formula of prayer accompanied by the peculiarity, noted in the chaunt, is performed over the corpse in the mosque, certain chapters of the Qorân being chaunted before the bier on its way thither. The most singular custom attending an Arab funeral, is the instructing the dead, after the corpse is laid in the tomb. I take Mr. Lane's translation—'O servant of God! O! son of a handmaid of God! know that, at this time, there will come down to thee two angels, commissioned respecting thee, and the like of thee! When they say to thee 'Who is thy Lord?'—answer them, 'God is my Lord,' in truth, and when they ask thee concerning thy prophet, or the man who hath been sent unto you, say to them, 'Muhummud is the Apostle of God' with veracity; and when they ask thee concerning thy religion, say to them, 'El Islam is my religion;' and when they ask thee concerning thy book of religion, say to them, 'The Qorân is my book of direction. and the Mooslims are my brothers;' and when they ask thee concerning thy Ckib'bh, say to them, 'The Ka'abeh is my Ckib'bh; and I have lived and died in the assertion that there is no deity but God, and Muhummed is God's Apostle;' and they will say, 'Sleep, O! servant of God in the protection of God.' The soul is believed to remove with the body during the first night after the burial, and on this night to be visited and examined, and perhaps the body tortured, by the two angels mentioned.' (Vide Lane, Vol. II. p 302.)

They prayed for me even all those that were my friends.
And they accompanied me to a dwelling house was arched in!
Let all mankind perish, yet will my door not open."

Now they put the earth back over him, and the people returned, and the friends of him that was gone; Noor ood deen also returned, and he was sobbing with much weeping, and the mute tongues of his condition repeated these verses;—

'On the fifth day at even tide
Forth on their way they pressed:
They would soar hence I bade them go
They went, and are at rest.
But as they turned my soul went too,
Thus towards them did I yearn,
Return, I cried, but they replied,
Say where should we return?
There is no blood, there is no life,
Our mortal frame within,
There is nought left, but dry hard bones
That rattle in the skin.
Our eyes are blind, they cannot see,
Dimmed with the frequent tear;
Our ears are dull and dead to sense,
They have no power to hear."

Now upon that came to him his steward, and said to him, 'Oh! my master, Noor ood deen, has not heard what one said, one of them that are wise, he who still expends, and doth not reckon, gets poor and poor, and knows it not, and the poet saith;'—

"I look well to my money I keep it with care,
For in my mind my money's both buckler and brand,
On the worst of my foemen no largesse I spare,
And truck ill for good luck when I've not command.

I both eat it, and drink it, in pleasure and glee,
But my cash on no penniless varlet I spend,
And still keep my purse close 'gainst who e'er he may be
That, a niggard in grain, ne'er can prove a true friend,
To a beggarly wight what I love best to say,
Is 'one dirhem,—give me one, five to-morrow I'll pay'
Then he turns his face from me and sidles away,
While with true dog-like spirit I sturdily stay.
Oh, let men have attainments that shine like the sun
They're but poor abject fellows, if money they've none!"

Then quoth the steward; 'Oh! my master, this great expenditure, and these mighty gifts make away with the money.' So when Noor ood deen Ullee heard these words from the steward, he looked upon him, and said to him, 'The whole of that thou'st said will I not heed, not even a word of it, for truly I have heard the poet that says;—

"If it should ever chance this hand
Had store of money at command,
And give it not away;
Why I should never be secure,
That either hand or foot were sure
To prop me or to stay!
Come! bring to me the niggard wight
Hath by his paltry miser sleight
Won fortune to his side:
Or bring to me, and let me see,
The man of generous hand, and free,
That by his largesse died!"

And after the year was over, meanwhile as he was sitting, behold! the damsel Unees ool Julcis broke out extemporaneously;—

" You reckoned still on good, while days were prosperous,
And dreaded not the coming ills of fate,
The nights were fair with thee, and this deceived thee,
But the fog will come in the clear of night."

Then said she 'Oh! my lord, many nights ago was I anxious to speak with you to this intent, but I heard you break out repeating;'—

" When fortune's goods be rife with you, then squander
At large upon mankind, ere they slip from you.
Not lavish gifts will use them, while she's with you,
Nor avarice when she turns off, retain them."

So he stepped up to the second door, and said as he said at first, and this other denied himself to him: and upon that he broke out;—

" Those men are gone who when before their gate—
You stood would, kindly souls, send you out rashers,
And savoury meat."

So when he ceased repeating his verse, he said, 'Wullahy! there is no help, but that I make trial of them all, for perchance there may be one among them, may stand me in the stead of all the rest.' So he went round the ten, and there was not among them one would even open the door nor show himself to him, nor even break a mealcake in his face, and he broke out repeating;—

" Man in his prosperous days is like a tree,
Round which men stand while fruit thereon there be,
Until, its bearing o'er, away they hie,
And leave it in sand and sludge to wither dry;
Foul fate the sons of this world, each and all,
For there's in ten not one you true can call!"

Then said he to her 'Oh! Unees ool Juleis, Wullahy! it is no easy thing to be separated from you for

but one single hour!' And she answered him, 'Oh! my lord, nor to me neither, save for the dictates of necessity, as says the poet;'—

"Necessity in actions oft compels one
To ways propriety could ne'er think decent;
No man can bring himself to try the means,
Save for the thing that's sanctioned by the motive."

So upon that he arose quickly, and took Unees ool Juleis, and the tears were coursing down his cheek like rain. Then burst he out extemporaneously with the tongues of the occasion, and spoke a verse;—

"Stay, grant me but one look before we part,
And though 'tis like to burst, I'll nerve my heart
This trial to sustain:
But yet if this should make you feel distress,
Leave me to perish here of love's excess,
Rather than give you pain."

Now when he saw himself in this state, he took(183) a cloth spotted with blood, and put it upon his neck, and took in his hand two knots of it behind him, and went on till he stood below the place in which was the Sooltan, and he shouted, 'Oh! king of the age, a man aggrieved, I am a man aggrieved!' So they presented him before the king and he looked steadfastly at him, and behold the chief vuzeer came to him, and said 'Oh! vuzeer who did this deed by thee?' So he wept, and sobbed, and burst out repeating;—

(183) 'A cloth spotted with blood.'—The words so translated signifying 'something spotted' gave me much trouble. I believe the custom here described as resorted to by a suppliant, to be an ancient Eastern usage, still practised in Mooslim states in Hindoostan. When great oppression has been committed, or justice hardly obtainable, the sufferer covers his head and shoulders with a cloth spotted with what is supposed to be blood, and holding a link in his hand, he goes in broad day, calling aloud 'Und-hair, Und-hair!' meaning in Hindee, dark, dark! to the gates of the palace of the king or governor.

"The world had sore oppressed me, but thou art in it;
Wolves would devour me, but thou art a strong lion;
Each thirsty soul drinks freely at thy fountain,
I thirst for thy fresh showers, and thou art rain."

Now when he heard the mandate of the Sooltan, and saw the enemies make them ready to slay the son of his master, it seemed no light matter to him: so he disappeared from before the Sooltan, and mounted his horse, and went on until he came to the house of Noor ood deen Ullee. Then knocked he at the door, and Noor ood deen came out to him, and when he saw him he knew him: so he said, 'Oh! my master, this is not the time for greeting, nor for words: listen to what the poet saith';—

"Fly, fly with thy life, if by ill overtaken!
Let thy house speak thy death by its builder forsaken!
For a land else than this land thou may'st reach my brother,
But thy life lost thou'lt ne'er find in this world another.
How! who'd live with the roof of his wretchedness o'er him,
And the great earth of God broad outspreading before him?
When the theme's life and death, to no agent confide it,
For life cares for itself, as none else does beside it.
Ne'er could prowl the grown lion with mane roughly sweeping,
Did he trust in his need save himself for safe keeping."

THE THIRTY-SIXTH NIGHT.

Then went up Noor ood deen Ullee and the damsel went up with him, and they floated free, and they let fall the sails, and the vessel went forth as though she were a bird with her wings; as said of her one of them, and right fairly:—

" Watch some tall ship,—thine eye she'll captivate,
The breeze outstripping in her headlong rate;
As if a bird, with pinion spreading free,
Had left the sky to settle on the sea!"

THE THIRTY-SEVENTH NIGHT.

Then saw he a damsel, and a youth as 'twere two moons, praise be to Him who created them, and made their outward semblance! And he saw too Sheikh Ibraheem sitting, and in his hand a cup, and he saying 'Oh! fair lady, drinking without jollity is no fun; for surely thou'st heard the poet say;'—

" Great and small the goblet pass,
From the hand of moon-faced lass
Brightly beaming take the glass,
Send it circling round!
Drink ye not save merrily,
E'en the very horse I see,
Drinks his liquor cheerily,
To the whistle's sound!" (187)

So Sheikh Ibraheem disappeared and returned, and with him had he a lute; and the khuleef took note of it and lo! it was the lute of Father Ijhag the jester. Then said the khuleef, 'Wullahy! if this damsel sing vilely, will I surely hang the whole of you. And if she sings fairly will I forgive them, and hang you only:' Then said Jafur, 'God make her sing vilely!' So said the khuleef, 'For why?' And he answered, 'Because if thou dost hang us, all of us, we can each keep each other company:' So the khuleef laughed at his words. Then took the damsel the lute, and

(187) 'To the whistle's sound.'—The horse is ordinarily encouraged to drink by a hissing sound, such as made by English grooms in rubbing down.

examined it, and tuned its strings, and struck one chord, and made all hearts yearn to her; then broke she out, and began to sing;—

"Ye that might aid the wretch that loves!
Passion consumes, and triumphs o'er me,
Tho' what you've done, I've well deserved,
I sought your help, exult not o'er me.
True, I am base, and weak, and low:
Do as you will, I will not shun you;
What is my death, e'en at your hands?
My fear's the crime they'll charge upon you."

Then said he to the fisherman, 'Get thee about thy business.' And the man came before the khuleef, and thanked him, and began to say a verse;—

"All the grace thou hast shewn me, my thanks shall declare;
With all richly endowed, thou'st made fullness my share;
While living I'll thank thee,—when death is my doom
My bones still shall thank thee, when laid in their tomb."

So quoth Noor ood deen Ullee 'Oh! Unees ool Juleis!' And she answered, 'Well!' Said he to her, 'By my life, sing us something for the sake of this fisherman for indeed he wishes to hear thee.' So when the damsel heard the words of her master, she took the lute, and made it vibrate after she had tuned the strings, and broke out singing—

"A fair neck'd maiden took the lute
Grasp'd in her fingers small,
And by a touch she drew to her
Men's souls, e'en one and all.

She sang; and lo! the deaf man heard,
Scarce was her song begun!
He that was dumb now found his tongue,
And cried amain, 'Well done!'."

Then struck she a chord so wondrous, that she wrapt the senses in oblivion, and burst out singing these couplets,—

"Proud do we stand, when in our land
It pleases you alight,
Your beams make less, the murkiness
Of e'en the blackest night.
My house for you, as is but due,
A musky odour knows,
With camphor sweet, I've readied it,
And water of the rose."

Now the damsel looked upon him, and said to him, 'Oh! my master, art thou going without taking leave? if it must be, and there is no help for it, then hold till I bid thee farewell, and explain my state.' Then broke she forth, and began repeating these verses;—

"When love, distress, and fond regret are mine,
Must not this form in such excess of ill
Become a shadow? say not, my beloved,
'I've healed you,' when the state bespeaks the straight,
And all the injury shows in the ailment.
If e'er't could be a mortal in his tears,
Should swim, I surely were the first to do it!
Oh! thou that hast infused my heart with love,
Like as wine mingled in the water cup,
Oh! thou whose love sports in my very vitals,
This was the thing I feared, this separation!
Oh! Bin Khagan! my all that I desire!
Oh! my best hope! oh! thou the leaving whom,
Is the sole torment that afflicts my heart!
For my sake to my master and my lord,

Hast thou done ill; hence hast thou wandered forth
Far distant from thine home! God will not make
My lord disconsolate deprived of me,
And thou hast given me to a noble being,
Kureem praiseworthy ever."

So when she finished her verse Noor ood deen answered her, and he said;—

"She bade farewell upon our parting day,
And in love's anguish shed full many a tear;
'What wilt thou do,' she cried, 'When I am away?'
'Ask them,' I said, 'Could live, and thou not here.'"

So said Noor ood deen, 'Oh! fisherman, how wilt hear our tale, in verse, or prose?' and the khuleef replied, 'Prose is but words, but verse a string of pearls.' So upon that Noor ood deen hung his head towards the ground, and broke out extemporaneously into these verses;—

"Reft of my sleep, no rest can I command,
And my grief's doubled, friend, in a far land.
A son I had, a kinder none could have,
He passed from me, and laid him in the grave.
When he was gone, a course of things ensued,
Whereby my heart was crushed, and I subdued:
A slave he bought for me, a sweet young maid,
That shamed in grace the branchlet zephyr swayed;—
All mine inheritance on her I spent,
And gav't away in bounteous lavishment.
Forced to her sale, I felt the height of ill,
And sore the parting was against my will:
Soon as the crier had named her at a price,
An old man bid, one rife of guile and vice,
At that I raved, with fury past command,
And snatched her struggling from the hireling's hand.
The miser angered, smote me in his might,
Then rained retributive, the fire of fight!
Blows right and left, upon the wretch I spent,

Till I had thrashed him, to my heart's content.
Then to my house away, in dread fled I,
And hid in fear of spiteful enmity:
My seizure scarcely could the king proclaim,
E're a kind-hearted chamberlain there came,
To give me warning 'gainst the fell surprise.
Bidding me flee, and foil mine enemies.
Beneath night's wing, forth from the house we pressed
And in Bughdâd, we safety sought, and rest.
Naught have I now, from all my riches driven,
To give thee, fisherman, save what I have given,
My bosom's loved one; when with her I part,
Then be thou sure, I've given away my heart!"

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH-NIGHT.

Then said Quteet the jailor, 'Whom seekest thou, our lord the vuzeer?' And he replied, 'Bring me that gallows' bird;' Then said the jailor 'He is in a piteous state owing to the extent to which I have beaten him:' And the jailor went in, and found him repeating these verses;—

"When fails the cure, as fresher cares arise
Who shall uphold me in my miseries?
Fortune converts my firm allies to foes,
And absence, soul and sense, alike o'erthrows;
Oh! men! will not one true friend 'mongst you all,
Wail o'er my state, and answer to my call?
The sweets of life, I've e'en in hope foregone,
And death is near me, with her rattling groan;
Oh! Thou who did'st create the chosen He,
The Guide, chief Intercessor, mighty Sea
Of Love, the charged with the glad ministry,
Oh! free me, I beseech my fault forego,
And drive far hence, mine evil, and my woe!"

Now upon that the jailor stripped off him the clean apparel and dressed him with filthy raiments, and went down with him to the vuzeer. So Noor ood deen looked upon him, and lo! it was even his foe, he that sought to compass his death! and when he saw him he wept, and said, 'Has thou so trusted to fortune? hast not heard the saying of the poet;'—

"The giant monarchs of a former day,
Stored heaps of wealth,—nor is it left, nor they!"

Then said he to him, 'Oh! vuzeer, know that God, on whom be praise, the Mighty, even He will do the deeds He desireth!' Then answered he him, 'Ho! Ullee, thinkest thou to frighten me with these words? Now I this very day will smite thy neck in spite of the nose of the people of Bussorah, and I shall take no thought; so leave the days of time to do what they will, and I turn me not to thy counsel, but I turn me to the saying of the poet;'—

"Leave thou the course of days to do their will,
And make thee strong to hear whatso's decreed."

And how excellent is the other saying;—

"Whoso hath lived after his enemy
One day, hath gained the summit of his wish!"

So then the vuzeer ordered his slaves to put him upon a mule's back; and the slaves said to Noor ood deen, for it was irksome to them, 'Suffer us to stone him, and cut him down, even though our lives should go for it.' But Noor ood deen Ullee said to them, 'Do not that at all. Have ye not heard the saying of the poet?'—

"There is no help, but I endure,
A space decreed by destiny;

And when its day be passed away,
I die.
E'en tho' within the lion's den,
By him I shall not be o'ercome
Unless the date, fixed for my fate
Be come!"

Then they proclaimed upon Noor ood deen, 'This is the least retribution on him, who puts down kings by vain pretence.' And they ceased not going round with him about Bussorah, until they made him stand below the lattice of the palace, and set him upon the leather of blood, and the swordman stepped forward to him, and said to him, 'Oh! my master, I am a slave, constrained by order in this matter: if thou hast any want, then tell me of it that I may fulfil it, for there remains not of thy life save so much as may be ere the Sooltan put forth his face from the lattice.' Now upon that he looked right and left, and backwards, and forwards, and broke out extemporaneously;—

"The sword I see, the swordman too,
The hide of blood is spread for me;
I cry, how great my evil fate
And out alas! how weak I be!
Can I perceive no loving friend,
To lend me aid or ere I die?
What! is none here? I speak to all,
And will none grant me a reply?
The time is past, that formed my life,
The period of my death is nigh,
And is there then, no kindly soul
Will help me lay this raiment by?
Will look with pity on my state,
And with a drink of water come,
To solace this mine agony!
And rase my pain of martyrdom!"

Now that dust was the dust of Jafur, Burmukkee, vuzeer of the khuleef, and those who were with him; and the cause of their coming was that truly the khuleef delayed thirty days without remembering the matter of Ullee Bin Khagan, and no one reminded him of it, until he went on a certain night towards the private chamber of Unees ood Juleis, and he heard her weeping, and she burst out with a sweet clear voice in the saying of the poet;—

"Or far or near, I think alone of thee,
Thy mention's never absent from my tongue."

Then her weeping increased, and lo! the khuleef had opened the door, and entered the private chamber; then saw he Unees ool Juleis, and she weeping. Now when she saw the khuleef she fell to the ground, and kissed his feet three times; then brake she out repeating;—

"Oh! thou of fertile root and fairest produce,
Whose ample clusters, and whose fruits red ripe
Cumber the bough, I mind thee of the promise
Thou freely gav'st, if thy most noble qualities
And thy great grace, thou could'st indeed forget!"

THE FORTY-FIRST NIGHT.

So the mind of Ghanim Bin Uyoob was broken with disappointment, and passion grew as that it sought evaded it: and he repeated a verse:—

"I asked the author of mine ills,
To heal my anguish with a kiss;
'No, never, no,' she cried, but still
I softly whispering answered 'Yes.'
'Then take it' quoth she 'By my leave
'When a kind smile, shall speak consent;'
'By force?' I cried, 'Nay,' she replied
'But gently kiss when I'm content.'

Then ask me not, of what there passed,
But say thy prayers, and take thy rest;
Or else, as envious sneers still cast
O'er happy love a sweeter zest...
Think of us even as you will!
For after this, 'tis nought to me.
Whether I know an open foe,
Or dread a hidden enemy."

So he wept in the excess of his longing, and he plained him of the injuries of the world, and the adversities that are in it. Praise be to Him, who caused hearts to be occupied with affection, and a beloved object! And he began repeating:—

"The lover's heart is racked for his beloved,
The rare in beauty steals his sense away;
'Twas said 'What is love's taste?' and I replied,
The taste is sweet but torment's in that sweetness."

So he tore himself from her, and sat in a distant quarter on the mat, but her love for him increased by his forbearance, and she sat by his side, and kept him company, and jested with him. Then were they two flushed with wine, and she sang, and broke out saying;—

"Till when, till when, oh! say
Wilt thou these coy denials make,
E'en while my heart is like to break,
Which love doth captive lay?
Oh! thou that turn'st away,
And careless dost my love refuse,
E'en thus the timid ghuzuls use, (206)
That for no man will stay!

---

(206) 'E'en thus the timid ghuzuls use.'—The antelope is very shy when once alarmed, and has a custom of looking behind from time to time, with a mingled air of apprehension and curiosity.

Throughout the tedious day
Still absence, distance and disdain?
All these? what girl could ere sustain
A load so harsh as they?"

Now when the length of time seemed long indeed to her with Ghanim Bin Uyoob, Ul Muttuyum, Ul Musloob, and anguish, and distresses grew upon her, she burst out from her oppressed heart, saying these lines;—

"How great rare beauty is this wrong thou doe
And who was't, made thee fain to turn from me:
Thou, that conjoin'st all attributes of grace,
And dost comprise each species of fair feature!
That passion hast infused in every heart,
And has deputed sleeplessness to lie
On every lid.—I erst thought branches plucked
Gave fruit,—but thou, I see, oh! cassia branch!
Pluck'st sensitive, thy fruitless self away.
The wild roe, erst I'd chase—how is't, fair heart,
I see thee chase, the masters of the shield?
And wondrous 'tis, I evermore should tell thee
That I am trapped, and thou should'st know it not.
Grant not my wish,—for if I jealously
Grudge thee thyself, how much more, myself, thee!
And ne'er while life lasts, will I more repeat,
'How great rare beauty is the wrong thou doest.'"

THE FORTY-FOURTH NIGHT.

Now when he was in presence before him, he looked upon the ministers, and the lords, and the chamberlains, and the deputies in office, and the lords of the state and the men of valour; so upon that Ghanim made his language sweet, and his eloquence, and looked to the khuleef and bowed his head to the ground, and broke out repeating these verses;—

THE RESCUE.

Vain the savage daring,—
Foiled the base emprize,—
Spared, although unsparing,
Low the miscreant lies!
Poor though Kenneth's seeming,
How the knightly deed
Shows the spirit gleaming
Through the lowly weed!—
Oh! were England's noblest daughter
Woo'd by such a gallant Knight—
She were honoured that he sought her,
True in love as bold in fight!

AIR.—*Hèrold.*

THE BANQUET.

Now as evening closes,
Wreath thy brow with roses,
Bid the minstrel's song
Teem with all sweet feeling,
That, our senses stealing,
Sweeps the soul along
Through a bright ideal sky
Whose stars are love, and minstrelsy,—
Thus life's pleasure
Let us treasure,
While youth is fresh and hope is high.—
Thus life's pleasure
Let us treasure,
And bid the rosy moments fly.

AIR.—*Hèrold.*

THE MEED OF HONOUR.

Joy, joy,—let minstrel's song
The monarch's worth proclaim,

"As king of mighty state thou'rt greeted,
That largesse lavishest on all;
Kaisar, none else than him they call, (211).
'And Founder of the princely Hall,
Here in his place of honor seated.
Kings dim the gems of many a crown,
Low at his threshhold in the soil;
They at his very glance recoil,
(For e'en his very glance can foil)
And panic-stricken, cast them down;--
Yet highest rank, and royal grace,
Honors and glads them even there;
Earth's plains are for thy troops too spare,
Then pitch thy tents in fields more fair,
Where the Seventh Heaven gives verge, and space.
The king of kings still hold thee dear!
Be counsel thine, and steadfast worth
Till through the wide outspreading earth
Thy righteous dealing blazoned forth,
On all fall equal, far or near."

THE FORTY-SIXTH NIGHT.

All this was so, and Shurkuh kept going on towards the direction of the sound until he reached a side of the place, and he looked, and behold! it had a stream gushing, and birds sporting about, and antelopes running at large, and wild animals pasturing freely, and the birds in the diversity of their language showing forth the expression of gladness, and that place was carpeted with various sorts of grasses, as one said of it, and praised it, in these verses;—

(211) 'Founder of the princely Hall.'—A title of Noushirwan first of the Khoosroo dynasty of Persia, who built the celebrated palace at Madain, (said to be the ancient Ctesuphon) which was pillaged A. H. 16, by the Mooslims (vide Gibbon, Chap., LI.) The justice of Noushirwan is to this hour a by-word in the East, and not an applicant for redress but declares the person to whom he appeals, to be the 'Noushirwan of the age.'

THE GUARD BEGUILED.

Begone, begone, why art thou here?
Beguiled, beguiled by treacherous art!
Begone—yet, no! Ah, why too dear
Thy presence to a tell-tale heart!
Thou see'st that other eyes would steal
A glimpse of that I'd make mine own—
Oh, think for me as I must feel,—
And leave me,—by thy love!—alone.

AIR.—*Original.*

THE DOOM OF SIR KENNETH.

1. Thy hope is slight, thou stalwart Knight,
For Richard's rage is high;—
A moment past, may be thy last,—
And must the brave one die!
Thy loved one's tears, fair Edith's fears,
Shall urge thee to forgive,—
Act thy true part, thou lion heart,
And bid the brave one live!

AIR.—*Bellini.*

THE QUEEN'S INTERCESSION.

2. See, Richard, see on bended knee,
The pride of England sue:
Shall beauty plead, lest valour bleed,
And plead unmarked by you?
Think how yon form in siege or storm
Hath towered above the fray—
Shall headman's blow lay that form low,
When thou can'st utter, 'nay'—!
See, Richard, see, &c. &c.

EL HUKEEM.

Vain is human wrath, and striving,—
Vain are earthly thoughts of good:
For no mortal fortune's thriving
That is cast in ways of blood:—
Calm thee, calm thee, son;—
Ere thy crime's begun,
Drink, and feel a soft power stealing
All thy wrath, and thine heart healing.

AIR.—*Rhomberg.*

THE NUBIAN.

Judge not the gem by outward view,
That's dull and rugged to the eye!—
Nor flower's savour by their hue,
Nor woman's feeling by her sigh:—
For though distasteful to thy sight
The offering be that friendship brings,
Yon heart with truthful glow beams bright,
And Honour worth the life of kings!

AIR.—*Original.*

THE HASHASHEEN.

Here by the Moslem leaguer lying,
Fenced round with many an English spear;—
Each Knight his watchful duty plying,
Say, what should English Richard fear!
Think not, brave King, there's vain alarm,
In yon swart armourer's jealous care,—
Wily foe may work thee harm,—
English Richard, oh! beware
Beware, beware!

AIR.—*Old Romaunt.*

So she took reckoning of the knights and found that he had slain eighty of them, and there were fled twenty. Now when she saw what work he had made with the troop, she said to him, 'Thy like may boast thee over the horsemen! God bless thee, oh! Shurkun!' And he rose after that to wipe his sword from the blood of slaughter, and broke forth extemporaneously in these verses;—

"How oft in fierce battle I've cleft the array,
And left the mailed warrior to wild beasts a prey!
All mankind from my fury to hide them have sought
On the day of wild strife when dismounted I fought;
I've left in the onset their lions o'erthrown,
On the bare scorching sand that these bleak regions own."

And she sprang up to him for the purpose of bidding farewell, and embracing, and quenching the fire of affection, and she bid him farewell, and she embraced him and wept with exceeding weping, and broke out extemporaneously saying;—

"I bade farewell—my right hand wiped
The tears away,
And locked round her in close embrace
My left hand lay.
'Fear'st not' she said, 'The shame of this?'
I answered. 'Nay,'
Lovers perforce are shamed upon
Their parting day."

Tableaux from the Talisman.

THE REPAST BY THE FOUNTAIN.

The strife is o'er, the contest done—
'Twas hot work 'neath the noontide ray,—
Though neither foe the fight have won,
'Twill bind them friends when far away.
Then, Soldier friend, come pledge me now,
Here as we rest us from the fray;—
A moment to give pleasure now,—
And then to toil away, away.

AIR.—*Original.*

THE TOKEN.

'Mid mountain wilds in Palestine
While roams the pilgrim Knight,
He sees beneath a Nun's veil shine
The eyes of lady bright.
The token from her hand that falls
Bespeaks him not unknown;—
Love's holy thrill the heart enthralls
That Edith's is alone.

AIR.—*Original.*

WATCHING THE BANNER.

The dank night wind, the wind is scarcely lifting
The sleepy weight of England's banner fold,—
So still it hangs as o'er a grave 'twere drifting
In holy aisle beneath the moonshine cold:
Oh! stalwart heart, that by yon flag all lonely
Maintain'st thy watch—Ah be, like it, unmoved,
Sworn to serve, fulfil thy duty only,—
And be love's self, for duty's sake, unloved.

AIR.—*Aug. Penseron.*

For each tradition speaks with them delight,
And each man slain dies martyred in that fight.
'Love works my death, Bootheenuh,' when I cried,
'Still shalt be so and more,' the fair replied,
'Give back some scantling of my wit,' I prayed,
'For wordly wants'—'Far be't from thee!' she said.
Thou seek'st my death, naught else thine intents be,
And my sole object lies in seeking thee!"

And Shurkun marvelled at what he saw in the construction of that place, and broke out extemporaneously saying;—

"He from her neck, my rival bold,
Plucked pearls alternate set with gold,
Fruits of the collar's twisted fold.
Water o'er silver ingot shed
Her eyeballs are, and roses spread
O'er face of chrysolite their red.
The violet's hue will best supply,
The liquid azure of her eye,
Mixed with the unguent's mineral dye." (237)

Now when the damsel saw Shurkun she stood up to him, and took him by his hand, and made him sit by her side, and said to him, 'Can'st do aught, oh! son of the king 'Oomr Bin Na'man, at the game of chess?' He answered, 'Even so, but be not with me as said the poet;'—

"Love's ecstacy, I said, now binds me fast,
And naught will quench my thirst
But drinking of love's ichor from her lips.
I sate to chess with her I loved;—we played

---

that the least drop of blood, spilled in the way of God as it is called, is most acceptable unto him.'—The epithet *ghazee* or victorious over infidels is the prudest title which a Mooslim prince can assume. It is now more frequently assumed than earned.

(237) 'Mixed with the unguent's mineral dye.'—A preparation of antimony as *kohl*.

With white 'gainst black, but naught the game amused me,
For 'twas as if king stood where castle should do,
And strove to make a move but through the Queen's
And if I sought the intent of her looks,
Oh! men, those blandished glances straight repelled me."

And she gave orders to bring the meat, and they both ate, and washed their hands, and they set the wine before them, and they both drank. So after that she took the dulcimer, and she broke out repeating these verses;—

"'Twixt closely tied,
And open wide,
No medium fortune knoweth;
Now fresh and fair
Now dry, and bare,
'Tis thus her likeness showeth.
Then pledge the wine,
And make her thine,
When thou dost smiling find her!
That she ne'er may,
Face full away,
And leave thee quite behind her."

Then took she the lute, and broke out extemporaneously saying;—

"Never hanker for absence,—it bitters the taste
Of all joys that life gives to the heart,
E'en the sun at the time of his setting grows pale
For mere grief that he too must depart."

'Tis forbid her to pity, 'tis wrong to be kind.
Happy dole to the poor eye lies sleepless for thee!
Heaven help the poor heart that thy captive may be!
Thou hast doomed me to death—thou'rt my monarch indeed,
And my life is the stake when my chief's is the need."

Then arose each one of the maidens, and her instrument with her breaking out into song in the Roumish tongue, and Shurkun was delighted; then sang the damsel, their mistress also, and said to him, 'Oh! Mooslim, dost understand what I say?' He answered, 'Nay, but I am delighted even by the beauty of thy fingers.' So she laughed, and said to him, 'If I were to sing to thee in Arabic, then what would'st do?' And quoth he, 'I should not be master of my senses!' Then took she the instrument of joy, and altered the rhyme, and broke out saying;—

"Parting's a bitter thing to me,—
How then to bear it patiently?
I, who'm beset by evils three,
By distance, and by cruelty,
And absence's painful smart!
The fair whose bondage I confess.
Hath thralled me with her loveliness,
And bitter 'tis to part."

Then said she to him, 'Knowest thou aught that applies to the case of lovers, and they captivated with love?' And he replied, 'Even so; I know something in verse.' And she said, 'Let me hear it;' So he began repeating;—

"Sweet dole be thine, and pleasant cheer,
Izzuh, no ill frequent thee,
That mak'st free with my name, and fame;
Will it alone content thee!
By Heaven, if I would near her side
Away far off she flies me;

The greater is the love I show,
The less she seems to prize me,
My doting upon Izzuh dates
What time that she bereft me
Of joys were erst between us two;
What time my Izzuh left me.
As one that hopes to find a shade
I 'neath the cloud was seated,
But scarce the noontide sleep essayed,
Ere lo! the shadow fleeted!"

Now when she heard that from him, she said, 'Kutheer was notorious for eloquence, a cautious poet, and yet he was superlative in the description of Izzuk,' And she said;—

"The umpire would for her decide,
Should Izzuh dare the sun's bright pride
In beauty to outstrip her.
The girls who'd ill of Izzuh speak
To me,—Heaven make those maidens' cheek
The soling of her slipper!"

Then said she, 'And 'twas said that the girl was of exceeding beauty, and great loveliness.' Quoth she, 'Oh! son of the king, if thou knowest aught of the words of Jumeel and Bootheenuh, repeat to us of them.' And he replied, 'Yes, I know each one of them,' and he began repeating from the verse of Jumeel;—

(236) "'Fight i' the holy war, Jumeel!' they say—
What war save for the fair should I essay

(236) 'Fight i' the holy war.'—(Vide Sale, vol. I. p. 188.) 'Under the head of civil laws may be comprehended the injunction of warring against infidels which is repeated in several passages of the Qorân, and declared to be of high merit in the sight of God, those who are slain fighting in the defence of the faith being reckoned martyrs and promised immediate admission into Paradise. Hence this duty is greatly magnified by the Muhumedan divines who call the sword, the key of heaven and hell, and persuade their people

She burst on my sight—her cheeks tinged with the rose
Every species of charm in their brightness disclose,
For the locks o'er her broad brow fit likeness is this—
They're the night looming dark o'er a day-break of bliss!"

THE FORTY-EIGHTH NIGHT.

Now when he heard this speech pride possessed Shurkun, and indignation, and all a warrior's jealousy, and he longed to declare himself to her, and to rush upon her, but her loveliness restrained him, and he burst out repeating;—

"An't be the fair commit one single fault,
Her charms bring up a thousand intercessors."

Then went she up, and he in her track, and Shurkun looked upon the maiden's back, and saw her hips that undulated like the waves in the troubled sea, and he broke out repeating these verses;—

"An advocate wins in her face,
Who from the tablet of man's heart
Her every error can erase,
Strong in his intercession.
When I the beauteous one espied,
Mazed at the wondrous spectacle,
'The full horned moon is risen,' I cried,
'This night her orb is perfect!'
'Though 'gainst her with his utmost might
Strive the Ufreet of Queen Bulqees, (231)
Herself with all surpassing sleight,
At once could overthrow him!"

(231) 'The Ufreet of Queen Bulqees.'—Queen Bulqees, is the queen of Sheba, or Saba, who came to visit Solomon, (Qorân, Chap. 27.). This Ufreet was the one that offered to bring her throne before Solomon, when he said, 'Oh, nobles! which of you will bring me her throne?

Thus became he bewildered in his position, repenting of what he had done until the morning rose, and the day appeared, and he was vexed at that he had done, and he was drowned in a sea of thought, and he repeated extemporaneously;—

"I've not forgone my sense—yet in this matter
I'm all bewildered—what art can avail me?
Would any lighten me from ails of love,
By mine own effort my own strength should free me,
But oh! my heart is lost, and passion-troubled,
And in my stress I trust alone in Heaven!"

Now upon that Shurkun sprung up when he saw her beauty, and her loveliness, and shouted, 'Beware! beware of this girdle so fair!' and then broke out into these verses;—

"With heavy hips, and bosom delicate,
And limber form that sways with graceful gait,
She deftly skills her passion to conceal,
But oh! in vain I'd hide the love I feel!
Her handmaids follow her with careless art,
Like stringed pearls, now clustered, now apart."

THE FORTY-NINTH NIGHT.

So the damsel took the lute, and set it to rights, and tightened its strings, and sang to them in a low gentle voice, more soft than the zephyr, and more sweet than waters of Paradise, and burst out repeating these verses;—

"Heaven pardon the much blood thy glances have shed
The shafts they have notched and the arrows they've sped.
When the loved scorns her lover, 'tis well to my mind—

"How beauteous is the earth in her fresh budding,
With water coursing o'er her, freely flowing!
The all-powerful He hath made this, greatly glorious,
Giver of all gifts, Giver of all good!"

Now Shurkun looked upon that place, and saw in it a convent of Christians, and within the convent a fort high raised in the air in the light of the moon, and from the midst of it a stream, the water flowing from it to those gardens; and there was the woman with before her ten handmaids like to moons, and on them various sorts of robes, and raiment that might astound the looker on, and all of them were virgins, as were said of them in these verses;—

"The mead is bright with those are on it,
Gleesome maidens, fresh and fair,
Its beauty and its charms are doubled
With rare ones that be there.
Each treacherous is, and each deceitful,
Skilled to lure with glance and shape;
They bid their locks sway loose about them
As the tendril round the grape.
Darters are they with their bright eyes,
Shooting arrows far and wide;
Piercing thro' and all o'erpowering
E'en the heroes in their pride."

So Shurkun gazed upon these ten maidens, and he found among them a damsel as if she were the moon at her fullest, with hair that curled, and forehead brightly shining, and eyes wondrous wide, and black, and temple locks like twisted snakes, perfect in nature and in style, as the poet said of her in these lines;—

"He glistened upon me with rare twinkling eyes,
And her shape shamed the javelin, so straight doth it rise:

Who grants the meed
To knightly deed,
And honours a victor's fame!

Joy, joy,—all praise be his,
Who holds him to his word;
Through woe and weal,
Like the trusty steel,
Is true as his own good sword!
Then joy, joy, &c. &c.

AIR.—*Bishop.*

A Welcome

TO THE R. W. BR. BURNES, K. H.,

At the Convocation of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Bengal, 17th August 1840.

Oh, say when the wine cup is brimming around,
And the murmur of welcome is heard in our hall,
Why should music, sweet handmaid of joy, stint her sound,
And the glad voice of song fail to come at our call?
Tho' all rude be the rhyme, yet it smooth may appear,
When the fervour of feeling its vigour shall lend,
And the harsh-rolling measure steal sweet on the ear
When it welcomes the Master, the Brother, the Friend!
Then say when, &c.

Had you wandered among us, all penniless, poor,
With no hope on the ocean, no home on the land,
Oh, the key that you wot of had opened each door,
And each brother stood by you, with lip, heart and hand:

Then as welcome you'd been in your moment of woe
By the name that you bear, and the meed that's your due,
As e'en now when our hearts every sorrow forego,
And the eye beams glad welcome, true Mason, to you.
Then say when, &c.

And oh, when hereafter you think of this night,
In the name of each Lodge, know their wishes exprest;
Like "The Star in the East" be the presign of Light,
Let "Humility, Fortitude" still be your test;
"Perseverance and Industry" profit each day,
The support of "True Friendship" be thine to the end,
May the "Anchor of Hope" be your hold and your stay,
And "St. John's," bless thee, Brother, true Mason and Friend.

Masonry.

All hail to thee Masonry! fairest and best!
Thou spirit that set'st man's best feeling in motion,
Thou truest of bonds, that stand'st firm to the test,
Thro' the perils of war, and the dangers of ocean!
Who works on the square, must be honest and fair;
Who keeps within compass, no error can share,
And such, the true Mason, whose craft's-skill al one,
Makes him even his life, as he evens the stone.

The Bumper of Claret.

Now for the hour that is sweetest of all, Sirs,
'Tis sacred to mirth, to good humour, and wine;
Fairer than any that lazily crawl, Sirs,
Thro' dullardized space in the garish sunshine:
Haste then, and let not an instant be wasted,
For fleetly flies Time, and we can but ill spare it,—
To do it due honour or ever tis past yet,
Baptise its arrival in bumpers of Claret.

Then here's to the being still free and light-hearted,
Who ne'er cares o'er the woes of this world to repine,
But tho' he and false Fortune be long ago parted,
Still moistens his woes with a bumper of wine.

Soother of care and promoter of revels,
Whate'er be your ills, Claret ne'er comes amiss;
Take my receipt and the grimmest blue devils
Will beam like Hope's self, if ye plunge them in this;
Not the cheek of a beauty who saints might beguile, Sirs,
Her form nor her face, I can freely declare it
Could look now half so sweet in my eyes, as the smile, Sirs,
That dimples the cheek of my bumper of Claret.

Then here's to the, &c.

I once heard a tale—from my Grannie I took it, Sirs,
How the great globe was erst covered with rain,
When all our poor dads, like blind pups in a bucket, Sirs,
Sank, and, as she said, ne'er came up again;
Ever since that, in respect to their memory,
Water I've hated—O Lord I can't bear it!—
And I'm never myself after mentioning them, ere I
Wash out the thought with a bumper of Claret.
Then here's to the, &c.

There was once an old sage—'twas some d—d fool or other—how
'Tis I don't know, on his name I can't fix—
But he wrote nine huge folios and tried to discover how
Solids and fluids most properly mix—
I've found out the secret so long from his view hid,
I found it—and let every friend I have share it,—
The properest mixture of solid and fluid,
Is a dinner like this one well washed down with Claret.
Then here's to the, &c.

N. B.—In the 2nd and 3rd repetition of the chorus, only 1st and 4th lines are sung;—but as no one has ever sung it but myself, nor do I know whence the air came, unless with the words—this operation would require teaching: otherwise the chorus is too long and makes the song drag.—H. T.

Stanzas.*

Rec. and Air.

Son of a race of Kings!
The memory of whose high olden deeds,
Lives fresh and fair;
Who, in the long line of thine ancestry,
An equal honour with thine own can share?
For thee the Standard rolls unfurl'd
On which ne'er sets the sun!
The foremost Nation of the world
For thee approves their Sovereign's choice—
For thee, peals round the world the signal gun
Britons, rejoice!

Air.

1.

Come chosen of our Albion's Queen,
To Albion's Isle, to freedom's land;
Adopted of her sons thou'st been,
And greeted home with heart and hand;
Speed swiftly o'er the narrow sea,
For her let all abandoned be:
Hail! Albert hail! with loud acclaim,
A nation gladdens at thy name.
Hail! Albert hail!

3.

From furthest India shall you hear,
How Britons, loyal, staunch and true,
Join loud responsive in the cheer,
And raise the song to welcome you,
Wafting the sound to yon far shore,
The sea-girt home they know no more:
Hail! Albert hail! with loud acclaim,
A nation gladdens at thy name.
Hail! Albert hail!

* These stanzas were written on the occasion of the Queen's Birth-day, and sung by the author after the health of the Prince Consort, proposed by the Governor-General, at Government House, May 25th, 1840.

To James Hume.*

Sturdy Jem Hume, I send you here a book
Which few have cared to read,—as few perhaps
Had dared to write that started with a look
To sale and popularity;—such chaps
As fill the flowing threefold-volume full
Of love, of petty chances, small distress,—
Of love which but for semi-sin were dull—
A half-graped Bacchanal in quaker dress,
Incongruous and prurient. On me
Such pictures, neither art nor nature, pall.
I love a truthful quaint simplicity
That tells of 'Life-in-russet;'—yet withal
Takes Life as living gives it,—not too proud
To ettle at humility, but which owns
E'en woman in her sphere must be allowed
To lead,—tho' through all chance of time or tide
Born for one fate, and to one mission tied.

H. Torrens.

Berhampore,
August 5, 1849.

Passages from "Madame De Malguet."†

Plassy, or the town I choose to call so, lies not very many leagues from Paris, on the main road to the south of France. It is a type of the small old French towns, very proud of dating its origin from a Roman colony; nay, having, she is proud to say,

* Written on the fly-leaf of a presentation copy of Madame de Malguet.

† *Madame De Malguet: a Tale of* 1820. *Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. Paternoster Row* 1848. First published in the *Eastern Star*, a Calcutta weekly Journal, in 1844.

some of her older towers placed on the foundation of buildings laid by those lords of the ancient world. Here is an upper and a lower town; the former perched on the bluff of a rising ground, the latter cowering below the hill, as if claiming the protection of her stronger sister. The grey old walls which still surround the one, enclose stocks of crumbling ruins which have once been churches, old detached houses in which dowagers dream out the dozy rest of their existence, a nunnery or two, a grammar-school, and much waste land, where a scanty crop of barley makes shift to grow among the stones which composed the buildings that erst stood there. The lower town, on the other hand, is a prosperous, thriving little city, that has beaten down her ramparts, and made public walks of the place they held; a tributary of the Seine runs past and partly through the space she occupies; her streets are neat, and her gardens trim; she has barracks where troops might be quartered; a theatre in which plays might be acted—though both are for the time unoccupied; and in short looks up to her elder relative with such a sort of mingled awe, compassion and contempt, as Mowbray, the rich cotton spinner, might do towards his penniless sixth cousin, that *De* Mowbray, who has with his forbears for three generations enjoyed starvation and the family dignity, guiltless alike of derogation or utility.

Sweeping past the walls of the older city without entering them, and rattling down a hill-side covered with low-cropped vines, the huge diligence in which sat our party rolled into Plassy, and thundered over its rough pavement, until in the market-place it stopped, arrested by Picotot, before the carriage entrance of the house we will try to describe in the next chapter.

"*Nous voici*," said Madame Picotot.

I HAVE a special love and affection for a quiet, clean, small country town. After any tension of the mind —the pressure of severe study—the excitement of a struggle with the world—the sickness of disappointed ambition—any thing, in short, which has worn and shattered the mental frame, how exquisite is the enjoyment of the quiescence of life such as one sees it in such simple, tranquil communities. It is an error to suppose that solitude is good in cases where the soul is sick of active disquietudes. The contrast between it and the recent busy scene of our existence is too great. The mind falls back upon itself, and acts over again in reminiscence the causes of its ailment. No; when ill at ease, thwarted, vexed, and for the time hopeless, one should go off to mingle with new persons and new faces, in scenes where life is just active enough to give to thought sufficient occupation, without need to labour for the present, in order to create employment, or to fall back upon sad thoughts of the past to supply the want of it. In a country town, above all, on the continent, a man may so manage as to create for himself for awhile a realisation of Thompson's "pleasant land of drowsy head," so easily will life move on with simple companions and innocent pursuits.

Our friend Merrick, who in his way was not without a spice of practical philosophy which stood him in good stead, had bethought him of all this ere he consented to forego the comparative solitude of the "propriety" Beaupré for a busier life in Plassy, and on "turning out" next morning he had no reason to regret his having given in to his own impressions and the eloquent remonstrances of Madame Picotot against "*cet horrible Beaupré.*" The house which Picotot had taken might serve almost as a type of the dwellings of the second or third class of the landowning bourgeoisie of a French country town. It opened on a street leading from the market-place of

Plassy, just fronting the open space before a large stone fountain, much frequented by the gossips of the neighbourhood, who drew thence the pure fluid while they enjoyed the pleasure of blackening characters perhaps as pure, to their full and infinite satisfaction. The front of the building, which had been decorated with armorial carving along the projecting eaves, and the owner's scutcheon above the carriage entrance no longer possessed those aristocratic distinctions, destroyed during the all-destructive days of that universal liberty which prevented people from doing as they pleased—the Revolution. The house was plainly whitewashed, and the windows of both the ground-floor (two of which were on either side the gateway) and the upper story were totally without ornament in or about them. Passing the carriage gate through a convenient wicket, you entered a passage going through the house, with a door of entry in it to the apartments on either side: those on the right were Merrick's, the other door led to the suit of rooms sacred to the conjugal privacy of the Picotots. You will ask why they selected a ground-floor for their residence?—The rooms above were destitute of fire-places, and looked the very picture of discomfort. There were five of them, dreary, rambling chambers with alcoves for the beds, red tiled floors, and doors endowed with so happy a command over their own locks, as to be able to swing open when *they* pleased, and remain steadily closed when *you* tried to open them. These rooms were reached by a staircase of heavy masonry, open on one side to the court round which the house was built. Opposite to it, on the other side, was the kitchen, and next to the kitchen was a large empty coach-house and cart-shed. The stables again faced these buildings on the same side as the clumsy staircase, tenantless of steeds, for Picotot indulged not in such luxury. Liver and Lights, the only quadrupeds there now,

had the whole of the six ruinous stalls to their own four-footed selves.

At the bottom of the court were what had been the state-rooms. There were two of them, both on the upper story, reached by a double stair from the court. The door on the landing-place opened into a sort of vestibule, whence on either side you entered the two saloons, whereof one was handsomely floored with inlaid oak, the only untiled flooring in the whole building. These saloons were small, but elegantly shaped old chambers, looking on one side on the court, on the other upon the little garden attached to the building. Both were full of lumber, to which, according to Picotot, the proprietor attached great value; indeed he only procured a lease of the premises by promising that the most scrupulous care should be taken of the miscellaneous contents of these rooms. When Merrick and he entered them, they were surprised at the quantity and value of the articles of furniture they found there, all old fashioned, and in a state of dilapidation more or less excessive; but had the fashion of the day in 1820 been as it is now, there were thousand on thousands of francs to be made by the contents of these rooms.

When I think sometimes of dreary things on earth, there is one of all others which strikes me as the dreariest—a purposeless existence. This is indeed that dead void in life, the emptiness whereof nothing can conceal. Wealth cannot gild it; nor can the accessaries of luxury, nor the accident of birth, nor the incidents of position, make it tolerable. The man doomed by his moral constitution, or by its defective development, to go through this mortal career without an object for his energies to work upon, must be miserable, though he be the master of millions; while, on the other hand, he that knows

how to create for himself mental occupation, may be happier beyond the power of comparison in his obscurity, his poverty, and his reverses, than the envied owner of acres untellable, and of the cattle on a thousand hills.

HE PASSED the morning of the ensuing day at La Chalautre in the enjoyment of those pleasant things, good books and clever conversation. The long saloon in which the Marquise always sat was, now that winter had set fairly in, made less bleak and chilly by placing high screens so as to cut off the drafts of air that traversed the apartment. Their arrangement made the room look more cheerful; and with the aid of an enormous wood-fire the sensation of comfort within went as a counterpoise to the prospect immediately around the house, where the leafless forest seemed fitly to assimilate with the ruins and wreck of the château, doubly distasteful to the eye amid the wintry desolation. Madame de Malguet seemed to be unaffected by external impressions such as these. She appeared rather to rise in spirits and in cheerfulness with the increasing gloom of the season. Adding to her dress, for warmth's sake, as if to complete its quaintness, the light cloak of green cloth, which she termed her "roquelaure," in the language of some forgotten fashion,—she drew her easy chair still closer to the roaring blaze, and seemed, as it were, to imbibe a glow of genial kindness from the very warmth she courted. Merrick had never seen her so unreserved, so affectionately friendly as she was with him that morning: her very nature, as he thought, showed signs of alteration; for, shaking off the deliberate, somewhat stern manner of her ordinary life, she became almost womanly by the pains she evidently took to maintain the conversation on light and pleasing subjects, in language suited to the

themes it spoke of. Her gratification at seeing that she was making herself agreeable was not less feminine, and the contrast between her usual self and what she then was struck Merrick hardly less than the incongruous union of something like the charm of woman's amiability, masked under the unseemly quaintness of male attire.

There was one singular happiness in the intercourse between Madame de Malguet and the sailor, which to an Englishman more especially possesses a peculiar charm—I mean that perfect degree of mutual understanding which produces what may be termed the companionage of silence. It is that very luxury of fellowship between two individuals thrown much together, when neither feels called upon to make any exertion for the maintenance of a sustained conversation,—when both, according as the mood takes them, fall back upon their thoughts or their books, and pursue the study of either perhaps for hours without a word interchanged, save on occasion when one mind by some intuitive impulse seeks to communicate its impressions to the other. The supreme contempt in which the Marquise held all the conventional rule-and-measure mode of making the agreeable, conduced perhaps in a great measure to the establishment of this footing of unfettered freedom between herself and Merrick; and doubtless much of the charm he felt in her society arose from the sensation thence derived. After half an hour passed in lively talk on imaginative subjects, unconnected with themselves or aught about them, each of the two companions had relapsed into silence, Merrick on one side the huge fire trying to decipher the type and language of a black letter Froissart, the cherished property of Monsieur Josse, —Madame de Malguet turning over the leaves of her favourite Ariosto, one of whose livelier passages had furnished the theme for their recent animated conversation. Slowly and more slowly did each

successive page turn under the impulse of her hand, preoccupied as she evidently was with some internal train of reflection apart from the immediate subject of the printed leaf before her. At last, half addressing Merrick, half apostrophising her own thoughts, she said musingly—

"Was there ever aught ideal that had not reality for its type as respects us human animals, I should like to know?"

"Hardly perhaps," replied the sailor, "seeing that men, even the most imaginative of poets, cannot think out of themselves;—as human things humanly thinking, they must always fall back upon humanity."

"Very good:—then if that be the case, how do you explain the creation of these supposedly unreal heroines of the Florentine here, who makes of women such energetic powerful creatures, that whether in physical strength or moral courage they are capable to cope with and subdue what is conventionally called the nobler sex? Must you not under your own showing allow that, to give birth to this poetry female beings must have existed whose reality inspired the poet's power to exaggerate on what they truly were? Say that all poetry is sentiment overstrained, fact overstated, or character overdrawn; fact, character, and sentiment must still have existed to give the type on which imagination in the poet worked."

"I hardly follow you," said Merrick; "if you seek simply to prove that all fiction is but a sort of vague analogy to some fact, why I can conceive your argument, but beyond that I am in the dark as respects the particular question you refer to. What of these heroines?"

"This—that they, or something like them, were real existent women.—I have a creed in the *masculārity* of woman, that she, namely, if properly trained and exercised both in mind and body, has as much of the male essence of activity, energy, and daring, as

man himself: woman in the power of passive endurance is known to surpass the other sex;—her patience under bodily suffering, her constancy under mental trials, her self-denial, and her self-control are universally acknowledged: now, if there be so much that is superior in her, superior to you men, elicited spontaneously out of her own nature,—how much more that is excellent might not by proper discipline and training be brought forth, superior in its own way to aught that you can boast of?"

"Allowing the theory to be correct, would you apply the practice to your sex at large? who in that case would be left to perform woman's domestic duties?"

"The drudges to be sure!—just as with men, you have the common offices of life performed by those of ordinary grovelling natures, who have not energy or spirit to rise above their sphere: so would it be with those of the other sex in my system—they would fall to their level; and while the more exalted spirits lifted themselves above the feminility of their being, and aimed at feats in arts and arms as daring quite and quite as excellent as men could hope to accomplish, their humbler sisters would hold their proper rank, and devote their life to—to—"

"To suckle fools and chronicle small beer," said Merrick, finding it impossible to repress the aptitude of the quotation.

"What English is that?" asked Madame de Malguet; "translate it to me:—excellent!" she continued, as Merrick gave the sense of the line in Italian—"excellent!—that is the destiny of the lower moral order of women!"

"And the higher?" inquired the sailor.

"The higher have a line chalked out for them by circumstance acting on natural character; and they become, according to me, or should become, more and more perfectionised according as they develope their

mascularity: how noble it is to see woman, victress over her own weakness, and freed from the chain of those propensities to which the fallibility of man is subject, take her position of influence and command, when circumstance calls her to fulfil a high and mighty destiny! Look at her, wielding arms and daring the horrors of battle under the sole impulse of high feeling! You smile at the reality of my chivalric heroines—remember only what evidence we found but a few days ago of the reality of such women in the Latin chronicle Josse brought and translated for us,—what was it, again? Oder—Oderic—"

"Odericus Vitalis, was it not?"

"The same—well, there!—what did we find? Wager of battle between women fairly challenged, and fairly fought! And in the glorious second crusade against the infidels, a band of warrior women regularly enrolled, equipped, and commanded by—what was she called, again?—'*the golden-footed dame.*'* Is not this evidence for me, and for my theory?"

"Why, supposing the chronicle to be true?"

"And why not, pray? If among men, as we see and know that in our day there be,—as we know there are,—a multitude of inferior natures whom you might call male females, should you suppose it impossible that with us there should be a like number of superior intelligences, which properly developed might not rank as female males? I look on masculine power, or mascularity, as a separate and peculiar essence, common to all human beings, irrespective of sex; and I think that the power of circumstance, and the influence of mind, may elicit that essence as vividly in my sex as in yours:—hence my belief in the reality of the type upon which the poetic heroines of chivalry were conceived."

* A. D. 1147, in the army of Conrad of Germany.

"All this, which is speculation," replied Merrick smiling,—"falls to the ground, unless you can adduce living instances in our own time of such beings; for as men are always the same, the manifestation of your doctrine should be visible in some shape or other in our own day as much as in those of Oderic or Ariosto."

"You are laying what you suppose to be an exceedingly cunning trap for me, most ingenious Captain Merrick," answered the Marquise; "you are trying to drive me to cite myself as instance, in proof of the truth of my own theory:—is it not so?"

"Nay, I do no more than expose you to the penalty of all theorists;—they must pay for the luxury of the speculation in the dull heavy coin of fact, when proof is required of them."

"Well then," said Madame de Malguet, throwing herself back in her chair,—"if you will be so uncourteous as to make one talk of one self, I *do* cite my humble and happy individuality as a case in point; the times are over when it would have been necessary to prove my argument by casing myself in plate and mail, and convincing you, like one of my Ariosto's heroines, by practical home-thrusts and actual knock-down arguments. I need only quote my past life and present position. I have been weaned from even my earliest days from the feeling of all that is feminine,—I have been compelled to elicit the mascularity of my nature, and I have become what you see, essentially a male being, toiling at one time for my existence in the grovelling pursuits of commerce, and so absorbed by them as to find pleasure in the occupation,—at another, placed as the last of an ancient race in possession of the home of my fathers, enjoying the plenitude of power within their domain, commanding obedience,—ay, and enforcing it! Now, had my destiny been cast otherwise,—had I been doomed to be the domestic serf of a man I cared not for, do you

think my mind would have developed itself, and that I could in that case have lived the useful life I have lived and am living?"

"In this," said the sailor, "you speak of the contingencies to which you have been liable, and not of yourself;—the question is, How would you have been happiest, as wife, and woman? or as —as—"

"As Madame de Malguet, you would say? To this I answer, do you believe in happiness?—do you think such a thing exists? I have numbered more years than you, and I say no: in either case I should have had to support my own particular modicum of evil, without in the one having the satisfaction of doing as much good as in the other. Happiness, happiness for women!" continued the Marquise; "it is a poet's dream! Woman's nature is too frail and feeble to be capable of an approach to it; too sensitive in itself, too subservient to the influence of man's caprice, to enjoy individually any pleasure, any real pleasure, on earth; give them fans and furbelows, silk, satin, lace, and flattery, music, rouge, and a ballroom, and the fools may think they see something pleasurable in life; or else let them have all the anxieties, risk, pain, and distress of maternity; let their child live and turn out neither an idiot nor deformed; and what then? 'Tis a son to break his mother's heart by unkindness; or a daughter to rival her if she be a coquette, or to shame her, if she be something better; —is that happiness?"

"Why, seeing that you take frivolity on the one hand, and gloom on the other for the main subjects of your picture, of course it is not; but in this way you don't paint fairly, and moreover you have left out the main element in woman's life,—love."

"Love!" ejaculated Madame de Malguet; "Love! you men call it by a plainer, coarser name, and you're right, for that is your sense of the sentiment; with woman, it is something else, something more refined,

but for that very reason something more rife to them with the element of sorrow; they by it become the playthings of your leisure hours, the loathed objects of your satiety, objects that you worship yourselves in to-day, and spurn on the morrow as you would a withered rose!"

"But even allowing this, which *par parenthèse* I do not,—let me ask you whether you mean to exclude the idea of aught that is pleasurable from your scheme of the existent world? You seem to me, pardon me the expression, to be so bent upon paradox as to fly in the face of palpable fact!"

"No, I do not deny that there are pleasant things on earth, I merely say there are not happy ones; and that the sternest nature, because the least impressionable, is therefore the least unhappy:—there is pleasure in the fulfilment of duty, there is pleasure in the exercise of beneficence, there is pleasure in the appreciation of genius and intellect, and there are plenty of animal pleasures—the view of sunny hills, of shady forests, of lovely flowers; the enjoyment of the exquisite combination of sound in music, or of colour in painting,—ay, even," said the Marquise cowering over the blazing wood, "the luxury to a chilly thing like me of such a cozy nook as this beside such a glorious fire."

"Yes," answered Merrick, "but all these from the fire upwards are selfish enjoyments; have you no conception of personal gratification, apart from such individual sources of it?"

In her oddest abrupt way, Madame de Malguet stretched a hand across to Merrick, and seized one of his.

"Pardon," she said; "I had forgotten:—you have unconsciously taught me that there is another source of pleasure, unknown to me till I knew you, and that is sympathy of thought and feeling—thanks for it, and double thanks now for recalling to me the existence of an enjoyment so new that I had not yet learned to class it among those I actually possessed."

Merrick returned the friendly pressure of the small thin dry hand that clasped his own, and both as before relapsed into the inward world of their own thoughts, having for the time exhausted the subject of their conversation. Merrick had resumed his Froissart, and was deeply engaged in deciphering the black letter achievements of Sir Walter Manny, and his gallant knights of Hainault, when he was roused from his studies by a sudden exclamation from Madame de Malguet.

"See there! look at the emblem of the human life you have been speaking of!"

He turned to the window, and found it was snowing heavily, the thick flakes whirling and twisting through the still evening air, settling already in fantastic masses on the ruined terrace and desolate garden, shutting out, in the density with which they floated down, all sight of the opposite hill and its bare and dreary vineyards.

"There is the story of our career! cold frail things, poured forth at random on the wide scene of existence, to fall deviously to earth, and melt away into oblivion!"

It was a desolate thing to look upon that quiet valley without a sign of life; and the sad and solemn words of the strange being who addressed him fell on the sailor's ear, so as to convey a sort of moral chill in fit accordance with the season and the sight before him. He gazed on it for a while in silence; and then remembering with the thought of the snow storm his engagement for the evening, and the immediate necessity of his return to Plassy, turned to the Marquise and told her that he must be gone. She heard him with evident displeasure and disappointment.

THERE IS A POINT, as we doubtless in our time have all experienced, at which intense mental emotion

overcomes the powers of human endurance. Nature, over-racked, seeks then, in temporary torpor of the senses, a refuge from the torture of reflection. A lethargy more dead than that of sleep pervades our being, and the vital functions, to all appearance for the time suspended, altogether act with such faint and feeble influence as does not suffice to let us know that life has not departed. The reaction from this state of syncope is various in various persons. Constitution and temperament, bodily habits, and mental qualities, have their share in regulating it. With some the trance passes away in tears, in lassitude, and in prostration: in others it operates like a wholesome respite from suffering, past the power to endure; and in them the mind refreshed and re-invigorated resumes its sway with temperate calmness, and all the energy of perfect self-possession: while there are those in whom excitement, but half developed when mind and body sink beneath it, re-appears, on the return of consciousness, in a shape more violent and more determined. Of such are persons of imaginative minds, unused to acknowledge the influence of the senses; and of such was Madame de Malguet.

She lay long like a creature entranced on the floor of the saloon, while Brigitta lavished every effort on her, by which it might be possible to recall her to herself. The Calabrese had no need to call for aid. She had purposely kept all away from her lady's apartments. Cool, and patient, and devoted, she determined to keep at all risks the secret which she had dimly guessed, and now alone had full assurance of a perfect secret from all but her own self. Alas! had she not loved, and loved unhappily! humble as was she, a poor menial, lowly and uneducated,—her woman's instinct was sharpened by the experience of suffering, the sense of sympathy, the devotion of a grateful loving heart to the only being that had been kind when the world was a great blank, and all man-

kind as nothing. She hid with the jealousy of affection her mistress' weakness, as fain she would in early days have hid her own. She thought of the dreadful hour in which she had to avow to her own bosom a passion, fatal to her mental peace and worldly reputation. She saw the action of what she had herself endured now reproduced in the person of her lady,—and that too under circumstances such as to render the personal suffering of the victim a million times more poignant than could have been the case with even her unhappy self. She had loved when youth at any rate might be urged in excuse of her infatuation: she had loved,—but hardly out of her own sphere: she had loved—pretending to be nought more than what she really was, a kindly heärted, trusting, artless woman, alive to all the impulses of her sex, disowning and ashamed of none of them. But how was it with her mistress! High-born, proud, cold, collected, impassive, despising all that had reference to the distinction of sex, even to that extent which led her to disclaim the necessity of conforming to the conventional differences of dress and habiliment, of manners, and mode of being, which distinguish, in social life, the female from the male, she had, as it were, spurned her sex, and repudiated the existence in her person of any of its attributes, as markedly as she had rejected the use of those external habits whereby woman seems to own the softness of her nature, and acknowledge her inaptitude for the stirring life and active callings of the sterner and the stronger sex. Poor, poor, proud helpless being! here lay she,—her moral force all shattered by the influence of that stronger sexual power, which she had denied, defied, and set at nought,—her boasted self-control annihilated,—her lofty arrogant assumption of the command of intellect over instinct humbled to the dust,—her idle self-sufficient doctrines swept away,—and all by one plain simple touch of woman's passion!

Yes—all are one:—we are every soul of us children of the same great family! Nature, our common mother, has hid the germ of like and kindred feelings in the hearts of all human creatures; and (it may be soon, it may be late,) the germ will vegetate, the latent principle of life will struggle forth, the instincts we are born with will assert their right, and claim dominion over us. Years may pass away; the eye may sink, the cheek may wither, the pride of youth may perish, the vigour and the bloom of early days may droop, and fade never to return again in their freshness and their beauty: but the inmost feelings of the soul will undergo no like change; these, if uncalled on, and unexercised, lie dormant, but not extinct: they partake of an immortal nature, and are not the slaves of years, nor of times, nor of seasons: through them is the heart green though the head be grey; by them, even in our latest years, is the dormant influence of nature exhibited, marking us out as being sent on earth to fulfil each our duties, according to the class of which we have been created. Like the grain found in the mummied corpse, which gave fruit although entombed for ages, so with us are the affections deathless, waiting only for occasion to call forth their vitality, and make them bud, and blossom, as freshly as if all around were spring.

DEATH IN the hour of exultation,—prostration in the moment of pride,—fortune heaped high upon unhoped success,—all things counter-current to man's hope, belief, and expectation;—such is the sum of existence. As in the elemental world, powers, influences, and attractions tend sudden toward some single point, by laws to men inscrutable, to work out nature's phenomena; so in our moral being the causes eliciting the crisis of a life act no less wonderfully on one another from quarters socially antipodean. What

are these but lessons in the school of equality—expositions of the great truth against which the artifice of society would revolt—that there be, namely, no castes, nor classes, nor divisions among mankind, so that human life cannot be lived by any human creature as in a sphere apart? Like the exhalations of his earth, man circles and mingles in one medium inseparable from his kind: the delicate breath of Araby and the heavy fœtors of the Accursed Seas are charged with a like power, and, ranging wide in air, their office in the thunder-cloud is one.

RANK.

1.

Rank,—oh! thou accident of birth!
Rank,—oh! thou cumbrous clog to passion!
Shall lowly charms, and lovely worth,—
Shall truth and love, ne'er come in fashion?
The hand that props the lazy vine,—
The face that owns it—shame in feature
And form, the high-born shapes that shine,
Paint, bright, in courts, insulting nature.

2.

Deck thee, my love, 'neath yon broad trees,
With simple gauds, and wild-grown flowers,
Nor gorgeous jewel sweet as these,
Nor hall so bright in lordly bowers:—
The time shall come, my low-born bride
Past pain with princely joys shall solace,—
And beauteous in her rural pride,
With village charms enchant a palace!

THE HUMOURIST in Vivian Grey, who made a picture gallery of his parlour windows by looking on the same landscape through differently coloured panes, altered the face of nature as men in their moral vision change the acts of man. It is the mental retina that colours the deeds which it reflects, and the less sophisticated the reflector, the stronger the shade it imparts. Age and experience, or in other words, trial and trouble, deaden the medium to its proper neutral tint; but, till this be effected, to different natures the same subject may be bathed in the golden tintage of a Claude, or deepened by the bold obscure of Salvator Rosa,—and both wrongfully and against the truth. However so it is, and so men see their way, literally, as in that glass by which the sacred rhetorician exemplified his argument—darkly. This is the secret of what are termed first impressions, moral convictions, instinctive conceptions, and the like—the offspring of prejudice, and of that inaptitude to admit the influence of possible causes, which is the source of so much mischief. Under this colouring an honest and politic bluntness is taken as evidence of the manners of a boor; unobtrusion becomes indifference, and accident, offence. Under this influence, when properly considered, we explain the apparent paradox of the true importance of trifles, which, amalgamated, constitute human life, as by them men are made or marred; and contemplating it, we may smile in our turn at the wise man, who accepts chance, while he denies a destiny, as if all were not cause, and all effect.

THE NUMEROUS assemblage broke up and dispersed, each to his own home, with many a merry laugh, and whoop, and call, but with scarcely a sign of excess, and none of strife or anger. The silver

disk of the diminished moon rose above the forest, and shone placidly on the homebound revellers, lending them her welcome light upon their way. The chase was deserted, the parting guests had gone, and those, as Madame de Felingue and the Finots, who stayed the night, were retired wearily to their chambers; yet still Annechet lingered on the terrace before the chateau, Madame de Malguet, Merrick, the Dragoon, and Father Velasquez, her companions.

"No, dear aunt," she exclaimed, with her musical low laugh; "you must indeed let me be a naughty child to-night, and refuse to go to rest, as I used to do with the good sisters, who sometimes knew hardly how to chide me bedwards; it is the animation of a new happiness that keeps me waking."

"Like a full-grown child, dear Annechet," said the lady, "that cannot sleep for thinking of its doll."

"And the doll?" enquired Merrick.

"And the happiness, my daughter?" asked the churchman in the grave and thoughtful style he could assume, and yet be gentle.

With a fascinating hesitation, unmixed, however, with the slightest taint of awkwardness, she answered Father Velasquez—

"The world is a new life for me, father, and it seems to me that I must have seen its brightest side, and tasted of its purest pleasures, to know the holy sort of excitement which proceeds from pure sympathy with the happiness of many fellow-creatures. I *am* a full-grown child, and answer questions like one," added she, with a half smile not destitute of humour, as she glanced below her eyelids towards the sailor;—"but even with the nothingness of my knowledge, I think I can trace out my dear aunt's 'doll' in the deeds," she said, laughingly, "of many full-grown children else than I: every one that has a motive and an object has his doll."

"We call it *hobby* in English," observed the sailor.

"And that is,—to ask a question of you in my turn?"

"A hack, or sorry horse, that one is always riding."

"You are an equestrian people, you men of England," observed the priest—"equestrian to excess," while in France the nation is said to be possessed by a passion for vain apparel; the one illustration balances the other, and the vanity of human wishes is best typified in either by a popular allusion to the national weakness."

"It seems to me," suddenly observed the dragoon, "that, with all deference, you have fallen beside the argument, if argument there were; for Mademoiselle spoke of a sympathy with the feelings of fellow-creatures, that is, of all mankind, and consequently of something sincere—of something above national vanities, which vanish when nations rise in concert to strive sincerely for a common object!"

"Good!" exclaimed involuntarily the nun of Bruges, who was thinking of blessed Palestine and a new crusade.

"You honour me," replied the new made noble, whose head was teeming with universal republicanism as he spoke of kindred nations.

"You have forgotton one fact, friends," said Madame de Malguet, "when you generalize regarding nations and their objects, and that is, the impossibility of classing nations in the lump as partisans of any noble object systematically. Take the nobles of each nation, and put an abstract point of honor or of justice to them, and each will with one common consent nobly support it."

"Or of religion, aunt," eagerly observed Annechet; "look to the crusades!"

"That there are noble men in all nations," interposed Merrick, "and that noble natures must sympathise, is true: but that there are circumstances which ennoble a whole people for the time in a mass,

as, in this land of France, the spirit of patriot resistance did not so many years ago, is not less certain: how then is your dogma to take effect—as based on moral sympathies, casual circumstances, or innate nobility?"

"Before we dogmatise at all, had we not better understand what exactly we are talking of?" asked the dragoon, who seemed to take interest in a species of conversation he usually avoided in public. Annechet and Merrick laughed at the quiet mode in which the question was put, while Madame de Malguet said—

"Then do you tell us what we each were thinking of, when he spoke?"

"Nay," replied her nephew, "that were calling on me to do too much, because one or two of us may have been merely speculating on the fulfilment of his or her theoretical fancy, which answers to Mademoiselle's doll, Merrick's hobby, or my *cheval de bataille*, which may each in its way be unreal; but Mademoiselle Annechet's feeling was no doll, nor hobby, nor *cheval* of any class or character, but a reality—the animation which results from sympathy with our fellow-creatures. The good father led us away upon a *feu follet*, a will-o'-the-wisp, for illustration, to the vanity of human wishes, and the extent of national weakness. I tried to revert to the original subject, and Madame and Merrick took partial views of it according to their several impressions." The speaker paused, for with three of his auditors there was a mute expression of surprise in the look with which they regarded him. Somewhat embarrassed, he added, "If I have spoken more than is my wont, it was in an endeavour to show Mademoiselle I understood her."

She raised her downcast eyes, and simply answered, "You *do* understand me, Monsieur de la Chalautre."

There was a silence. Madame de Malguet found a meaningness in Annechet's tone, which liked her not. Merrick felt as though his friend eclipsed him at the only moment in which he would have cared himself for the ascendant. Father Velasquez was like Shakspeare's bowler, whose circuitous cast towards the distant goal "went not unhappily against the bias." The desultory discussion pleased him, as one to be led whither he liked, and he continued it.

"The point is, I take it, as now put, that the greater the amount of true sympathy among mankind that can be produced, the more pleasure excited in generous minds, the stronger the energy created, and the more beneficial its effect to the world at large:—now, as we understand Mademoiselle and the Marquis, this sympathy is not dependent on moral unity, casual circumstances, or innate nobility of character, as suggested by Captain Merrick, but on all of them conjointly. Let us know what common subject, dependent on these points, would most affect men by sympathy for their common benefit?

So spoke the priest, and each answered after the thought that prevailed dominant in them.

"The love of honour, and the spirit of freedom."

"A chivalric devotion to the good, the noble, and the true."

"Patriotism displayed in self-denial for the common good, and a sense of duty in time of danger."

The dragoon, the lady, and the sailor having given these characteristic answers in succession, Annechet hesitated, and as she did so excused herself of indecision.

"It is the phrase, and not the idea, fails me," she said; "but surely honour, freedom, devotion, all self-denial, and every duty are comprised and understood in religious feeling."

"In its active exercise, doubtless," observed the priest, "good and noble impulses will prevail to unite men's minds for a time, but the impulse over, the

sympathy is gone; there is no moral cohesion possible without the religious element in society; and when the want of it is most apparent, we have wars, treacheries, and divisions, schisms in the church for wordly ends, and revolutions in the state for party purposes; for then the Lord's vineyard is no longer fenced round, and the beasts of the field rush in, and waste its pleasantness."

"Dear sister Anastasia!" exclaimed Annechet, "do you remember how piteously she would bewail the defection of Christendom, and from the cause you cite, good father,—when the Infidel broke in and destroyed her beloved Byzantium, and Christ's church in the East!"

"It is an apposite instance," said Father Velasquez, turning to his auditors, who, perhaps, either not caring to argue, or not in a condition to reply, left the field of declamation to the priest; "the instance is most happy; for, in those days, Italy, whence the head of the church ought to have showered the strength of Europe on the invaders, had scarce recovered the strange sight of the triple crown claimed by three so-called popes, ere the danger of invasion menaced her very coasts; and there were few to defend, and none to avenge, Christendom and the church. Strange that the task of that immediate defence should fall on those people who had most obstinately opposed the Holy See! They refused it, and from that day they never prospered."

"You allude," said Madame de Malguet, "to the Genoese."

"The Genoese, aunt, and the Venetians: the first, sister Anastasia used to say, deserted her ancestor, Constantine (for she was of the Palæologi,) when the siege was at the hottest, and their aid most needed, because their leader, Justiniani, was hurt in the hand! The second, who had basely held off from the strife,

although their colonies were next to suffer, disgraced themselves by sending the initiatory embassy to the Turk, ere he were settled in his conquest; but," she added, "all maritime nations are alike—selfish, cruel, and perfidious!"

"Annechet!" exclaimed Madame de Malguet, with startling vehemence; "say you that before——"

"Your pardon, madam," interposed the priest with a voice of bland deprecation, "and still more yours, M. Merrick. My dear daughter has but had a glimpse, a little glimpse, of the world, after imbibing ideas for years from enthusiastic persons who had seen nothing of it."

"Nay," said the dragoon, "Merrick does not require explanations to excuse a casual phrase hastily uttered; while I dare say those who deserted of the —the——"

"Genoese," suggested Annechet.

"Of the Genoese were mercenaries, or mere allies, few in number."

"They were two thousand strong, as Phranza says in his history," observed the nun.

"Two thousand! why twenty times the number could not make head in defence against an active enemy, if the walls were then as I saw them in extent."

"As you saw them, Monsieur de la Chalautre?" inquired Annechet.

"I returned from Egypt by Constantinople and the Isles," was the reply.

"What! you have seen Cairo, where St. Louis fell, and Pera, where dear sister Anastasia was born, Argos, and Mitylene——"

She was interrupted in the excitement of her queries by Madame de Malguet, who, with an expression of annoyance she could not repress, said—

"Captain Merrick, my dear Annechet, has been waiting these five minutes to ask you why the repu-

tation of maritime nations in Europe is of the nature you mention."

The nun blushed red in the cold moonlight, more with the sense of sorrow for having given pain, than in the consciousness of injustice to those of whom she spoke.

"I beg Captain Merrick's pardon," she said, "with my whole heart; but," looking up dependingly on Father Velasquez, "I have been taught always to think, as I have said."

"'Tis a hard doctrine to inculcate," observed Merrick, "and to be taught, under your favour, in a convent—hardly a Christian one: will you apply it in France to the Normans?"

"They have ceased to be maritime," said the priest; "for the rest, as to perfidy, you know their present reputation in France; as to the Venetians and the Genoese, the former have ever sacrificed Christendom systematically to their own selfish policy; the latter let the doors of the west be wrenched from them while employed in internecine persecutions."

"The Portuguese?"

"Ask Albuquerque of his victories in the East, and read of the conquest of Brazil, unless indeed the history of their alliance with your own people be not enough."

"The Dutch, surely, are a brave and honest people?"

"They have fought for their dykes, and that well, and measured their woollens with a true ell-wand: but for cruelty, what say you to Amboyna?—and that comes home to you—or Surinam, or——"

"I have done," said Merrick, somewhat disconcerted: "yet once more; leaving the Spaniards out, soldiers at sea, and at sea as soldiers—as some one said of them—what of the English? are they not known as a generous race, champions of the weak, and honest even to roughness?"

There was a moment during which the conversation between Annechet and the dragoon, uninterrupted during the above encounter, was suspended, and all hung on the priest's words, as he replied with deliberation.

"So, Captain Merrick, they love to think themselves, insomuch that many take the converse of the last idea, and make roughness the test of honesty: as to their championhood, they have fought, like other people, for others, when it served themselves: but as to the general question, let me ask you, whether you served at the bombardment of Copenhagen, and what you think of its political justice? Was it war, or piracy? Had Nelson been Drake, and the Baltic the Spanish main, which would you have termed it?"

If the sailor was silenced by this sally, in manner so blandly, kindly made, as to disarm resentment, Madame de Malguet was humiliated. Her hero had had the worst of it, where she had anticipated for him an even field, if not a victory: but how to contest a point on which bright eyes have looked their determination, and soft lips firmly spoken words irrevocable? The champion who feels fight his duty, but yet would please her, whose knight he encounters, is crippled ere he can draw his sword; and so was it with the sailor.

After years of toil, danger, obscurity, and penury, and scorn, to sit by night on the terrace of a noble chateau, with the landscape, plunged in shadow, or bathed in the deceptive moonshine, enhanced thereby in beauty and in vastness; to feel oneself rich, noble, honoured, prosperous, young enough still to enjoy life, yet with experience to avoid its follies; and by one's side a creature, liker the beatific dreams that visited Correggio, and by him stamped with being, were transferred immortally to colour, than aught earthly; to hear her ask of the scenes of perils

and of the strange lands, and stranger men that one had known, and to pour into her listening ear the story of the hard past amid the blessed present! If the dragoon exulted, and if, though he loved his friend not less, the heart within him were glad that the maiden unconsciously eschewed the destiny which earthly scheming had designed for her, it was but the inevitable course of nature, declaring that her son was neither more nor less than man.

The sailor looked upon the pair, and thought of Othello and fair Desdemona:—

> "She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
> And I loved her that she did pity them."

And as the lines with painful iteration beat upon the brain, as in like case some weary speaking passage, hatefully applicable to occasion, will ever obtrude itself on recollection till one hates the faculty—the demon of Othello's later loves stole into his own heart. Merrick was jealous, as Merrick could be that is, and tried, swallowing the bitter of his own rebuff, not to be mean enough to envy where he could not succeed. The priest in the interim sat gazing upward on the peaceful sky, absorbed in thought, and to all appearance unconscious of what was passing round him; this calmness, real or affected, formed strong contrast to the tumult that reigned in the bosom of the lady of La Chalautre.

ANNECHET'S ROUNDELAY.

"Throughout the realms of boundless space,
A might creative bids us trace
The presence of its power:
Speaks in the ardent blaze of day,
Or when men's hearts do God-ward stray
In still and midnight hour.

Oh! hear it in the sound of life
That fills the crowded town,
Or the deep roar of mortal strife
Sweeping the strong man down;—
Or song of birds, or wind-tossed trees,
Or rills, or waves:—for they
Are vocal all with melodies
That make us sing and pray."

AND SHE, the framer of this strange combination? The framer of the scene of mimic life may take his troop of human puppets, and say: "Be you the lover, you the lady—you the rival—you, fond—you, cruel—you, repentant; and, at the last, let all of you be happy;" and thus may he teach man from himself how his life goes. The highest human mind that has lived on earth (for what we know) did this, and did it nobly. The cautious politician may lead nations to dependence, or force them to antagonism, saying, "you shall be served, and therefore serve; you, forced to fight, and yield." The wisest men have done so, and often well. The merchant again may rule markets, and raise fictitious famines, and false gluts, desiring some to starve awhile that he may be rich for ever, and cheating others with the mockery of plenty. Many try this, more or less wisely, and some succeed. The artificial masses of society which man has formed may be ruled and schooled by men, as the playwright schools and rules man's imitators; but, in our moral being, there is a higher destiny at work than that which human influence devises. And, indeed, I never saw one in his or her right judgment set about practising upon it. There will be always found a blind before such a person, of passion or interest. He begins blindly and continues blind, thinking he sees what is not; and so was it with the lady of La Chalautre.

THE ICE-PALACE of Catharine of Russia was perhaps in the long catalogue of human futilities, about as futile a thing as the hand of man ever created. Cold, elusive, uninhabitable, and semi-transparent to the sight of all men, the very burlesque of solidity, it melted to naught without the will of the founder, on the near approach of the natural atmospheric influences, which in their genial warmth, forbade duration to the artificial bulk, that seemed a shelter, yet was none.

The passionless and systematic scheme which piles heart upon heart, building up a system of society in which the affections have no resting place, calling this union, is not unanalogous to such actual junction of ice-blocks. All see through the structure; none have trust in its lastingness; and when from without, a warmer ray touches the mass, it resolves into the type of all that is unstable,—water.

The hateful hypocrisy of pretending to believe the existence of a feeling of mutual attraction in the hearts that interest thus conjoins, is a necessary and inherent attribute with those who are the builders and framers, the schemers and designers of such unnatural combinations. Worldly motives are ashamed of themselves, and hang the frippery of false sentiment up to hide their ugliness; which, like the rich blonde veil over septuagenarian features, enhances with a disreputable affectation, the foulness that, to the eye of the discerning, it cannot conceal. "Deep calleth unto deep," and lie responds to lie, but none need be deceived save those that choose to be so; the mind must be bent and bowed to make it accept falsehood as truth; or bow and bend itself to do so.

THUS WENT fair Annechet, blessed and blessing, from the valley of La Chalautre, nor should she look upon its pleasant woods and glassy mere again, till

she were a wedded wife, and they might call her mistress.

" You went, and took the Spring with you"

sings in his lament some Irish bard, as if with the absence of the loved being, the verdure of the trees had faded, the perfume of the flowers had failed, and the bright glow of nascent life passed off from the face of smiling nature. This is the poetic illustration of one of the commonest of feelings,—that which invests ordinary objects with interest, while the creature we care for, is connected with them ; and thence, carried out in more imaginative minds to the wide field of Nature herself, makes us see the horizon pale with the diminution of our personal hopes or pleasures.

The Witches of Shakespeare and of Schiller.

It is one of the most interesting of speculations to a contemplative person to weigh and to compare the different modes in which great contemporaneous minds have treated the same idea: but one more interesting still, is, to take up the consideration of one and the same thought as dwelt upon by men of commanding intellect with the interval of centuries between them. In the one case the differences are purely moral. The social influences, and the habits of conventional observance affect contemporaneous individuals to a great degree equally. Variety of mental organization causes them to think variously with respect to the same thing; but their mode of treating it must be of necessity similarly affected as regards external impressions, borrowed from the society about them, in which they have been contemporaneously born and educated.

In the other instance, the state of things is widely different. It is not only the moral man wherein is here the germ of opposition. The social habits which a term of three centuries separates,—the relative grossness or refinement which mark periods so distant from one another—the diversity of reigning philosophical tenets at one as opposed to the other time, —must, it is evident, cause the training of either great mind to be cast in a different mould,—and it is curious to see in what or how their fancies and their feelings amalgamate, or prove mutually repulsive when occupied about the same matter.

I was led the other day to a practical application of these reflections by reading and comparing the play of Macbeth, as rendered by Schiller, with its great original. The translation by the mighty German

struck me as approaching more nearly to the dignity of original composition than did any rendering of a poem from one into another language with which it has hitherto been my fortune to meet. The genius of the tongue in which it is written is that of our own, as regards vigour, strength, and power of expression; while again, on the other hand, its extraordinary flexibility, richness, and innate resources of composition, enable it to supply a philological deficiency by the happy invention of the moment, and express the fulness of idea wherever a failing offers in the exactitude of words. There was one part of the play to which, as would every Englishman, I looked with peculiar interest—the mode, namely, in which the German poet had treated the supernatural influences which bear so material a part in its action,—first, as to the spiritual and poetic essence of them; and next, as to the mechanical, and purely dramatic mode of their treatment.

The witches of Shakespeare we have long learned to consider as creations so isolated and peculiar, as to offer a type wholly dissimilar to any thing of their sort to be found in other literature than our own. They are not Fates, though fate-foretellers,—they do not command, but merely produce great effects by indirect action,—they exercise a power less their own than deriving activity from the plastic nature of the subject on which it is employed. With all this, they have a strange mixture of the common with the terrible, of the grotesque with the sublime, while, such is the wondrous genius by which they are created, we are not deterred by the homeliness and vulgarity (to use the word) of the images in which they express themselves, from seeing in them the type of the great instrument of evil surrounded by the most fearful of its attributes.

That one of another nation than ourselves should attempt to render in his own tongue the language

rich to us with such strange incongruities, is in itself a task of sufficient daring. How, then, will he acquit himself undertaking it in our own day, the original having been written more than two centuries ago? Shakespeare's audience believed in the existence of supernatural beings such as he set before them—Schiller's is an auditory composed (the philosophical portion) of men inclined to doubt even of their own;—Shakespeare appealed to the imaginative ignorance of his day, while Schiller has to work upon the enlightened scepticism of the most metaphysical of extant nations:—the Englishman wrote for coarse natures and superstitions,—the German has to poetise for minds the most refined and critical. In this difficulty, as respects the latter, the question has been treated with all the power of a great dramatist, and all the discrimination of a true critic in poetry. The essentially imaginative portions of the witch scenes,—that one for instance about the cauldron, and both the interviews with Macbeth,—are given with the most careful literality both as to word and to phrase; but when the Weird Sisters are introduced alone, the translator has in one case amplified for the sake of dramatic exposition,—in the other, altered, in order to avoid what might in all probability have been almost past rendering as written in the original;—or if rendered, might have conveyed ideas to the audience wholly unconsonant with the character of the mysterious beings in whose mouths the words are put. It is, and to all appearance ever must be, one of the mysteries of language, the power of relative verbal affection. The sentence I repeat in one tongue makes you weep; translate it ever so exactly into another, and the words are either meaningless, or merely risible.

Shakespeare in his opening scene does no more than introduce us to certain supernatural beings, who let us understand that after the battle, then occurring,

they purpose to meet the hero of the ensuing drama. The ten lines of this scene have been called "the key-note of the tragedy. They take us," says the critic, "out of the course of ordinary life: they tell us there is to be 'supernatural soliciting;' they show us that we are entering into the empire of the unreal, and that the circle of the magician is to be drawn about us:"—that is, according to my view, they allow us to infer all this; but surely they tell us little or nothing. All their effect is upon the imagination; why they are to meet Macbeth, or who, or what Macbeth is, we learn not; nay, we are left in total uncertainty as to their own character for evil or for good, and, much as we must revere the genius of our master-poet, it cannot, I think, but be owned that the dramatic action of this first scene is incomplete, and the appearance and objects of its personages too inexplicit.

Schiller has, in his version, supplied what some may think a deficiency in the above respects by connecting this scene with the subsequent action of the witches, and by showing us in a few expressive sentences, not only what are the Weird Sisters, but what too is Macbeth, and why it should be their's to tempt him. He alludes very happily to "the Mistress," namely Hecate, and her "chiding," of which one of the Sisters at least seems to stand in awe, provoking by her remonstrance and her doubts a sort of explanation of their purpose, of which the audience stand in want. Hecate in Shakespeare is never heard of till in the fourth act when she enters, as the first witch has it, "looking angerly," and breaks out immediately into that noble bit of vituperation—

> "Have I not reason, beldams that you are,
> Saucy, and over-bold, &c., &c., &c."

Schiller has availed himself of this to anticipate the possibility of the displeasure of this superior in evil, and thus naturally to make each and every part

of the supernatural action of the play, connected and dependent. The following lines are an attempt to render Schiller's interpolative portion of the first scene into English, the better to convey a just idea of what were his dramatic conceptions as regards it. After the first eight lines which, being given literally in German, I need not re-translate, and after the question and reply—

" Where the place ?
Upon the heath—"

there ensues an objective conference between the Sisters which might thus be rendered:—

3rd Witch.

There leads Macbeth his army back.

2nd Witch.

There foretell we him his luck.

1st Witch.

But the mistress will chide us sure,
If with delusive Fate—words lure,
The noble hero we 'tice, and we further
In rack and in ruin to crime and murther.

3rd Witch.

He may fulfill it, or let it alone—
Still must we hate him, while Fortune's his own.

2nd Witch.

If he his own heart cannot keep aright,
Fain must he taste of the devil's might.

3rd Witch.

We strew in the bosom the evil seed,
But 'tis to men belongs the deed.

1st Witch.

He is gallant, just, and good—
Wherefore should we seek his blood?

The other two Witches.

The good man stumbles, the just man falls,
Then joy the powers in Satan's halls!
[Thunder and lightning.]

1*st Witch.*

I hear the sprites!

2*nd Witch.*

'Tis the master invites!

The three Witches.

Paddock calls. We come! we come!
Fall rain alternate and sunshine glare—
Fair be foul, and foul be fair—
Up! now to take our way through air!
[They disappear amid thunder and lightning.]

Imperfect as must the above be in giving the vigour and true poetry of the original, there may yet be some who will think that the substance of the interpolated lines (the concluding portion being of course set apart) is highly valuable as explanatory of the plan and action of the play that is to be. In considering the question, however, it is needful to put ourselves in the position of those who, like Schiller's audience, hear Macbeth for the first time, and come not to it, as we do, familiar with almost every word that is to pass the players' lips.

The other alteration upon which Schiller has ventured in his rendering of the witch scenes, occurs in the third scene of the first act—

" Where hast thou been, sister?
—— Killing swine."

and so forth. In a few lines of grotesque, but highly poetic dialogue, Shakespeare gives a vivid idea of the wanton malevolence of the vindictive witch, and sums together all the chief items of popular superstition respecting this dreaded being:—her power to take to

the sea in no surer bark than a sieve; her dominion over the winds; her unearthly ability to inflict pain and disease, and yet that restriction upon it which prevents the infliction of death by sudden and violent means, in the case of the shipman—

> " Though his bark may not be lost,
> Yet it shall be tempest toss'd."

Now, though some of these superstitious fancies are known to be common in parts of every European country, it by no means follows that they all should be rife in Germany, or be at any rate so generally received throughout the wide tracts we comprehend under this geographical name, as to enable allusions to them to bear a special meaning in the ears of an ordinary assembly of its inhabitants. This perhaps may in part have induced the translator to deviate from his original, although one might easily imagine the possibility of other causes interfering to confirm him in his intention. All the grand and terrible images of Shakespeare's witches are admirably rendered by Schiller, with scrupulous, and accurate fidelity, but the " rump-fed ronyon," and " rat without a tail," have evidently not found expressions at all easily analogical according to German ideas. In place of the lines in which they occur are the following, an attempted translation of Schiller's words. The wild story of the fisher exhibits the evil nature of the witch, on the principle of the old Greek dramatists, who represent the supernatural powers as jealous of the happiness or virtue of mankind, and therefore afflicting them with misfortune, or tempting them to crime. Shakespeare gives us in its place an instance of the petulant wayward malevolence of the ill-omened being, excited by the veriest trifle:—

> " A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
> And mounched, and mounched, and mounched—

'Give me,' quoth I,—
Aroint thee"—&c. &c. &c.

and thence worked up to the denouncement of the severest bodily pain and suffering, not to the party offending, but, by a refinement of cruelty, to the individual nearest and dearest to them.

"I'll drain him dry as hay;
Sleep shall neither night nor day,
Hang upon his penthouse lid:
He shall live a man forbid;
Weary seven-nights—" &c., &c.

There of course must be variety of opinions as to which of these is, to use the cant critical phrase, "most worthy of the dignity of tragedy." The question has, I believe, been largely discussed by Schlegle, and other authorities of paramount reputation. Ignorant of their dogmas as of their decision, I shall content myself with offering to such as choose to read, a version of Schiller's scene, in which the original has been, even to rhythm and metre, as closely copied as my power would permit, to compare with that we know so well.

A Heath.

[The three Witches meeting.]

1*st Witch.*

Sister, what hast thou done? Tell it me.

2*d Witch.*

Ships drave I about the sea.

3*d Witch.*

Sister, what thou?

1*st Witch.*

A fisher found I that, ragged and poor,
Sang, mending his net, blythe measures,

And followed his craft as glad and as sure
As though his had been costly treasures;
Morn and even, ne'er weary each day
He greeted still with his gleesome lay.
I was vexed at the beggar's joyous song,
And had cursed him e'er that—ay—'twas long time and long—
And, when he again to his fishing was set,
Then made I him find a treasure—
So bright and so pure as it lay in his net
That his eyes were nigh blinded with pleasure;
He took to his home the hellish foe,
And his song was over, for ever moe.

The two other Witches.

He took to his home the hellish foe,—
And his song was over, for ever moe.

1*st Witch.*

And he lived as did the Prodigal Son,
Unreined to all Vice's dominion,
While false Mammon took wing, and flew on and on,
As though, he'd had feather and pinion.
He trusted, the fool! to witches' gold,
And knew not 'twas Hell had the money told.

The two other Witches.

He trusted, the fool! to witches' gold,
And knew not 'twas Hell has the money told.

1*st. Witch.*

And now, as bitter Want came round,
And friends fled like the flattery they'd tendered,
Then grace 'gan leave him, then shame gave ground,
To the hellish foe he surrendered.
Willing ye proffered him heart and hand,

And drove like a reiver throughout the land.
And as I to-day o'er, the spot would reach,
Where his net had the treasure taken,
There saw I him howling upon the beach,
With his blanched jowls sorrow shaken,
And heard, how he spoke, in despairing fit,
"Thou'st betrayed me, false, fiend's daughter!
Thou gav'st me the gold,—thou draw'st me after it,"—
And plunged down in the surging water.

The two other Witches.

Thou gav'st me the gold,—thou draw'st me after it,
And down! till mid billowy surges he lit.

NOTE.—The above observations being intended as applicable to a portion merely of Schiller's drama of Macbeth, I was not at liberty to speak, with reference to remarks therein made, of the style in which the play at large has been rendered. I may add that, besides the above noted alterations, only one other change has in the German version been attempted, and that is a most judicious and worthy one. It consists of introducing the porter (Act II. Scene 3), when roused by the knocking of the Lords singing a sort of carol, or religious song, in which special reference is made to the peace and security in which Providence has caused the majesty of Scotland (poor murdered Duncan) to pass the night. This, and the dialogue which follows, is infinitely superior to the ribald jokes of Shakespeare's porter, who fools away the time by fancying himself the porter of hell-gate, &c., &c., &c. The superiority lies not in the *men*, but the *times*,—not in the author, but the audience. Shakespeare could have raised, doubtless, as worthy or a worthier lay than Schiller's, had his auditory been satisfied to listen to it, but with them it would have been as much misplaced as would Shakespeare's porter in a modern German theatre. The audience at the Bull or the Globe in the days of James the First were fully capable of appreciating thrilling emotions, the elevating influence of stirring poetry, or the sublimity of tragic situations, but they were a coarse people, that liked strong contrasts and indeed looked upon *strength* in all things as the staple merit. A low or popular character, therefore, when introduced before them, if not for serious purposes of blood or battle, must even in tragedy crack his coarse joke, or indulge his vein of witty ribaldry. Taste changes with the progress of civilization, and we are disgusted with what moved their laughter.

The care taken in rendering the Shakesperian language of Macbeth accurately and literally into the German has evidently been immense, and is certainly most successful. The only instance in which, after a hypercritical examination, I could detect an idiom misunderstood, was with the well-known lines:

" *Stand* not upon the *order* of your going,
But go at once."
This seems to be rendered :
" *Attend* not the *Commandment* for departure!
Go at once."

A slight error surely in such a play! Who would not wish to do the task but half so well, were the penalty of error to but be so limited.

A Mystery.

[*Written for a Lady's Album.*]

Four quarters hath the mighty earth,—
Four seasons hath the rolling year,—
From quarters four the winds rush forth,
And in four elements appear
I, who am named both far and near,
Where'er the truth is holden dear,
By lowly hind, or lordly peer!
By them united am I blessed,
From Orient to the pale-eyed West,—
Blessed below, and blessed above,
Meek harbinger of peace and love.

'What are you then, mysterious thing,
And what these sources whence you spring?'

The first lives in the sweetest sound
That in the pilgrimage of life

Greets Woman's ear, be Woman wife,—
Sweeter than ever Genius found
In all the tortuous wildering maze
Of music in her maddest ways,—
Ay—sweeter than the thrilling tone
In which love swore himself her own—
When, in sweet bower, or shadowy glade
She, half-entranced and half afraid,
Heard Passion's deep avowal made,
And heard, and trusted all *He* said.

The second?—A brave leader he
Who co-existent with all fame,
Eternal lives in deathless name—
And with his sturdy twenty-three
Rides forth as far as blows the wind
To profit man and conquer mind.
They silence wrong however loud,
They crush the bad, they quell the proud,
They bring the orphan to his right,
They help the poor whom great ones slight:
For justice and for truth they fight;
The mightiest e'en in all their might
Must quail o'erpower'd when these unite!

The third is a strange mystery,
Which I'll explain if you will guess
At what it's essence may express:
For whatso question you may try,
And ask me if you're right I'll say
The self same thing the livelong day;
Is't tall, short, thick, thin, round, or square,
Blue, green, or purple, dark, or fair,
Or here, or there, or near, or far—
Ar't right?—I'll answer still, you are.

The fourth is still a subtler thing,
Half sister to five airy creatures—

Like Echo, who've nor form, nor features;
You may a thousand changes ring
On all conjecture e'er supplied,
And yet you'll not be satisfied,
E'en if I told you straight and fair
The nature of this thing so rare,
For you'd enquire, and I'd reply,
Question in answer ever—why?

Whole hosts, though 'mongst them not one man be
That are, or were, have all been me!—
But if you would a sample see
Of what I am, or what I can be,—
To what a goodly tenement
My subtle self is sometimes sent,
How nature gives reality
Of all that men have typed in me,—

Turn, curious questioner, and look
On her fair face that owns this book.*

The Sharing of the Earth.

AFTER SCHILLER.

'Take ye the world,' said Jove, from his high throne,
To Mankind—'take it, for't shall be your own!
Heir-loom and lasting feoff I grant it you,
So share like brothers that each have his due.'

* The solution appears to be MARY.

Then not a hand but hastes to grasp its right,—
Roused young and old in busiest aspect dight:
From the rich field the Labourer snatched his food,
The Hunter prowling roamed the lonely wood.

The Merchant took whatso his stores afford,
Rich year-old vintage blessed the Abbot's board,
The King barred street and bridge with bolt and line,
And cried—'A tithing of the whole is mine!'

Lag last, when all the sharing long was done,
Approached the Poet,—he'd had far to run;
Alas! no single surplus was there seen,
For all on earth inherited had been!

'Woe's me! what! shall I then of all alone
Forgotten be, that am thy truest son?'
Plaining aloud, thus made the Bard his moan,
Then turned away, and stood before Jove's throne.

'If thou'lt fain linger in the land of dreams,'
Objects the god,—'not mine the fault, it seems—
What, while the world was shared, went'st thou to do?'
'What did I?'— said the Bard—'I stayed with you.

'Upon thy god-like presence dwelt mine eye—
Mine ears were riched with heaven's own melody—
Forgive the soul, which dazzled by the light,
Forgot the earth, and dreamed of naught less bright.'

'What wouldst?'—quoth Jove—'the earth is given away,
Trade, Corn, the Chase, all gone! but prithee say,
What if in my own heaven you lived with me?
Come when you please, to you 'twill open be!'

Pegasus at the Plough.

AFTER SCHILLER.

'At Tattersall's—where as all know it
The auctioneer knocks down whate'er you tell him—
One day a hungry poet
Brought Pegasus, the Muse's steed, to sell him.

The hippogryph neighed loud,
Capered, and reared, and pranced hither and thither—
'Lord! what a noble beast! cried all the crowd—
'Tis pity, though, he's got upon the wither
That ugly pair of wings! they don't beseem
What else were a sweet wheeler in a team!—
The breed, they say, is rare—
Who'd like to go careering through the air?—'
With that, none bid, but stand, and doubt, and stare.

At last a country lout took heart,—
'Whoy't's true,' quoth Yokel, 't'wings ain't quite the sort—
But a' can strap 'em up, or crop 'em short—
And, bless ye, wings or not, he'll do to draw a cart!
Here, master, twenty pound for'n—what d'ye say?'
The needy tuneful huckster, wouldn't mar gain
By chaffering—'Done,' cries he—and away
Trots Chawbacon delighted with his bargain.

Well—there's the noble brute in harness!—
But when he feels
The all unwonted drag close at his heels,
Away as into unseen farness
Maddened with generous ire his fleet hoofs urge,
Nor pause till at the precipice's verge,
He brings up, cart and all, 'Good,' quoth Chawbacon,
'I won't put that wild tit for the next year hence

Between the shafts—there's nothing like experience;
To-morrow I've some waggon work to do—
That lively colt will tug enough for two—
What, if as fore-horse in the team he drew?
Age will work spirit out, or I'm mistaken!—
At starting all went well enough,—The scarce-encumbered steed,
Steps out amain, and flies the wain along with arrowy speed—
What happens next? The cloud-horse vexed to see no clouds around,
And all unused with hoof unbruised to tramp the stony ground,
Soon from the beaten wheel-track flew,
And, to his headstrong nature true,
Through field, o'er hedge, cross swamp and moorland scurries,
And as he leads, the team dash right away—
Nor rein nor voice avails—stop them who may!—
On, horror-stricken, on the waggoner hurries,
Until where steepest tower the mountain tops,
All shattered, shaken, rent, at last the waggon stops.

'At any rate things won't do so'—
Says Chawbacon with very serious face—
'We'll on another system go,—
Starvation and hard work will suit this case,
And bring this madcap spirit low.'
The trial's made. Soon the poor noble brute
Is dwindled to his shade—'Enow, enow'—
Cries Chawbacon—'now quick we'll put him to't,
Yoked with my stoutest ox to yonder plough.'

'Twas said, 'twas done. How ludicrous the tether
Of ox and winged-horse linked thus together!
Frets the proud Hippogryph;—with utmost might
He longing strives to attempt his ancient flight
In vain:—his yoke-fellow hangs spiteful here,
And Phœbus' noble steed is even'd with a steer!

Till, wearied o'er, the struggle ends,
His limbs all fail—as fail they must—
With very grief the god-like courser bends,
And dashes him to earth, and grovels in the dust!

'Ye cursed beast!' cried Chawbacon,
While thick and fast the blows rained on,—
And loud and noisy was his rage—
'Ye are not even good enow
O'er the fat glebe to tug the plough!—
The rascal cheated me that I'll engage.'

While thus he flogs and rails, comes up that way,
Blythesome and glad, a comely bachelor—
The lute in whose skilled hand did sweet airs play,
While round his fair young face the flowing hair
Fell seemly—sinuous like a golden band.
'Ho! prithee, friend, whence got you that odd pair?'—
Cries he to Yokel from afar. 'They stand
Bird *versus* Beast, Ox next to Winged Steed!—
Lord! what a team! But say in very deed
Wilt give me up the nag a little while?
I'll show ye what perhaps may make ye smile!'

The Hippogryph unharnessed stands—
The youth leapt smiling lightly on his steed,
Which when he feels the master hand,
Paws, champs the bit, while from his eyes proceed
The lightning looks of power revivified,
Not as he has been, but with king-like pride,
A spirit, an ætherial thing,
He rises on the whirlwind's wing,—
In forceful, proud sublimity
Speeds neighing heavenward to the sky,
And ere man's eye his passage can pursue,
Is lost, absorbed in heaven's eternal blue.

Poetry of Life.

AFTER SCHILLER.

"Say who can feed on Picture-shade,
That clothes existence o'er with borrowed light,
Deceiving Hope as an unreal sight?
I must see Truth displayed.
Let even my whole heaven with my illusion flee,
Let e'en reality
With iron fetters bind
That free unshackled mind,
Which flights sublime erst bore
To the boundless realm where the things that
may be soar—
He wots self-taught to set him free.
Him will the holy call
Of duty, feared by want, and full of ruth,
Find still the more submissive to her thrall.
Who that already shuns the gentle sway of truth,
May hope to battle 'gainst necessity?"

Thus cry'd'st thou, looking forth, my sturdy friend,
From the sure portal of experience.
Making of all, that did but seem, an end.
Then at thy stern phrase terrified fled hence
The Love-God's band divine;
Stilled is the Muse's song, the Hours their dances
cease,
Mourning and mute the Sister-Goddesses
From their fair wavy locks the wreaths untwine.
Apollo breaks his golden shell,
Hermes the wand that charmed so well,
While from Life's bleak blanched visage fell
The rosy veil of dreams that o'er it used to wave,
And the world appeared, e'en what it is, a grave.

The son of Cytherea plucks away
The spell-bound fillet from his eyes. Love sees,
Sees but poor mortal things of clay
In all his race on earth, shudders, and flees:
Beauty, all pictured young, grows sudden old,
On thine own very lips seems cold
The kiss of love; 'mid joys as yet not flown,
Thou petrifiest apace, and turn'st to stone.

The Play of Life.

AFTER SCHILLER.

Wilt peep into my show-box here?
The Play of Life, the World in Little
Will it display to a very tittle;
You only must not come too near:
By the taper's light of Love alone,
And by Cupid's torch must it be shown.

See here! the stage is never empty;
There bring they new-born babes in plenty,
Boys leap and play, Youth rages,
Man labours, and for every stake still wages.

Each one of them pursues his luck,
Though scanty the track they run upon,
The axles glow, the waggon rolls on,
Bold thrusts the Strong Man forwards, hangs
the Weakling back,
The Proud upsets,—with what a piteous fall!
The Prudent gets the better still of all.

The Women, see ye, stand yonder aside
With their lovely hands, in their beauty's pride,
To give meeds that the victor be satisfied.

The Robbers' Song.

AFTER SCHILLER.—*'The Robbers,' 4th Act.*

Steel, and strife! romp, wench! stab, fellows!
That's it passes time away,
We to-morrow grace the gallows,
Let's be jolly then to-day.

We lead a life that's glad and free,
A life that all delight is—
The woods our nightly quarters be,
In storm, and wind still labour we;
The moon's beam our sunlight is,
And Mercury is still our man,
That does his neat work on the choicest plan.

To-day with the parson we make our home,
With the fat-sides farmer to-morrow:
For all else—God wot! let what will come,
Fight, fasting, sin or sorrow.

In the juice of the grape so rich and good
Our gullets we've been soaking,
Thus our craft and courage is understood,
And our league with the Dark One, and brotherhood,
That below the fire is poking.

The wailing howl of a harrowed sire—
The mother's wild shriek midst blood, and fire—
The sob of the bride for her lost, ruined home—
Are the sounds that feast our tympanum.

Aha! from the axe if you bellowing shrink
Like calves, or like gnats strew the rivulet's brink,—
Oh! that's the sight to flatter our eye,
And right pleasingly tickles our ear that cry!

If my last little hour were come, God wot!—
Hangman, 'tis thou that gain'st it—
For our wages all already we've got,
And have greased our shoes against it;
Just a sup on the way of warm Vine-begot,
And hurra rax dax! here goes, off we've shot!

NOTE.—This is the song, one verse of which at least, the second (*Ein freies Leben führen wir*) is mentioned as having been sung by the populace on the occasion of the outbreak on the 12th August last at Leipsic, when the troops under Prince John of Saxony were provoked to fire with fatal effect.

Hope.

AFTER SCHILLER.

'Tis much men dream, and 'tis much men speak
Of the better days that are yet to be;
A golden, fortunate bourne they seek,
Still running, and racing, as all may see:

The world gets old, and gets young again,
But Hope for the Better lives ever with men.

'Tis Hope that ushers Man into life,
Round the frolic child still flickers she,
And youth with her magic show is rife,
Nor e'en with Eld will she buried be:
In the grave when he closes his weary race,
On the very grave plants Hope her place.

No empty flattering vision this,
In madman's moping brain begot,
Hope speaks in hearts what her being is:
We all are born to a better lot;
And that which the inward voice hath told
Can never delude the hopeful-souled.

An Essay on the Jungle Poetics.

THE School to which I have ventured to affix a name as above, is as yet so completely in its infancy that it would be idle to attempt doing more on the present occasion than simply point out the existence of a new field to the literary aspirant, and furnish him with a few short rules to assist him in its cultivation. First discoveries, and new inventions, crude in themselves and imperfect, must be necessarily but inadequately touched upon by those who daringly endeavour to take the lead in reducing their

practical application to rule. This is more particularly the case in all that respects literature, or the lighter arts; and in the instance before us I can but vaguely, and with a diffident and trembling hand, attempt to lay dow the first laws for a new School of imitative poetry, which properly cultivated by future, greater, minds may tend to elicit in this unexplored and inexplicable land the true force of the indigenous muses. Yes!—guided in this new and interesting career, by the sense of a novel poetic power, I reject on the one hand the cumbrous slavery of the Sanscrit, on the other the crabbed culture of the obscure and intricate Arabic, and I throw myself—where?—into THE JUNGLES! In their glades, their brambles, their streams, their rocks, their woods, their deserts, Pan once more (in an Oriental shape) "sounds his sylvan horn," and dashing into the new immense of this extensively-romantic treasure of unfound poesy, I fondly hope to find a native Ovid piping in the Ramgurh Hills, or the remnants of an indigenous Odyssy lurking amid the tuneful villages of the unconscious Singphoos!

Pardon this outbreak,—the subject excuses it;—soothed by its influence, my feelings become more composed, and I proceed—

The JUNGLE POETICS embrace a wide, and as yet little known school of divine versification, hid at present in the legends, the songs, and versified traditions of the Hos and the Coles, and the Bheels, and the Khoonds, and the Goands, and the Lepchas, and some seventy-three other separate tribes of Indian aborigines whose names it would break my pen to attempt writing, all of whose (orally extant) poetry, the new school purposes to put into English verse! I do not, it may be readily imagined, attempt to dive into a course of Ho-ish, or Cole-ish or Bheel-ish studies to attain this end. It is cheaper, and quite as effectually accomplished by the adoption of the following, or

some of the following methods, which will be found very expedient.

1. Have a cousin in a Bheel corps, and let him send you the scraps of a song he wrote down one evening when he had nothing else to do, which he remembered to have heard last October when he was out shooting.

2. Get a sight of the third copy of a report (in MSS.) of the progress of education among the Goands, with a specimen of a national hymn newly set to suit new opinions.

3. Catch a Captain who knows the people he has been among, and has literally taken down their songs and sayings for practical purposes.

Having got either, or any of these, or such manuscripts, proceed to arrange them with a view to the manufacture of your Jungle Poesy,—let a word, happily illegible, or a phrase, fortunately indistinct, serve as convenient bases whereon you may raise a superstructure of (your own) ideas, which may (or may not) be in consonance with the thought that did (or never did) exist under the blanks, real or ideal in question.

What you then have before you is termed in the technical language of the Jungle Poetics—THE MATERIAL.

This is almost invariably a mere rendering of the language, whatever that may have been, and consists necessarily of the flat meaning of a wild original, the poetical spirit whereof is essentially dumped out of it by the heavy medium of a prose translation. In spite of so unpromising an aspect, it has been determined by the professors of Jungle Poetry that each portion of this mass (THE MATERIAL) as taken up for use, shall be termed technically, THE VERSE.

In this state it is subjected to a process of transmutation under the hands and head of a gentleman

skilled in the tagging of rhymes, and after it has passed through both head and hands, it is reduced to a regular and even platitude so opposite to THE VERSE, that manufacturers in this wise have been induced conventionally to call it—THE REVERSE.

This term has not passed without opposition. The sterner spirits of the new school insist upon terming the MATERIAL in its first stage as VERSE, and its second VERSER.

I leave the judicious public to decide upon which is the more appropriate denomination.

In executing *the Reverse* or *Verser*, you will be careful to round off all the roughness of the *material*. The ideas, when possessed of any degree of originality, will, it is not improbable, be somewhat strong, and coarse in texture—such as may reasonably be expected in the poetry of a rude nation. Now, though it is very far from unlikely that the party to whose kind attention you owe the *material* or *verse*, will have himself merged the forcible of the original Jungle Poetry in some degree of corrective feeble of his own, do not conceive that you will be able to take your raw material as it stands, and work it off into strophes in the rough. The stuff, believe me, will require a second, and much stronger distillation in the alembic of your brain to render it acceptable to a polite and discerning auditory. This constitutes the process known in this manufacture as *the Fining*. The term has not passed without challenge. A strong party, (the *Verser* one of the Jungle Poeticians), call this *the Washing;* and designate the first outturn it produces *the Wash*, i. e. the embryo stanza floating in the manufacturer's brain, where rhyme half-formed has yet to seek the twin-twang that is to give it perfect existence, and semi-twisted lines roll in a sort of vague poetic agony longing painfully for the final twist that will spin them into their destined places. I do not myself, in a young science

like the use of a multiplicity of technical terms, and therefore hold resolutely to what I concieve is the legitimate, and by far the most graceful, appellation in the present instance, *the Fining*, well assured that a discriminating public will not fail to make use of the other, or some equivalent to it as applicable to a later period of the manufacture.

The great point of metre is a very important one. It is essential to the proper conversion of your *verse*, that the measure it is rendered into should be regular, smooth, exact, and flowing. It should be essentially civilized in fact. Take, therefore, the brilliant example of that exquisitely soft piece of verse, "The Laplander to his Reindeer," and build your rhyme, lofty or lowly, as the case may be, upon this model. The original in Jungle Poetics is almost certain to be destitute of ryhme, and questionable in rhythm. This, however, is nothing to you who will have got the *material* in prose, where both are effectually knocked on the head: you are therefore at liberty to please the ladies, and your own ear, and all I can say is, do it. Avoid all the savage irregularities of verse, which the eccentricity of some of our best modern poets have sanctioned, and which, as might by some be foolishly alledged, would, if judiciously employed, tend to give something of the wild outbursts of the original jungle poet. No:—do you take a good stiff trochaic metre, one of those thoroughly prudish daughters of Apollo that admit not of the most innocent liberties, and having *fined* your stuff, force it into that shape, and let it set firm. This process is called *the fitting*, and is, with the exception of *the polishing*, almost the last in the manufacture. A young Jungle Poetician of my acquaintance figuratively and beautifully compares the operation to that of "scraping a bolt of canvass into lawn, and then framing the stuff produced to show the exquisite flimsiness of the structure."

To give one or two instances in illustration of the above, I need only cite the example of the ingenious author of "Lyrics of the Labradores," who is now engaged on the "Songs of the South Sea Islands." His favourite metre is the "Hosier's Ghost" one, (to speak familiarly)—

Ās ĭn Pōrtŏ Bēllŏ lўĭng
Oñ thĕ gēntlў swĕllĭng flōod—

——and so forth as we all know. This has the singular advantage of regular jamming his *Verse*, and the *Reverse* he produces thereby is infallible.

Again, in the process of *fining* he is inimitable. Having one day his *material* or *verse* given him by a whaling-captain of too literal a tendency, he found the first line of a short but popular poem among the New Zealanders, rendered with the following painful exactitude—

Original 1st line.

Bomjow scarama squee mollōmok—

Translation of ditto.

"Greenstone-axe mashes-to-blood-puddle shreiking-victim's medullary-processes."

My friend, nothing daunted, had instant recourse to the imperturbable jog-trot of his old Hosier's Ghost measure, and with admirable judgment, *fining*, *fitting*, and *polishing* according to rule, presented an astounded public with the following exact conception of a New Zealand song of triumph;

NEW ZEALAND CHIEF'S SONG.

1st verse.

See the axe of polished jade-stone
Whirling round the victim's head—
(Gazing up as he were made stone,
Shrieking loud with gruesome dread)—

Down it crashes swift as arrow
Through the trembler's quivering brain,—
See it mashes all the marrow,
Puddling the ensanguined plain!

Few persons will fail to admire the truth and ingenuity of the *Verser* as here exhibited. The only liberty taken is a reduplication of the rhyme in the last quatrain, not inaptly giving a drawing-room idea of the emphasis with which the Chief would shout the dreadful words—"*squee mollōmoh!*"

As regards the language to be employed in reversing the *verse*, care must be taken that it be mellifluous, easy and consonant to the vulgar idea of conventional poetry. To illustrate this familiarly by reference to the ordinary Indian vernacular,—supposing the word *loundee* to occur in the original, this would appear in the material given you as *girl* most likely,—but with you it would be delicately rendered as "nymph," or "damsel:" in the same way, the *Ho! gwala rè* materialised into *Oh! cowherd there!* will appear in your lines as "Say, wandering herdsman, prithee say;" and the *juwan* of the verse, or *strong young man* of your material will be verserised "warrior youth" by you, to the delight of young ladies of fifteen, and great general edification of the reading public.

It is very necessary, however, to be exact, as to introducing, and even annotating all points illustrative of national, or local habits. Bear ever in mind Henry Meredith Parker's admirably faithful description of the ancient Brahmin in his exact, and elaborate EASTERN STORY, which I give as near as I can remember with the notes.

"In this manner the ancient Brahmin paced slowly across the *maidan*,* his beard sweeping the ground,

* An open plain.

and disturbing from time to time the *geedur** as it couched in the *cusa*† grass, while, as he counted his beads, the woods re-echoed with the sonorous cry of his peculiar faith, *Bismillah! Ram! Ram!"*

I cannot do better (omitting an intermediate exemplification to illustrate the points above noted) than give a specimen of the School of Jungle Poetics, done at length, and according to all the rules. It is the first of a series intended to embrace a lyrical view of the social life, and religious institutions, of the wild tribes, whose rude songs will be therein reversified. When finished the airs of the Irish melodies will be altered and adapted to suit the lines, in a manner analogous to that in which these have been patched up out of their original material, and it is confidently expected with fully equal success.

Ode

To SKI BLOO, *a Pastoral Goddess worshipped in (Central) India.*‡

FROM THE ORIGINAL Hô.

Oh! Goddess meek,
Whose roseate cheek
Beams ardent 'neath the glow of day—
While from our flocks
Mid wilds and rocks§
All hurt and scaith thou keep'st away!

---

* A species of pismire. † The holy or brahminical grass.

‡ The Goddess SKI BLOO is the typified essence of mildness. The only sacrifices offered to her are Milk and Water. These her zealous votaries pour forth in great profusion, in allusion to which the simple people have a saying which they apply as indicative of indefinite quantity, or of quantities of any thing indefinite—"A deluge of SKI BLOO!" This affords a trace even in these remote hills of the universal belief.

§ Wilds and rocks. The country is mountainous, and desert,—hence the rocks, and for that matter, the wilds too.

Accept our prayer—
With constant care
Protect our herds when storms arouse*—
And when the wolf†
Steals up the gulph
Don't let him bite our bulls, or cows.

Sustained by you,
Oh! sweet SKI BLOO,
We dare the *pulloo's*‡ giddy height.—
Let us not shrink
On Doldrum's§ brink—
Let Naymba-paymba§ ne'er affright!

Take then this lymph,
Oh! purest nymph!—
This lacteous produce of our goats,—
Ah! give instead
Thy children bread,‖
And let their wives have petticoats!

Having laid before my readers this last example of the new School, I should be wrong did I not allude very briefly to a sort of subordinate branch of literature,

---

* Storms *arouse*. Tempests are not unfrequent in those desolate regions.

† *When the wolf*. Nor wolves.

‡ The pulloo. This word is local, and untranslateable: it describes the peculiar abrupt cliffs of micaceous hornblende (mixed with a little trapp, which the natives are not up to) so constantly occurring in those hills: my intelligent informant Capt.——says he has no idea why the people persist in clambering up these precipices,—unless indeed it be for the pleasure of coming down again.

§ Doldrum,—Naymba-paymba. These are two notorious *pulloos*, or pendulous cliffs, remarkable for the bathos, or great sinkings all about them.

‖ Bread. In the original *groo*, a species of vervain.

N. B.—The last line is paraphrased in Capt.———'s rendering, and a little altered in the sense in mine;—a vestige of the original idea is however preserved.

its converse, which has begun to be cultivated, in this country however only. It involves the germ of a useful and elevating pursuit, calculated, (in like manner as the Jungle Poetics lead us to misunderstand indigenous verse,) to induce the natives to arrive at the oddest conclusions respecting one's own school of lighter poetry. A name has not yet been fixed upon for it, although as a pendant to the Jungle Poetic, the JUGGLE POETIC has been suggested as not inappropriate. It is usual in this School to take any simple, and popular English song of a jocular character such as "the Dog's-meat man," or "All round my hat," and render it into the Oordoo, or Hindostanee tongue more or less exactly as the case may be. Nothing can be more intellectual than this process of blending the facetiæ of the West and East in one, and the transfusion of ideas is usually effected with equal clearness and success in this as in the Jungle Poetics. To give a brief instance;—let us take a verse of any common popular lyric,—say

As we was at breakfast on gammon and spinage
Says I, "Mrs. Hall, I'm agoing to Greenwich"
Says she, "Mr. Hall why then I'll go there too,"
Says I "Mrs. Hall, I'll be —— if you do.
Too ra loo loo, toodle ti doo, toodle ti,
toodle ti, toodle ti loo.

Now divesting this strain of some of the adventitious circumstances (such as the gammon,) belonging to a more advanced state of society, the Jungle Poet seizes with general precision the main features of the little playful stanza before him, and says with a pretty orientality—

Kuha myn ne—rotee khakur
Subzeepara ko myn jaoonga—

Jooroo bolee—myn bhee jatee—
Kuha myn ne—Dhutt teree! na!
Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, dhurree dhunna,
Ra, ra, ra, ra, Bhya Rè!

I give merely a brief, and very superficial idea of this School, but the intelligent reader will not fail to observe the extent to which it may be carried out, and the immense volume of literature which may hereby flow in upon this benighted land, rich with the metaphors of Moulsey, and the tropes of Seven Dials.

One word as to the class of literary men by whom these Schools may be most expediently adopted, and followed out. That of Jungle Poetics is exceedingly proper for young rhymesters anxious for the ephemeral renown of a half-column in "*the papers*," or as occasionally illustrating the pages of an Anglo-Indian three volume novel, such as "Maroo Put, or the confessions of a Dakoit," or else "Ghosht Kanya, a tale of the Khoond Frontier." It belongs, as does the obscurer, and subordinate one of Jugglism, legitimately, to ambitious small philologists, and the still more daring crew of still smaller votaries of verse. If by any chance it were possible, which of course it is not, that a name honoured and respected in the world of true poetry were found implicated with the one of these,—or a second, connected with the reputation of sense and talent, rich in local knowledge, were seen in juxtaposition with the other, I should, professor though I am of both the new Schools, warn these better spirits off the meaner ground, which I and others like me are content to tread, 'native and to the manner born.' Why should the poet sink to barbarism for a subject, forgetful of the flight he erst has taken in the realms of imagination, and intellectuality?—why should the scholar glory in an idle car-whitchet, or stick his name upon a jingle of jargon? It is like him of old, rebuked and justly, for bartering the treasures and

the triumphs of literature for barbarous trophies, and ignoble weapons—

> ————Coemtos undique liberos
> Mutare loricis Iberis,
> Pollicitus meliora, quœris.

The Pleasant Tale

OF

BELPHAGOR AND HIS WIFE.

[*From Machiavelli.*]

It is narrated in the ancient chronicles of Florence, of a certain very holy personage, whose character was held in the profoundest reverence by his contemporaries, and upon whose unimpeachable authority the present narrative rests, that on a particular occasion when absorbed in his devotions, there appeared unto him a vision, in which he learnt that of the infinite multitude of souls that perish under the displeasure of Heaven and pass therefore to the lower regions, if not *all*, certainly by far the greater number, ascribe their sad destiny to no other cause than their wives! At this assertion, indeed, Radamanthus and Minos, and the rest of the infernal judges expressed the utmost astonishment; and unable to believe a statement so improbable, denounced it as a gross and ungallant libel upon the gentler sex. At length, as this plea for mitigated punishment was brought forward continually, and became more frequent from day to day, the subject attracted the attention of Pluto himself, who resolved to summon a council of all his infernal peerage for its examination and discussion; and to determine such measures as might be necessasy to expose its falsehood or to establish its truth.

The council having been summoned accordingly, Pluto addressed it in these words :—" Although, sweet friends! by the decrees of Heaven and by irrevocable fate, I possess this empire as my own, and am in nowise responsible to any tribunal either celestial or terrestrial; nevertheless for sundry prudential reasons, I have deemed it advisable to appeal to your wisdom touching a matter, which, if not properly sifted, may bring disgrace upon my government. You have all heard, my friends, how that the spirits of those who descend into our dominions almost universally ascribe their misfortune to their wives: but as this appears to us impossible, we may, in acting upon this conviction, expose ourselves to the charge of cruelty and injustice in the punishments we award; or, if we yield a too ready credence to the plea, we may, on the other hand, be held too lenient, and not those stern lovers of justice that we are. In order, therefore, that we may be enabled to avoid either extreme, equally to be reprehended, I have summoned you for consultation this day; and so may our government, by your council and assistance, be as free of spot or blemish for the future as it has been for the past!"

The case thus propounded by Pluto appeared to all the assembled princes one of the deepest importance and deserving all the consideration they could bestow. The necessity of discovering the truth was admitted on all hands, but as to the mode of doing so, opinions varied considerably. Some suggested that an emissary should be sent to the upper world; others that several should; and that under the disguise of humanity they should make a sifting personal enquiry into the fact. Many, again, thought that the same end might be attained by subjecting a number of the condemned spirits to rigorous torture, and so compel them to declare the truth. The majority, however, inclined to the despatch of a single agent to the upper world; and as none came forward voluntarily to undertake

the enterprise, it was resolved, that the selection should be determined by lot. The lot fell upon Belphagor.

Belphagor, who held in Hell the rank of Archdemon, corresponding with his former rank of Archangel in Heaven, although mightily averse to the duty imposed upon him by the council, constrained by the authority of Pluto, prepared to carry out the object assigned, and entered solemnly into those engagement and conditions which were deemed essential. These preliminaries being arranged, there were voted to the emissary two hundred thousand ducats with which he was to make his debut in the world, and under the guise of humanity, to take a wife, with whom he was to remain ten years; then feigning to die, he was to return to Hell, and from his own personal experience render to his superiors a true and faithful account both of the advantages and the disadvantages of matrimony. It was further resolved that during the said ten years, he was to be subject to all the inconveniencies and ills of life; even poverty, and prison and sickness, and all other misfortunes which scourge humanity; with this qualification, however, that he should have the privilege of employing his infernal cunning and deceit to extricate himself in all cases where these might avail him.

Having accepted these conditions and the ducats, Belphagor entered the world, and with a splendid retinue of horses and servants came to Florence; a city he chose above all others for his residence, because of the facility with which he could multiply his resources by usury. He assumed the name of Roderigo di Castiglia, hired a splendid mansion in the suburb of All Saints; and that he might not be troubled by enquiries about his condition, gave out that he had quitted Spain while yet a child; had proceeded to Syria, and amassed a large fortune in Aleppo; whence he had come to Italy, to settle

down and marry in a civilized land, among a people more polished and more suitable to his own disposition than the barbarians of the Levant.

Roderigo possessed a handsome figure and commanding presence, his age about thirty: and having in a very short time given abundant proof of his great wealth, as well as of his liberal and sweet disposition, many noble citizens with plenty of daughters and very little cash, eagerly courted his acquaintance. Out of all these beauties Roderigo selected for his wife a girl of surprising loveliness, named Honesta, daughter of Amerigo Donati, who had the happiness of possessing three daughters more, as well as three sons grown up to manhood. Now, although this was a very illustrious family, and held in the highest esteem in Florence, yet considering the rank and the establishment it was necessary to maintain, it was a very poor one. The nuptials of Roderigo, however, were conducted with the utmost splendour and magnificence; he left undone nothing that might contribute to the sumptuous occasion, being as you know, by the law imposed upon him at his departure from Hell, subject to all the weakness and passion of humanity; so that he soon came to take extreme delight in the pomps and vanities of the world, and in the praise and flattery of others; a circumstance which, as you may conceive, led him into great extravagance.

But besides all this, he had not long resided with his dear Honesta, of whom he became enamoured beyond measure, ere he saw, (as he would not fail to do) that she was often sad and thoughtful, and brooded over something that caused her evident uneasiness. Besides her high rank and exquisite beauty, dame Honesta had brought with her such excessive pride, that Lucifer himself had not more: indeed, Roderigo who had abundant opportunity of judging of both, gave in this respect the palm of superiority to his

wife. But if she was proud and haughty before her marriage, she became immeasurably more so when fully sensible of the unbounded love with which her husband regarded her; and assuming authority over him without any pity or remorse, commanded him to do this, or do that, according to her own pleasure or caprice; nay, when he hesitated to comply with her wishes (as when these were very unreasonable, he sometimes might) she even condescended to the use of harsh and opprobrious language, to the infinite mortification of poor Roderigo. Nevertheless, the expostulations of his father-in-law, of her brothers, and the family generally, as well as the obligation of matrimony, and above all, the intense love which he bore to Honesta, induced him to submit with some degree of patience. I might omit all mention of the great expenditure he incurred to soothe her by costly dresses of the newest mode and fashion, which it is the custom of Florence incessantly to vary, for this was necessary and unavoidable; as well as the large sums of money expended in assisting his father-in-law to marry his other daughters, for this was too absolutely necessary if Roderigo was to have a moment's peace with his fair wife. But over and above this, for the sake of a quiet life, he was compelled to send one of her brothers to the Levant with an investment of cloth of gold; another to the westward with silk stuffs; and to open for the third a goldsmith's shop in Florence; and in doing all this he expended, as may be supposed, the greater part of his means. Then again at the time of the Carnival and the feast of St. John, when by ancient usage festivity reigns throughout the whole city, and the noble and rich citizens vie with each other in sumptuous entertainments, dame Honesta must not be inferior to other ladies,—nay, it was absolutely necessary that the wife of Roderigo surpass them all in magnificence. Nor would all this expenditure incurred for such objects, although truly

excessive, have been grievous to Roderigo, if it had obtained him peace and quiet at home and enabled him tranquillity to await the inevitable approach of ruin. But, alas! the very opposite was the result, for besides her insupportable extravagance, her haughty and insolent manners were so intolerable. that amongst other vexatious results it was impossible for any domestic, either male or female, to remain longer than a few days in her service. Hence boundless discomfort to Roderigo, who, not to mention the *human* servants whom he wished to attach to his interests, was unable to retain even such faithful and attached demons, as under the guise of domestics, had accompanied him from the lower regions, and now unable to endure the authority of so imperious a mistress, preferred returning to the doleful shades from whence they came, with all their redounding smoke and ruddy flames!

In the midst of this tumultuous and unhappy existence, Roderigo perceived that he had consumed the whole of his means, and was forced to fall back upon the hope of the large returns expected from the speculations to the east and the west, in which he had so liberally assisted his brothers-in-law. But in the meanwhile, to keep up his dignity and position, being in good credit, he borrowed largely at interest and soon became a noted man amongst those who traffic in this kind of accommodation.

In this manner the posture of his affairs had become somewhat delicate, when suddenly news came of both the brothers-in-law, how that one of them had gambled away the whole of the property entrusted to him by Roderigo, and the other, returning homeward in a vessel laden with his merchandize, all uninsured, was lost,—himself, and ship, and property together! No sooner were these particulars noised about, than the creditors of Roderigo assembled together, and judging rightly that he was ruined

past hope of recovering himself, resolved, that as their various claims were not yet due and could not by law be immediately enforced, they should take measures to have him very closely watched in the meantime, lest he should attempt a moonlight escape. Roderigo, on the other hand, unable to see any other help for himself, and knowing well the stringency of the infernal law to which he was subject, resolved upon flight at all hazards; and accordingly mounting his horse one morning before break of day, issued by the gate nearest his own quarter of the city, into the Prato. No sooner was his escape known than his creditors had recourse to the authorities, and in a short time not only were messengers dispatched in every direction, but the entire populace joined in pursuit of the unfortunate Roderigo. The latter soon heard the clamour of the chase behind him, being not more than a mile distant from the city; and sensible how poor a chance of escape he had while following the high road, resolved to cut across the fields and commit the result to fortune. As the country offered too many impediments to be traversed on horseback, he abandoned his horse on the highway, and pursued his journey on foot from field to field, through vines and reeds, with which that country abounds, till he arrived at Peretola, where dwelt one Giovanni Metteo, a labourer of Giovanni del Bene. There by good luck he found Giovanni at home, and saluting him, and briefly stating the emergency of his case, promised all manner of wealth if he would but save him from the hands of his enemies, who, if they caught him, would imprison him for life; and offered such an assurance before his departure of his ability to fulfil what he promised, as should be perfectly satisfactory to Giovanni; otherwise he was content to be delivered up hereafter to his pursuers.

Giovanni, though a clown, was a bold man: and judging that nothing could be lost by the resolution

of saving Roderigo, accepted the promise; and hurrying the latter away to a mountain of manure which stood before his house, covered him with reeds and rubbish of all sorts, which he had collected together to be burnt. Scarcely was this accomplished, than Roderigo's pursuers made their appearance, and notwithstanding every effort to frighten Giovanni, were unable to extort any information whatever from the latter. So they passed on, and having scoured the country all that day and the next without any better success, they returned thoroughly exhausted, to Florence.

As soon as Giovanni perceived that all was quiet, he drew Roderigo from his place of concealment, and reminded him of the pledge he had spoken of, "Brother," said Roderigo, "my obligation to you is unbounded; I will satisfy you to the utmost; and that you may know and believe that I have the power to do as I have promised, I will first tell you who I am:" and here Roderigo narrated all the particulars of his embassy from Hell, how he had taken a wife and so forth. Then he proceeded to show Giovanni in what manner he proposed to enrich him, which was briefly thus;—that when Giovanni should hear that any lady was *possessed*, he should hold for certain that it was Roderigo, who had entered and would not quit her, until the former came to exorcise him. In this manner Giovanni would be able to make his own terms with the lady's parents, and it would be his own fault if he did not turn the affair to good account. Having said this, Roderigo disappeared.

Not very many days after this, there spread a rumour through Florence, that the daughter of Messer Ambrogio Amedei, who had married Buonaiuto Tebalducci, was bedevilled! You may be sure the parents failed not to resort to all the remedies usual on such occasions, such as placing on her head the skull of St. Zanobi, and the mantle of St. Giovanni

Gualberto; all of which expedients were laughed to scorn by Roderigo. And that it might be quite clear to all that the poor girl was really possessed, and that this was no imaginary case, she spoke Latin, disputed on philosophy, divulged sundry hidden crimes; nay, even exposed not a few very scandalous things that had been going on in a certain monastery for more than four years; to the great amazement of every one, and the infinite horror of the pious fraternity. Messer Ambrogio was not a little uneasy; and having tried every remedy in vain had lost all hope of restoring his daughter, when Giovanni Matteo came in quest of him, and at once promised a happy issue of the matter if Messer Ambrogio would promise him five hundred florins to purchase a farm at Peretola. This he at once agreed to; upon which Giovanni, having first had sundry masses and other ceremonies performed to embellish the affair, approached the lady and whispered in her ear, "Roderigo! here I am to claim the fulfilment of your promise." To which Roderigo replied, "Very good; but this is scarce enough to enrich you as you deserve: therefore having quitted this damsel, I shall enter the daughter of Charles, King of Naples, nor will I quit her either, without you—I shall then reward you according to your merit, and you must thenceforward trouble me no more." Having said this, he departed from the lady to the infinite delight and admiration of all Florence.

Well it was not long ere all Italy rung with the misfortune that had befallen the daughter of the King of Naples. As usual the various remedies of holy men were applied, but in vain, when the King hearing of the success that attended Giovanni Matteo on a former occasion, sent to Florence and brought him to Naples. Having gone through a repetition of the ceremonies used to evoke the spirit from the daughter of Messer Ambrogio, Giovanni succeeded in a similar manner and cured the princess. But Roderigo,

previous to his departure, said, "Now look you, Master Giovanni. I have faithfully observed my promise to you and have enriched you amply. My obligation to you has ceased, and I owe you nothing further. Be content, therefore, and urge me no more; else, whereas good has hitherto attended you, now evil will befall you."

Giovanni Matteo returned to Florence exceedingly rich, having received from the King upwards of fifty thousand ducats; and looked forward to enjoy his wealth in peace and quiet, having no suspicion that Roderigo would ever again molest him. But these pleasing thoughts were destined to be suddenly disturbed; for news came to Italy that the daughter of Louis the seventh, King of France, was seized with an evil spirit; news which completely changed the prospects of Giovanni Matteo! He thought of the influence and irresistible authority of that monarch, and then he thought of the last words of Roderigo, enough truly, to perplex a wiser man than poor Giovanni!

King Louis applied every possible remedy for the recovery of his daughter, but in vain. At length a rumour reached him of the wonderful virtue possessed by Giovanni Matteo for the expulsion of evil spirits, and he lost no time in sending a messenger to him soliciting his assistance for the recovery of the Princess. Giovanni, however, excused himself under pretence of severe indisposition, so that King Louis was reduced to the necessity of applying to the Seignory, who compelled the obedience of Giovanni. Disconsolate and full of apprehension, the latter proceeded to Paris and there endeavoured to demonstrate to King Louis that there was on the former occasions some peculiarity which rendered the expulsion of the demon a comparatively easy matter; but he greatly apprehended that the means then used would be of little avail in the present case. For, said Giovanni, there are some demons of so truly malign

and diabolical a disposition, that they fear neither threats, incantations, nor even religion itself: nevertheless he undertook to do his utmost in spite of all these misgivings, and if he should not succeed, he would claim the King's forgiveness. The King was a little disturbed at these observations of Giovanni, but simply told the latter that if he failed to cure the Princess he should be hung forthwith.

Great was the consternation of poor Giovanni: nevertheless summoning courage he had the Princess brought, and whispering, into her ears, addressed Roderigo in the humblest terms, briefly, reminding him of the great benefit conferred on a late emergent occasion, and pointing out what an example of ingratitude it would be if Roderigo deserted him in the present extremity. To which, Roderigo angrily replied; "What, low born traitor! has thou the audacity thus to approach me! Think'st thou to boast thyself of the wealth thou hast received at my hands? Forsooth, thou and every one shall see that I can give and I can resume as I will; and, by my troth, ere thou depart hence thou shalt be hung—happen what else may." At this Giovanni, greatly downcast, resolved to try if fortune would befriend him in another expedient; and having sent the possessed lady away said to the King, "Sire, as I have already stated to your majesty, some spirits are of so malignant a nature that it is no easy matter to deal with them; and this is one of such. I desire therefore to make an ultimate experiment from which I hope and expect success, but should it fail, I am in your majesty's power, and you will have such compassion upon me as innocence and good intentions deserve. I desire therefore to have a platform prepared in the square of Notre Dame, large enough to receive all the peers and clergy of this city. It must be covered with silk and cloth of gold, and in the midst thereof an altar. And may it please your Majesty to command that on

Sunday next all the clergy, and all the princes and barons, assemble on the platform arrayed in rich and splendid habiliment; and there, after the celebration of a solemn mass, I will expel the demon from the princess, your daughter. I require besides, that on one side of the square there shall be a band of not less than twenty musicians with trumpets, horns, drums, bag-pipes, reeds, cymbals, and every other kind of noisy instrument; and that these, on a signal which I shall give, approach the platform, playing vigorously. By this assistance, and other secret remedies, I hope to expel the demon."

The King at once commanded that all be done as Giovanni required; and on the Sunday morning, the square of Notre Dame being thronged with people, and the platform occupied by the dignitaries of the land, mass was celebrated, and the possessed lady conducted by two bishops to the place appointed for her. When Roderigo beheld such an assemblage of people, and such a formidable preparation, he was quite stupified with surprise, and thought within himself, "what can this silly clown be dreaming about? Does he think to frighten me with all this pomp and display? as if I were unaccustomed to the pomp both of Heaven and of Hell! He shall pay for this, the fool!" And just at this moment Giovanni Matteo addressing him, and beseeching him to come out of the princess,—"A bright idea truly!" said Roderigo; "is it for this you have made all these mighty preparations? is it thus you would escape either my power or the vengeance of the King? jackass and knave! the blame be on me if thou escape the halter!"

In this manner, the one beseeching and importuning, and the other replying by all manner of invective and abuse, it appeared to Giovanni that there was no time to be lost; and so making the preconcerted signal with his hat, all those who were stationed with the instruments, struck up, and approached the platform

with a noise that invaded Heaven. On hearing this sudden and unexpected clamour Roderigo was not a little surprised, and half stupified, asked Giovanni the meaning thereof. At which Giovanni appearing greatly troubled, exclaimed, " Alas dear Roderigo, IT IS YOUR WIFE COME IN QUEST OF YOU!"

It is marvellous and inconceivable, how great a change came over the spirit of Roderigo at the bare mention of his wife! Such and so terrible was the effect, that without weighing for an instant the probability of the reasonableness of Govanni's assertion, without investigation or rejoinder,—he fled in dismay leaving the damsel free, and chose rather to return forthwith to Hell, and explain his conduct as best he could to his superiors there, than again encounter the vexation, danger, and affront of the matrimonial yoke! Thus Belphagor got back again to Hell, and gave a true and faithful account of the miseries that originate in matrimony. As for Giovanni Matteo, he knew more of the matter than the demon in this instance, and glad to have out-witted him, returned with what speed he might to Peretola.

Ivanhoe.*

THE TOURNAMENT.

By my target of Brawn
Thou old caitiff come on—
'Tis fit weapon to baffle a Jew—
And on it do I swear
And most Knightly declare
That all Pig's flesh is good meat and true—

* There were three of about a dozen poetic interpretations of a series of Tableaux from Ivanhoe. The others were by different pens.

Yes base Isaac of York
The bright honor of Pork—
That's maligned by so foul-mouthed an Elf,
Like the champion of Pig
Both by thump and by dig
I'll maintain with the Bacon itself.

THE TEMPLAR FOILED.

Think ye a maid of Judah's race
Would listen to a suit so base!
False Knight, when she could die—
A step, a gesture, and I go—
What 'though I see my fate below
And 'twixt us but the sky—
The eagle chained that scorns to pair
Springs not more fearlessly in air
For freedom, than shall I.—

THE CASKET.

Orient pearl and blushing ruby
Bind them in thy golden hair,
Ne'er can these, 'though meet for you, be
Fitting for Rebecca's hair.
Diamonds—when those fair hands lay ye
Glistening on the neck of snow,
Wake a thought of her that gave ye
In the gentle heart below.
When ye speak, your lord caressing,
Of past days so drear and dim—
Lady, feel the Jewess blessing
Hangs for aye, o'er thee and him.

Fragment

OF

A CHALDEE MS. HISTORY.*

(The translator has numbered his rendering according as he finds the separations run in the Original, which is written in Rhymed Prose.)

And thus was it in the city Ulghutta, which being interpreted, meaneth *plunging or putting into the foot*, and men were very vigilant there, seeing and reporting continually.

CHAPTER XLVII.

1.—Now it came to pass that a certain scribe, which was in his pupilage, dwelt in the city Ulghutta, with his father's brother, which was a merchant, and his name was called Limo.

2.—And the young scribe delighted in chariots, and they called him Jehu, even by reason of his driving, according as is written in the book of the Hebrews.

3.—And he that was called Jehu said in his heart "Lo! now here is the sister-in-law of my father, even mine uncle's wife, which goeth not forth in chariots, neither is her heart gladdened with the sound of wheels! Let us ask her that she go abroad, and see my driving, and gladden her soul with the sight of the chariots, and the horsemen."

4.—So he stood before the sister-in-law of his father, and said unto her even as he had thought in his heart,

* Although this squib relates to a very small and local matter, it is so replete with humour that it will be enjoyed even by those who know not the parties. The occasion of the "Fragment" is sufficiently told and needs no explanation.

but when she heard him, she laughed with exceeding laughter, and said—

5.—"Surely, my son, my days are ancient, and I am since many days not as are the daughters of men in the city Ulghutta; I deck myself not, neither go I forth, nor seek I where the people are gathered together without the city walls, neither care I for the chariots and horsemen.

6.—"In the day time work I diligently, to see after the pottage and the seethed meats, and look that neither they be sodden, nor the flesh which is roasted be burnt; and when night cometh I go up, and sit me on the house top, even as a sparrow.

7.—"Nevertheless, for that thou art dutiful, seeking to honour the grey hairs of the sister-in-law of thy father, even of thine uncle's wife, lo! will I do the thing I have not done—yea, not for ten years—and I will go down into the place of chariots, and will hear the noise of the wheels, and will see thy driving, oh! my son."

8.—Now when he that was called Jehu heard the words of the wife of his uncle, his heart was glad and he arose straightway, and prepared the chariot and placed her thereon,—he gathered up the thongs, and took to him also the scourge, even that which is called by the name of the man Crowther, and went forth to the place of chariots.

9.—Now it came to pass that when the sister-in-law of his father saw the press of chariots and the horsemen, also when the sound of the wheels came up, her ears were made glad, and she rejoiced, and said, "Verily, the place of chariots is a good place."

10.—And he too that was called Jehu was glad at her gladness, and said in his heart, Aha! and he tightened the thongs, and drave exceeding cunning.

11.—But there stood at that time afar off in the plain, one that looked about him, seeing many things, and he saw also him that was called Jehu, and his father's sister-in-law likewise, upon the chariot.

12.—Now he that looked about was a certain underscribe of them to whom were committed the kingdom of Bung, and they called his name Seed'un, which is, being interpreted *I perceived him*, by reason of his great seeingness.

13.—And Seed'un was shocked and perturbed with exceeding perturbation when he perceived him that was called Jehu, for he said in his heart, "Surely, she that sitteth with him is a strange woman!"

14.—So he ran privily and went, and came, before the chief scribe of the kingdom of Bung which was over him, and Seed'un bowed before him, and said "Let my chief hear the word of his underscribe."

15.—Now the name of the chief scribe of Bung was Fredoc Kallidad.

Chapter XLVIII.

1.—Now Fredoc Kallidad sat in his summer parlour by reason of the heat, and he played vehemently upon a three-stringed instrument, and Seed'un stood before him, and made obeisance, and said—

2.—"Verily he that is called Jehu, which is a scribe in his pupilage, hath done that which is folly in the land, for he hath taken a strange woman, and hath set her upon his chariot, and shown her even to all the people."

3.—And Fredoc Kallidad answered, "Was she of the daughters of Bung?"

4.—But Seed'un answered to him, "Nay, she was even of the daughters of our own people."

5.—So, when Fredoc Kallidad heard the words of Seed'un the underscribe, his heart was vexed, and he sighed a long sigh, by reason of his sorrow and also that he was himself lengthy, and said, "Of a surety, he that is called Jehu hath wrought naughtiness."

6.—"Let us therefore go up to him that was lopped in battle, even the governor, Sryhen Radingee, and

show to him how that the young man Jehu, hath been naughty, and hath showed strange women in the place of chariots, so that he be grievously rebuked."

7.—And they took counsel, and arose, and went, and stood before the Governor, and bowed themselves, and told him of all things how they had happened.

8.—Now, he that was lopped in battle, even Sryhen Radingee, was a just man, and gentle, and lenient, though he was of the men of war, and he said,—"Nay; the wrong-doer is young and foolish, let him not be rebuked."

9.—But they persisted, and answered and said, "It is good that it be so, for peradventure, should this rebuke be not given, where are we with scribes in their pupilage? Even all their hearts may wax fat, and they may kick recusantly, and mount strange women upon chariots, and show the same to all the people; let him therefore be rebuked."

10.—And they wrestled with the Governor, even Sryhen Radingee, and they prevailed, and caused the order to be issued that he who was called Jehu be rebuked.

11.—So they sent unto the man who was named Mashalla (which was an overseer of the scribes in their pupilage), and they said, "Write unto the young man called Jehu, and let him come before thy face."

12.—And Mashalla wrote a missive, and sealed it, and sent it, and called up the young man before him.

13.—Now, he that was called Jehu was an innocent young man (beside the matter of chariots), and he said in his soul, "Wherefore am I thus sent for, and what is the sin I have done?"

14.—And he was perplexed, and he trembled some little in his heart by reason of the missive.

15.—Yet he stood before Mashalla; and Mashalla arose, and made his face stern, and spoke heavily, and said, "What art thou among the small scribes that thou shouldest exalt thy horn to set thyself on the plain

without the city walls, even upon a chariot, together with strange women?"

16.—And he that was called Jehu was abashed at hearing these words, by reason he was guilty of chariots, but in no wise of strange women, seeing that she which he had set up was even the wife of his uncle.

17.—And the light became as black before his eyes, and he said, "What thing is this of which thou dost accuse me?

18.—"Lo! I have a chariot, and it is yellow—yea, even very yellow like unto saffron, but she I did set upon it is no strange woman, for lo! she is mine aunt, and very ancient."

19.—And when Mashalla heard these words, he was exceedingly ashamed.

20.—But the young man which was called Jehu arose quickly, and gathered his garments round him, and fled forth, and went in much disturbance to the house of his uncle, Limo.

21.—And he said unto him, "Oh mine uncle, I am disquieted because of my chariot, which is as saffron, and because of the eyes of one who seeth so much that he seeth even what is not!"

22.—And his uncle answered, "Thou speakest riddles."

23.—But when the young man told all his tale, even the whole, then said his uncle Limo, "What is this? that for one while that the sister-in-law of thy father hath gone forth to the place of chariots, she should be esteemed as a strange woman?"

24.—And the young man answered, "Surely, Seed'un saw her, and he is an underscribe, let him answer."

25.—So Limo waxed exceeding wroth even with much anger, and he took counsel what to do, and he called for Geelan Durros, a certain Merchant, which was his friend, and he said, "Geelan, counsel me."

26.—And Geelan Durros counselled him accordingly, and he said, "Go thou to the man Bibosh."

27.—Now Bibosh was the chiefest of all the scribes, a pleasant man which smiled, having grey hair; but his heart young, very comfortable to all which knew him, and well beloved in every place.

28.—But for what Limo said unto Bibosh, or for what Bibosh wrote unto him, lo! is it not written in the book of Bibosh, and of all what Bibosh did,—or if it be not written, verily it will be written, when so that book shall be written itself.

29.—And Geelan Durros said unto Limo, "Thou has called upon Bibosh, yet is not that enough; thou must call upon Seed'un, the underscribe, even very especially."

30.—So Geelan Durros girt him with a weapon of war, and he rose, and went, and stood before Seed'un, the underscribe, which was sitting taking account of the matters of the kingdom of Bung in the scribe's chamber.

31.—And Geelan Durros spake rebukingly and said, "What is this thou hast done, oh! Seed'un, to write unto the man Mashalla, and to call upon him that is called Jehu, so that a hissing is made amongst the people?"

32.—And Seed'un answered mildly, and he said "What hissing?"

33.—Then Geelan Durros answered, "Lo! the hissing against her which was set upon a chariot, even the wife of Limo the merchant, which is my friend, which went down unto the place of chariots, and thou sawest her."

34.—And Seed'un said, "Lo! for the hissing, what know I,—and for the wife of Limo what hath she to do with me—and for him that is called Jehu, let his mother take cognizance of him whether he goeth out or stayeth in, for again it is naught to me: but for the letter to the man Mashalla, lo! wrote I it, not of myself, but by orders."

35.— And Geelan Durros took up his sleeve, and he laughed therein, and he said softly "Walker!" and went forth, and abided no longer in the scribe's chamber.

Chapter XLIX.

1.—So when—

(Here, unfortunately, this curious and interesting MS. breaks suddenly off.

The Mantle.

In fairy lands all's gay and bright,
For Mab will give a ball to-night
Beneath that gnarled and doddered oak
Whence erst awe-breathing Druids broke
The mystery-bearing misletoe
Some twice five hundred years ago.

That oak? e'en that.—So close at hand?
Ah! true—you know not fairy land;—
It is no country o'er the sea
Where gold, and pearl, and spices be—
No nook of Ind, nor sandlocked lea
In happy old-world Araby;—
No ocean-isle—like halcyon's nest
By untracked southern surge caressed:—
Like all the glad, the free, the gay,
Thought holds perpetual holiday
With Mab and all her trim array;
Thought smiles,—all blooms, go where they may.

She smiles,—swamp, fen, and forest dank
Are arched glades, and flowery bank—
She smiles,—and orient spikenard grows
Mid'st polar ice, and Alpine snows,—
Thought's self-glow lends interior light
To make a noontide out of night—
Thought clads with sward the arid sand
On the wild moor bids towers to stand—
Oh! wise, oh! glad, oh! happy band—
(Oh! man, the moral understand!)
Where'er they are, 'tis fairy land.

Now Mab—for fairy-ladies too
Will take the freaks our ladies do—
Mab must fain have to grace her ball
The lightest, brightest robe, of all
That e'er were worn in fairy hall.
Far in a fret she tossed from her
The all-too-heavy gossamer
Trimmed with a three-days-mouseling's fur;
And ordered Puck, the fairy drudge,
That must on all her errands trudge,
On pain of death by midge's sting,
That for his liegely dame he bring
A mantle of the lightest thing,
Most bright, most gay, most glittering
That ever fairy queen could fling
About her form in fairy ring.

Puck bowed, and off he went. But where?
Whether, to find this thing so rare?
Poor Puck! he stormed, and tore his hair,
And used such oaths as fairies dare,—
Then sulked, and cried in sheer despair.

Puck hied him to the East, but found
All was too dull on Eastern ground;

He tried to spin a poet's brain,—
The thread he made would bear no strain,—
It broke,—so back came Puck again.

Puck wandered South, then North, then West,—
Puck rummaged Nature's wardrobe-chest,—
With woof and warp he toiled his best
To bring his queen her fairy vest.
He culled the perfume-mist that hung
O'er violet beds when spring was young,—
He took the threads of silvery light
That moonshine yields on summer night,—
And with the echo of an oath
By which true lovers pledged their troth—
('Twas caught beneath the beechen shade
Ere it could die)—Puck quaintly made
The strangest, sweetest, prettiest stuff—
'"Tis done,' he cried,—'she's served—enough!'

A! fickle, forward, hard-to-please,—
What satisfied with none of these?

'The violet scent affects my head,
And cold and moist's the moonshine-thread,
Oaths!—psha! their very echo clings
With leadlike weight round fairy wings,—
Soft, warm, and light and free as air,
Must be the mantle that I wear!'
Poor Puck, again!—what method now?
Puck's a philosopher I trow,
For down he sits and reasons deep
On all the immaterial heap
Of things that be, yet are not seen,—
Eternal, and yet ever-green,—
Light as the wind, yet strong as it
When howling in tornado-fit,—
Things that the fairie's subtle hand,
Can clasp, and moulden, and command,

But on our gross and earthly sense
Lost, or half-known their influence.

Quick,—let the airy shuttle fly,—
Quick,—rob the rainbow of her dye,—
And mingle it with the waning rose
That dewy Hesper faintly shows;—
He's rifled, by unheard-of arts,
The essence of a world of hearts,—
And see, he's weft the mantle sheen,
Fit garment for our fairy queen!

She let the tiny tissue lie,
And scanned its web with curious eye—
'Will aught so light, will aught so small,
Bemantle me in fairy hall?'

About her form the robe she cast,
And at a wish the texture passed
To swelling fall, and sinuous fold
That round and round her beauties rolled,
As if in love with that fair breast,
Which, half concealed, it half caressed:
But while the wanton robe she ranged,
Chameleon-like its colours changed!
Now mirk and dark as midnight pall,—
Now bright as sunbeam on the wall,—
Pale as the ripe wheat's drooping ear,—
Green as young Spring when snowdrops peer,—
Cold grey with diamond tears bepearled,—
Rose as when Morning wakes the world,—
'Tis ever new, yet still the same,
And ere one beauty you could name,
It flits, and lo! a fairer came!

Craft-proud, sly Puck stood simpering by;—
'Will't last?'—'Will't last!—t'will last for aye,—
Eternity must pass, to prove
That mantle, weft of woman's Love.'

Ye Ballade of Ye Jewe of Hambro'.*

FYTTE I.

Have yee hearde of ye cytye of Hambro'
Whych is a Germane towne,
Wherein be traderes of grete degree
Wyth Jewes of moche renowne!
Have yee hearde of Hashdad, ye Talmudyte,
Whych dwelled thereuntoe, ...
For to gett hym golde by wronge or by ryghte
As Jewes wyll oftyme doe?

A questioneinge of Hambro'.

Alsoe of Hashdad.

2.

Now Hashdad was ane holy Jewe
An elder in Synagogue,
Whych wolde not gyve even ye Dyvell hys due,
And called everye Christyane "dogge."
He was lerned gretely in hys lawe,
And evir wolde textis brynge
To prove hys lyff wythote faulte ne flawe,
Whych sett menne wonderynge
Thatt alsoe dydd conclusiones drawe
And fynde it was no soche thynge.

Whych is here answyred.

3.

For ye Jewes in Hambro' everyche one
Dydd lustilye coyncyde
How Hashdad sholde be theire countyng clerke

Thys ys what Hashdad dydd.

* Of the time of the Union Bank crash.

For he was of Jewry ye pryde :
So they swetted ye gylderes in horse-haire bagges,
And clypped ye coyne besyde,
And loaned ye profyttes to one anothere
Wythote careying for tyme ne tyde :
Whyle Hashdad caste ye count in hys boke
Quyte squayre of everye syde,
And gyf menne sayd ye caste was wronge
It was Hashdad sayd they lyed.

4.

Bott Hashdad he sawe ye gylderes were swetted
All intoe a bagge wyth holes,
And gyf ye Jewes colde not stoppe yese uppe
It were pytye of their soles ;
For ye menne whych owned hm., they wolde saye
'Thys is too moche for a Jewe !
Not onelye my gyldere hys swette is gonne,
Bott my gyldere is gonne too !'

And what he thynked.

5.

'Oh ! tway to tway it dothe mayke four
And tway to one is three—
Ye grete is ye lesse (and somethynge more)
Yett ye grete is ye lesse for mee :
Four is three, and I telle no lee,
So three for four apperes,
And gyf menne lyke not soche castynge of counts
Lette hm. reckonne on theire fyngeres.'

Hashdad hys castynge.

6.

Sycke is Hashdad, ye Talmudyte,— And hys syckenesse by reson thereof.
Sycke is hee untoe dethe,
For castynge of counts bothe mornynge and nyght
Wythote stoppynge to take brethe :
‘ Oh ! Jewes, that wonne in Hambro Jewry
Oh ! lett mee flee awaye !
To goe unto myne owne londe, Zion,
Ye londe where ye prophetys dydd praye ;
All yre countynges have yee got true
Sette in cypheres in arraye,—
So longe yee loke upon my boke !
Whatt neede thatt I sholde staye’—

7.

Hashdad ye Talmudyte gatte ane shyppe, How Hashdad lefte a grete catte in ye bagge.
And ye Saintes come by tens and twelvis—
’Godde spede yee, friendis ! rede carefully
Ye caste-bokis on my shelvis :—
For ye hole in ye bagge—quoth he (to hys beerde)
‘ Yee may fynde it oute yourselvis.’

FYTTE II.

1.

Stoutly ye Provost of Hambro’ rode Ye kyttene of Hashdad hys catte.
For to quell ye dysarraye,
As menne flocked to where ye Jewes abode

In dolour and dismaye :
'Oh ! Hashdad, ye Talmudyte, hath come backe
And Hashdad hee doth saye,
Ye Jewes have gotten ane holy sacke
To mayke oure gylderes awaye !'

2.

How ytt was born.

'And Hashdad stode at ye strete cornere,
And loude and longe he cryed—
'Oh ! guiltye Jewes, and ah ! guilty Jewes,
I tolde yee whatt wolde betyde !'
And rounde hym stode a goodely bande
Whych was alle of hm. elders too,
And yese patted Hashdad with yere hande
For aught that hee sholde doe.

3.

And bredde.

And they rayled on ye whole fraternitye
And called everyche one a rogue,
Whych was not of Hashdad's qualitye
To stande in ye Synagogue :—
Then oute spake the Provost of Hambro' hys fole,
In hys motley as he stode,—
'Wyll yee sanctioun cryme by holynesse,
And synne in ye name of God ?

4.

And drownyd by a fole.

Lo ! I am weake, and yee be wyse
And in logyk ryght· conynge of fence,
Yett my fole's brayne shall baffle your wytt
Wyth no logyk bott comone sence :
Where doe yee lern thatt wronge is ryght,

Or thatt he's true whych telleth a lye!
Soche may be in thy bokis, thou Talmudyte,
Not in God, Hys Byble, perdye!'

5.

Then upprose Ananyas ye scrybe, — And pycked out by Ananyas
(Ye same was Hashdad hys frende)
And he sayd—'alle is ryght that Hashdad dydd
For a pyous and ryghteous ende'—
Now when ye fole heared thys prety wytt,
Fulle loud hee loffe and rore—
'I have heard of a Jewish Jesuytt,
Bott I nevir sawe none afore!'

6

Then upprose Weepyng Gideon — And cryed for by Gideon.
Wyth ye salte tere in hys eyn—
'Oh! I toyled wyth Hashdad early and late
Bott nevir for profytt of myne.'
And louder and louder ye fole he loffe,
When Gideon hee held hys peece,
Att ye lycknesse of teres on Gideon hys face.
To ye dewe on Gideon hys fleece.

7.

Nowe certaine menne loste patyence — And caste oute of alle menne
To heare Jewe and Fole thus rate;
So they toke stony-pebblys into theire handys
And brake Ananyas hys pate:—
Gideon and Hashdad ye Talmudyte,
Wyth otheres of theire kyn,

Were dryven fro' Hambro' towne out-
ryght—
May soche nevir come back in !

L'ENVOYE.

Lord whych seest all menne alyke Thys ys L'Envoye.
Both honest man and rogue,
Defend us fro' hym whych casteth false
counts,
And then prayeth in ye Synagogue.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

00044800

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 09 March, 2016